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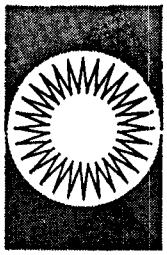

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Robert W. Galvin

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If You Don't Mind My Saying So . . . . .

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

We hear a good deal these days about the "invasion of privacy," and I am against it. I don't think school children should be asked how many bathrooms there are in their homes, much less whether or not their parents sleep in the same bed. Rather less than enthusiastically, I support certain legal rules concerning admissible evidence. I suppose they are necessary to protect the innocent, although they seem to be designed chiefly to make the conviction of the guilty difficult.

When an interviewer calls me to the telephone to ask what make of refrigerator I have in the kitchen, I tell him it is none of his business. Such queries are usually from people planning a sales pitch, but more impudent are those propounded by sociologists. Their motto is one I have always remembered from the days of the silent movies when the business card of the private detective read: "Other people's business promptly attended to." Moreover, the statistics they gather aren't even valid. They represent only the opinions, habits and tastes of those who are exhibitionists eager to expose themselves; obscure people longing for attention; or at least those so submissive that they will take the time to reply to impertinent questions.

The most notorious example was, of course, that of the Kinsey report, which did not document the sex habits of Americans but only the sex habits of Americans eager to confess (and perhaps to exaggerate) their alleged exploits. Some unfavorable critics objected that those who agreed to be interviewed were probably exceptionally randy. But the exact opposite may be true. People who kiss and tell sometimes kiss less often than those who keep quiet about it.

There isn't much we can do about all this except to throw questionnaires into the wastebasket (which is where I file also those letters from graduate students who want me to tell them, for example, what are the most important novels of the last ten years so they will know which ones to read in their supposed study of trends in contemporary fiction). We can also reply to strangers who call us on the telephone, "None of your business," or, in the case of sales pitches, "I never respond to any solicitations made over the telephone." I don't suppose enough of us will do any of these things sufficiently often to have any effect just as too few of us will write "Refused" on junk mail. One of the curses of automation is that this last tactic isn't effective for the simple reason that it would cost a company more to get a name out of the machine than to continue to pay postage on the return of items that have been refused.

Although these invasions are annoying, they are also relatively minor. The telephone call that the caller has no right to make is exasperating—usually not much more. But there are other far more serious invasions of privacy that aren't commonly called such. The most notorious are, of course, airplanes flying just overhead and superhighways that someone has decided should go right past your front door, if not, indeed, through the middle of your house. If I had to choose, I would much prefer having my living room bugged to being exposed to sonic booms at regular or irregular intervals. But, of course, I am *not* allowed to choose. I am compelled to suffer both—with some at least theoretical recourse against bugging, but none at all against sonic booms or superhighways.

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In society, neither Freedom nor Privacy can be absolute or all inclusive. There are only freedoms and privacies. But the quality of a civilization depends to no insignificant extent upon which freedoms and which privacies its members enjoy. And in a democracy these are likely to depend, in part at least, upon which people value most. Free speech, including the free use of four-letter words and including also free shouting, is obviously much valued in our society—theoretically, at least. But freedom from annoyances—and worse—in the name of progress, efficiency, the common good, and so forth, isn't.

The situation is similar with respect to privacy. If the privacy of a criminal is invaded while he is plotting a murder, that is outrageous. If I am called to the telephone seven times in a day only to be told that I have just won three free lessons at Arthur Murray's and that six different solicitors want to sell me everything from health insurance to long-lasting electric light bulbs, I have no recourse.

When a public complaint was made, the telephone company replied not only that it did not want to put any restriction upon such use of its facilities, but also that it endeavored to discourage private listings because the whole purpose of the telephone was to put people into communication with one another. It did not seem to recognize the fact that the desire to communicate should not be unilateral and that a considerable part of its business consists in putting people into communication with others who do not want to communicate with them. For those of us not engaged in any criminal activity or in any dubious social activities, this is a more serious invasion of privacy than a microphone behind the mirror. Not, be it understood, that I'm in favor of bugging. It is just that I wish equal attention could be paid to those other invasions of privacy of which I happen to be a victim.

A friend who lives in one of the smaller California communities was recently engaged in a controversy over a proposed regulation (sponsored by the real estate dealers) that would forbid hedges more than four feet high—the idea being that higher hedges made a neighborhood a less exemplary example of neighborliness. At the hearing my friend was asked why he wanted a higher hedge. "For privacy," he replied. "Privacy!" shouted the spokesman for the real estate men. "What are you ashamed of?"

I am afraid that a good many people found this retort very pertinent. We already have evolved the beginnings of that homogenized culture so enthusiastically predicted by Marshall McLuhan. When it has swept away the last remnants of our thought-bedeviled society, no one will any longer desire any privacy, unless he has something shameful—a liking for books perhaps—to hide.

For the roads and the existing airplanes, the plea of necessity, or at least utility, can often—but by no means always—be made. Apropos the military airplanes, the military answer to protests is, "You ought to be glad that we are here to protect you," and from the civilian aviation authorities it is, "Now what do you want? A quiet, unprogressive town or a bustling metropolis?" I suppose that comparatively few would answer as I would—that my preference would certainly be for the former and that, if I had wanted a bustling city, I wouldn't have come to Tucson in the first place rather than to some community where I wouldn't have to wait a decade for the desirable bustling. The real reason why these invasions, although sometimes resented by those most directly affected in any given instance, are accepted by the general public is that they are taken to be a small price to pay for what is uncritically called progress. Congestion, noise and pollution are supposed to be penalties we have to pay for some good, and there are not many to point out how often the supposed gains are only what one of the very few protesters against the ring of missile bases around Tucson called "the fringe benefits of a calamity."

It is not often that the penalty would be so obvious and the gains so nearly nonexistent as in the case of one of the newest threats to what little remains of our right to a decent environment.

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I am not much of a joiner. There are a great many things I am, as an individual, either for or against, although I have never got around to joining a pro or a contra organization. Usually, I suppose, I would rather just write an article on the subject. Recently, however, I have actually joined the "Citizens League Against Sonic Booms," although my activities (aside from this piece) will probably extend no further than the signing of petitions.

I know that we hear more talk today than ever before about the deterioration of our environment—for the reason, perhaps, that it has never before been deteriorating so rapidly. There are even government commissions to investigate it and proposals to take certain action. But there is no more discouraging indication of how little serious the proposed concern is than the fact that we are already going ahead with the plans for a major addition to the nerve-racking din of our civilization—despite the fact that no necessity for it and no real utility, even marginal, can be demonstrated.

Air and water pollution are problems with which we are already saddled. To get rid of either means to solve a complicated set of problems and would be costly at least. But the threat of the sonic boom could be obviated in a very simple manner: just don't build any supersonic transports, especially not any of the proposed Concord type now expected to cost eighteen million dollars each.

They are certainly not necessary. The nerve- and window-shattering racket they would create is an absurd price to pay for the possibility of getting from New York to San Francisco in a few hours less time than today's jets consume. Who needs these few hours as much as the inhabitants living along the route need what is left of their peace and quiet? And actually, of course, even the time to be saved isn't much if measured in terms, not of flight time, but of total elapsed time from home or office in New York to the final destination on the West Coast. A subway from midtown to Kennedy Airport and a similar subway in San Francisco might save at least as much time, and I wonder if they would be much more expensive than a fleet of Concords. The great difference is that subways are old hat and supersonic transports something new.

I know that some will answer that my logic would have argued against the jet planes, against the prop planes, against the railroad, and ultimately against the wheel. But granted (which some, indeed, would not grant) that the wheel and perhaps even the railroad were worth what they have cost, neither of them cost anything like what the airplane will cost in either money or discomfort. Hence the fact remains that the dominant assumption of our civilization —namely, that there are no diminishing or negative returns to increases in speed, power or wealth—is glaringly illustrated by the supersonic airplane.

In 1964, the tests over Oklahoma City resulted in several thousand damage suits and the payment of individual claims up to ten thousand dollars. Yet the boom of the plane now being designed is expected, even at sixty thousand feet, to strike the ground with the intensity of 1.8 pounds per square foot, which is about fifty percent more than that of the planes used in the Oklahoma test. That is quite an invasion of privacy. A report of a committee appointed by the National Academy of Sciences was summarized thus in the New York *Times:* "Little hope held out for sonic boom reduction. . .design improvements are not likely to cut noise." Enthusiastic proponents of progress will no doubt discount the fact that all the important conservation groups, including the Wilderness Society, the Sierra Club and the Conservation Foundation, have vigorously opposed the new threat. But there also have been hundreds of newspaper articles taking similar positions, and the New York *Times* has accused the regulatory agency of putting the hope of aviation prophets ahead of the public good.

There is overwhelming scientific evidence that noise is not merely disagreeable but the cause of various nervous disorders. Yet all that General Jewell Maxwell has to say is: "We believe that people in time will come to accept the sonic boom." And

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H. von Gierke of the Air Force Aerospace Medical Research Laboratories offers this counsel of despair: "Sonic booms are an environmental annoyance like pollution of air or water. Americans will have to learn to live with them." So pollution of air and water is merely an annoyance. It does not destroy health or make life dirty, uncomfortable and ugly. And we "will have to live with it." Who says that we will have to?

The answer to that last question is simple. It is not merely General Maxwell and Dr. von Gierke, it is all the people—and that may well mean a large proportion of our population—who have tacitly accepted the assumption that science and technology do not exist in order to make it possible for human beings to live better, but that human beings must make whatever sacrifices are necessary to advance science and technology for their own sakes. They think not only that things are in the saddle and ride mankind, but that this is just as it should be. These are the people who accept without reservation the "because it is there" philosophy—and this philosophy includes the belief that whatever we can do we should do—or all those who are "not goal oriented" (and again I have to thank Marshall McLuhan for calling by his approval my attention to a very significant phrase) but believe it more important to move fast than to know where we are going.

Is there any chance that we will ever think differently, that we will ever again ask not merely *can* we do this or that, but will doing it bring us closer to the good life? So far there are not many evidences that anything of the sort is on the point of happening. But perhaps the supersonic transports are clearly enough a *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole attitude to provoke a reaction. Probably if that should happen, it would be only after we had actually been assaulted by that pressure of 1.8 pounds per square foot. But maybe, if Dr. von Gierke's inclusive statement that we will just have to learn to live with all present and future pollutions of our environment were sufficiently publicized, its outrageousness would wake people up to what is being done to us.

MARTIN LUTHER KING
(1929 - 1968)

What good was the civil rights movement? If it had just given this country Dr. King, a leader of conscience for once in our lifetime, it would have been enough. . . .

If the civil rights movement is "dead," and if it gave us nothing else, it gave us each other forever. It gave some of us bread, some of us shelter, some of us knowledge and pride, all of us comfort. It gave us our children, our husbands, our brothers, our fathers, as men reborn and with a purpose for living. It broke the pattern of black servitude in this country. . . . It gave us history and men far greater than Presidents. It gave us heroes, selfless men of courage and strength, for our little boys to follow. It gave us hope for tomorrow. It called us to life.

—From an essay by Alice Walker in The American Scholar, Autumn 1967

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the scholar cornered

About *The Reforming of General Education*

DANIEL BELL

> You have received a better and more thorough education than those other philosophers, and are more capable of participating in both public life and philosophy. You must, therefore, descend by turns to dwell with the rest of the city, and must be accustomed to see dark objects; for when you are accustomed, you will be able to see a thousand times better than those who dwell there, and you will know what each of these images is, and of what it is an image, because you have seen the truth of what is beautiful and just and good. And so your and our city will become a working reality, and not a dream like most existing cities, which are peopled by men fighting about shadows and quarrelling for office as though that were a notable good.
>
> Plato, *The Republic*, #520.

The Reforming of General Education is an effort to defend the idea of a liberal education against the fragmentation that threatens it both intellectually and sociologically. It is an effort to affirm liberal education as a significant pursuit of the confirmation of reality.

A sense of the present in relation to the past has always been the basis for a "purchase" on reality. Any social life exists, necessarily, on the basis of reciprocal expectations which each individual has of the other. In love, in respect, in greetings, in gifts, in the exchange of goods for services or money, one expects some measure of commensurate return. Without that, the world becomes a dark, fearful place, Hobbesian in its threat of dissolution. Achievement is a confirmation by "significant others." It is a mark of recognition from those whose approval we seek or whom we respect. Reality breaks down when the confirming others, for whatever reason, have lost their authority or significance. This is our problem in education today. It is both sociological and intellectual.

The first sociological problem has to do with the simple fact that higher education has been burdened with the task of becoming a gatekeeper—perhaps the only gatekeeper to significant place and privilege in society. At one time, higher education *reflected* the status system of the society; today it is a *determinant* of the stratification system. Either condition is destructive of the proper role of higher education. At one time, the ability to go to college was a function, in great measure, of the position of one's parents—particularly in the great elite colleges of the East. Place in college was often due to the social status of those parents. Even in 1939, the year before the outbreak of World War II, only fourteen percent of the eighteen to twenty-two age group was in college. Today, because of new vocational and technical needs, the situation has changed. Already forty-six percent of that age cohort is in college, and the percentage is rising. The colleges

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✪ This essay by DANIEL BELL is the Introduction in the forthcoming Anchor Edition of his book, *The Reforming of General Education*. Mr. Bell, a member of the SCHOLAR Editorial Board, is chairman of the department of sociology, Columbia College, Columbia University.

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have become the arbiters of future place in the society; as S. M. Miller has put it, we are in danger of becoming a *credentials* society. One's credential is one's passport. It means that a person's ability to fill a place is not judged on an individual basis or on various merits (of which intellectual merit is but one), but on the possession of a degree and a rank in a serried point scale of grades. And it means that the educational system is no longer geared to teaching but to judging.

What makes all this even worse is the increasing narrowness of the paths that are being cut. One of the great sources of disorientation among the young today is the pressure that now begins so early, to buckle down to selected paths: the pressure in early high school to get into a good college; to choose quickly a major subject or career; to get into a good graduate school; and the like. The idea of a four-year college as a breathing space, as a means of testing oneself and finding out who and what one is—the process of self-consciousness as *Bildung*—is vanishing as organizational harnesses are slipped on the young at an earlier and earlier stage.

And with this is combined the fact that our society is not geared to the idea of *second chances.* The possibilities of leaving school after graduation, knocking about or working for several years, and then going on to graduate or professional school are few. I find it horrible that so many students go successively through college, four or six more years to a Ph.D., start to teach, with no other experience than that schooling, and then, using their graduate school notes, begin to mouth platitudes and impress their young pupils. We need a flexibility of structure, to provide new and many different kinds of opportunities in education. But along with flexible structures we also need more intellectual rigor.

The second sociological problem has to do with size and impersonality—the fundaments of the breakup of community. To take but one example: The University of California at Berkeley, judged by its peers (circa 1964) as the foremost university in the United States for the eminence of its faculty, has seventeen thousand undergraduates, of whom ten thousand are upperclassmen (juniors and seniors) and seven thousand underclassmen. The vicissitudes of this student body are extraordinary. Students do not come to Berkeley for four years: of those who enter as freshmen, only about *half* graduate; the other half either drop out or transfer elsewhere. Of the 1965 graduating class, for example, forty percent were transfer students who had been at Berkeley only during their upper-class years.*

Consider another set of statistics, dealing with the character of classroom experience. Of that 1965 graduating class at Berkeley, only four percent had been in honors programs and only eight percent had received any individual instruction. Of courses taken during the freshman and sophomore years, over forty percent were taught by graduate teaching assistants, and in the college as a whole, sixty-five percent of the classes (and laboratories) with fewer than fifteen students, and sixty-three percent of the classes with sixteen to thirty students, were taught by graduate students.

Berkeley, then, is a college in which most of the teachers—if one separates lectures from teaching by discussion—are graduate students, who are themselves still working for their degrees. But the lot of the graduate student is little better than that of the undergraduates. For a total graduate student body of about ten thousand the Main Library at Berkeley has 415 individual study spaces assigned on a first-come basis. The seventeen graduate departments in the humanities, with about sixteen hundred graduate students, have reading rooms that seat 124. Students in the sciences or social sciences—at least the more talented—are better off; given the extensive number of research projects, they become attached, often in a kind of feudal servitude, to a professor, and they are thus able to learn as apprentices.

Although the student body numbers twenty-seven thousand, only a small minority live on campus. Most students commute

* The data here and in the following paragraphs are from the Muscatine report, by a special committee of the Berkeley faculty.

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to school as they would to any place of work. Given the broken continuity of educational experience, and the separation from campus, is it any wonder that Berkeley, in the sad words of its Muscatine Committee, is "not a college community"? In that clumsy but powerfully suggestive term of sociology, it is not a *Gemeinschaft,* a place where people are bound together by common emotional ties, but a *Gesellschaft,* where relations are mediated, impersonally, by bureaucracy and bureaucratic rules.

If all this were an aberration, a special hothouse circumstance, the price paid for assembling a great productive research faculty, one could only weigh the rival utilities and, on the basis of one's values, accept or regret the situation. But the sad fact is that Berkeley is not an aberration. The situation there—at least the broken nature of the educational experience, if not the teaching by graduate assistants—is repeated at dozens and dozens of other institutions, without the saving grace of a distinguished faculty to compensate for the sin.

The situation arises out of the explosion of mass higher education. Today we have virtually come to accept the idea that every student is not only entitled to, but *should have,* a college education, just as in the 1920's the society decided that all students should have at least a secondary school education. It is estimated that by 1970 there will be a college student population of almost seven million (as against one million three hundred thousand before World War II). Most of the large state universities today, by law, must admit every student graduating from high school with a grade of C or better. But in these universities the dropout rate at the end of the second year is already about fifty percent. What shall we do when this percentage begins to rise further? Especially in a society that tries to hide its failures? So far, no one has paid much attention to that problem.

My major concerns in this study of general education, however, for reasons spelled out in the book, are intellectual, and the chief problem here is the disintegration of curriculum that is occurring in so many liberal arts colleges. The bone structure of the liberal arts college has been the idea of general education. This has not necessarily been a commitment to cross-disciplinary or integrative courses that unite a number of diverse subjects or problems, although often, as at Columbia, Chicago and Harvard Universities, such was indeed the case. It has been, as a minimum, some commitment to a coherent arrangement or statement of curriculum that was intellectually defensible within the aims of a liberalizing education. This has meant, in practice, that the college stipulated some courses or sequences of courses that students were required to take outside of any specializations. Such courses have been within fields broadly subsumed as humanities, social sciences and sciences; they have been either common courses taken by all students, or courses that, even though differing in content, were presumed to be equivalent in their treatment of congruent intellectual problems.

What one sees today is the falling apart of general education and its replacement by a cafeteria system whereby any and every kind of course is admitted within the corpus, so long as a student takes some—or any—courses outside his specialization. In the place of general education we have a "distribution requirement" in which the student has to take any one science course, any one humanities course, and any one social science course, with little regard for logic, coherence, intellectual relevance, or any other criterion except the three different labels.

This disintegration of curriculum arises, in part, out of intellectual reasons. The hopes of interdisciplinary integration, so high twenty years ago, have not materialized, at least on the general education level. Disciplines have become more intensive and specialized, reaching each other, if at all, at the peripheries or frontiers of concepts and problems. The multiplication of new knowledge, particularly in the sciences and the social sciences, has made it difficult to teach the subject by

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organizing it around "problems" or by surveys, while the effort to define fundamental unifying conceptual structures, to the extent that they could be used in general education, has been lacking.

The traditional idea of general education, implicit or otherwise, was based on two premises: one, that there were invariant truths about human behavior that could be established by human reason, and two, that there was a range of knowledge (or books) that every civilized man ought to know under pain of being judged uncultivated. Both notions constituted what can loosely be called a "classical" concept of education and both were derived from the humanities.

Today, both notions are called into question. The first idea, of a common fount of wisdom, or a common book of knowledge, is difficult to maintain not only because of the multiplication of subjects arising from the quantitative accretion of new knowledge, but because of the new horizons that define our world. In the eighteenth century it was relatively easy for men to find a common ground of discourse, and even Emerson, when he made his first trip abroad in the 1830's, could quickly establish a rapport with Coleridge and Carlyle in discussing religion or literature. But in the syncretism of the modern world—a syncretism far beyond the world of Constantine, with its mingling of strange gods—one is called upon to know the Indian Vedas, the doctrines of Zen, the themes of Negritude, and dozens of other intellectual throngs. Even in the humanities, where the Bible and the Greek and Roman tradition long provided a center of intellectual gravity, the thrust into our consciousness of the non-Western worlds has set us adrift.

In the sciences we have found that the world is no longer conceived as a fixed, bounded universe but as a set of paradigms, each intellectually coherent and self-consistent, which seek to explain a range of phenomena. And these paradigms themselves are subject to change as new angles of vision are introduced. The revolutions in physics in the twentieth century—quantum mechanics; the complementarity theory of light particles and waves; relativity with its emphasis on shifting standpoints for measuring space and time; the uncertainty principle regarding the atom; and Hubble's constant about the universe —have shaken our fundamental conceptions of matter and energy far beyond any previous period of human history, although with less impact on the philosophies of the day than the theories of Ptolemy and Newton had on the metaphysics of their worlds, an intellectual fact that itself underscores a change in the unity, if not in the character, of knowledge. What is clear is that science proceeds by creating successive conceptual structures, and one task of education is to show how new modes of conceptualization are established and how these become reorganized, when necessary, as new structures of explanation.

The collapse of a liberal arts curriculum, at a time when there has been greater societal pressure to specialize, has led to several paradoxical ideological reactions—none more curious, perhaps, than the cry of the New Left for "freedom" in curriculum. When *The Reforming of General Education* first appeared with a set of proposals for a new curriculum at Columbia College, a number of New Left students, in a characteristic response, said: "Who are you to tell us what to take?" Freedom in curriculum, as the issue is raised, seems to mean "no requirements." Freedom here is equated with completely free choice and the rejection of any constraints.

So defined, freedom is not freedom but a search for identity. Freedom has never been the complete absence of restraints (can there ever be such a state of affairs?) but the self-conscious shaping of one's future between constrained alternatives. Nor is the freedom to take a potpourri of courses an education. Education is a confrontation —a confrontation with a teacher. As John Henry Newman in his "What Is a University?" said, "You cannot fence without an antagonist, nor challenge all comers in disputation before you have supported a thesis; and in like manner, it stands to reason, you cannot learn to converse till you have the world to converse with."

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I do not believe in a set of eternal verities—some fixed set of moral injunctions or final truths, a *vade mecum* of ready quotations to be used as a guide to all the puzzles of life. But I do believe in an enduring commitment, which is the commitment of the free play of the mind, but tested and disciplined, in the pursuit of inquiry. For education is also a judgment, and necessarily the acquisition of a set of standards. To the young men who demanded, "Who are you, to tell us . . . ," I can only say that I have studied the problem and made a judgment. The issue, then, is not between a judgment and *no* judgment but between rival assessments. And to any student who wants "freedom," I can only say that whatever one chooses, there has to be some consistent structure of meaning. I do not, for instance, insist that there is one and only one orderly structure, a trivium and quadrivium, which everyone must follow. But whatever education one seeks, it is incumbent that the sequence one selects be articulated into some coherent intellectual structure that is rationally defensible. Without that, it is not education.

The sad fact is that at present the universities, for mendacious institutional reasons, have let the curriculum go by intellectual default. And it is ironic that the New Left has raised this default into an ideology.

The final problem—the one with which my book is mainly concerned—is how to cope with the increasing flood of knowledge so that what one learns today is not useless a few years hence. The answer, as I have argued it, has to be in the making of the modes of conceptualization, the nature of methodological consciousness, one of the grounds of curriculum (along with historical consciousness and individual self-consciousness); to teach the student the principles of a discipline and to show him how basic concepts can be reorganized so as to assimilate the new discoveries in a field.

The nature of conceptualization is the most difficult to define, for conceptualization divorced from subject simply becomes arrant scientism. On the other hand, to define education by the contents of a hundred great books, or a hundred great ideas welded together by a syntopicon, is a fruitless effort that merely repeats the controversy between the "neo-medievalists" and the "pragmatists."*

The way to cut through the tangle is to define the issue not in terms of *what* one is to know, but how one is to know "the *how* of knowing." But if one accepts, as I do, the importance of emphasizing conceptual schemes, how does one define their limits? In a sense, how far can one go with the abstract?

Jerome Bruner, in a number of essays, most succinctly in "The Perfectibility of Intellect,"† has distinguished three modes of knowing—the enactive, the iconic and the symbolic. The enactive is knowing by doing. One learns, as among the primitives, by imitation, by initiation, by acting. All instruction is in context—in the bush, on the hunt, *et cetera*. "Among the Kung, one virtually never sees an instance of 'teaching' taking place outside the situation where the behavior to be learned is relevant." In complex societies, however, there develops an "economical" technique of instructing the young that is based on telling out of context, rather than demonstrating in context. This can take the substitute form of pictures—the iconic—or of the abstract or symbolic method. The virtue of the abstract method is that it reduces our dependency on immediate experience. In the most abstract of all subjects, mathematics, we can unleash the imagination by teaching the student to think of the idea of number itself, rather than the concrete referent of the number of apples or pears. What abstraction allows us to do is to codify knowledge and make it translatable into many different and varied circumstances.

The risks, however, are precisely the distance from experience. When Machiavelli wrote his famous manual on the art of war, he was able to propose a new ordering

* For a reprise of that issue, see Mark Van Doren's *Liberal Education* and Sidney Hook's *Education for Modern Man*.

† In *Knowledge Among Men*, a collection of essays edited by Paul H. Oehser.

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of battalions (a rearrangement of pikemen and swordsmen) which was a great advance over the motley assembly of uncoordinated medieval army companies. And yet—the story may be apocryphal—when Francis I asked him to assemble a battalion in accordance with his plan, Machiavelli was at a loss. He simply lacked the experience to translate his theory into practice.

Man creates theories before he creates tools, yet the use of tools is equally necessary if he is to work out what he has prefigured. The simple moral is that any education has to strike a balance between the modes of doing, of representing, and of symbolizing if a student is to grasp what he knows. In a different fashion, I have sought in the book to form other balances. I have argued that there exists today, more than ever, a need to bring to the fore the study of history as a means of emphasizing the immediate, the varied, and the contingent to correct the overabstract. I have argued that there should not be a divergence between general education and specialism, in that specialism requires the context of inquiry in order to free it from the narrow bounds of mere training, while general education needs to be grounded in the rigor of disciplines before relationships can be seen and applied. Finally, I have argued that it is a mistake to see the acquisition of knowledge as a unitary mode, for just as there are the enactive, the iconic and the symbolic, so, too, there are the sequential modes (in mathematics and the sciences), the linked modes (in the social sciences), and the concentric worlds of the humanities.

The fundamental truism, perhaps, is that knowledge is relational. There is not, as William James said (echoed a generation later by the phenomenologists), simply a *state* of consciousness, but consciousness *of* something. Knowledge is the clarification of the structure of relationships. If there is anything enduring in the purposes of education—defined as the creation of self-consciousness—it is to teach students how to understand those changing relationships, their necessary and contingent features. That is the changeless element within the perceptual and conceptual flux; that is the eye of the hurricane of knowledge.

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America the Unimagining

BENJAMIN DEMOTT

A MAN IN HIS EARLY FIFTIES, vigorous, strong faced, well liked in his town. Family man, business success (small-city merchandising operation). No reader but a great keeper-up—business papers, hard news, world events, facts that matter. Pleasures? He "gets a kick out of" gadgets and machines—wild stereo layout in the cathedral living room, complicated ship-to-shore gear on his boat, a genuine systems approach for stock control in the stores. Further pleasures: he's outdoorsy, handy at home, a Dartmouth man, skier, active in business and community clubs, nonchurchgoer, nonpolitical arguefier—

At parties he doesn't talk much to women. Also he stands back a little from his kids. Pleasant-tentative with his bright daughter, straightarrowish "Dad" with his teen-aged boys. Stands back, too, from the "creative" phases of the business—buying side, advertising, display, *et cetera*—leaving this to a younger brother. (Let something "real sticky" turn up anywhere, though, and nobody but he can deal. Who else, for instance, would be up to a face-off with the old family friend, one of his store managers, when the detective service reports the man is robbing them blind?) As for a personality profile—

—I am more interested in a man's behavior than in his inner life, Check. In shaping character, externals are more important than inner tendencies, Check. I sometimes have trouble figuring out the behavior of people who are emotionally unstable, Check. Math is one of my best subjects, Check. I think I'm practical and efficient when there's something that has to be done, Check. I don't have the temperament for the "romantic" point of view, Check. I have few emotional problems, Check. A first principle with me is that it's a man's duty to adjust himself to his environ-

✪ BENJAMIN DEMOTT, author of *Hells and Benefits, You Don't Say* and a forthcoming novel, *A Married Man,* teaches English at Amherst College. This essay will appear in *America Now* (John G. Kirk, editor) to be published by Atheneum this fall.

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ment, Check. I am a fairly conventional person, Check. My relations with other people are usually uncomplicated, Check. My ideas are more often sound and sensible than unusual or imaginative, Check. I say what I have to say in a few simple words so that I'm easily understood, Check. There's a lot in the economic interpretation of history, Check. I find it easier to deal with concrete facts in one special field than with general ideas about man or nature, Check. I think science offers as good a guide as any to the future, Check. When I'm working out a problem I try to stick as close as possible to the facts, Check. I enjoy an intimate conversation with one person more than general conversation with several, No. When I hear a person talk, I think more about his personality than I do about what he's saying, No. I think I have a good understanding of women, No. I love to talk about my innermost feelings to a sympathetic friend, Nah. I often think I can feel my way into the innermost being of another person, No. It takes a good deal to make me angry, Check. Unselfishness and sympathy are more desirable than high ideals and ambitions, False. I'm apt to make up stories by myself about the private thoughts and experiences of the people I meet, No. I believe the world may be well lost for love, No. I live in my imagination as much as I do in the external world, No. I dislike everything that has to do with money—buying, selling, bargaining, Oh, sure. I like being in the thick of the action, Yes, emphatically. I like to have people about me most of the time, Yes, emphatically. . . .

Other items worth noting about this man? One: inclined to treat characters as functions, he regularly "explains" people by telling you what they do (a parenthetical phrase—Harry's a doctor, Hank's a cop, Lucille's had a couple of pairs of twins). Another point: the fellow is good to tie up by, any sloppy night in any Maine harbor, and makes, in general, a fine summer neighbor—fun outings to the island, family picnics, softball on the sand, sun's over the yardarm, *et cetera.* Further point: when you step away from him, sit in judgment, dwell on his limits, you not only feel like a heel: you discover again that one of the several reasons for not judging is that the minute it's done, the judge is judged, stands fully visible in his own fatuity and self-congratulation, beyond sympathy, ripe for sentence himself. Yet another item: the

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man is representative. Tens of millions are excluded from his place, just at this moment: going from the middle up in society is where you're likely to find him, not from the middle down. But the excluded millions can't forever escape; even now they are being graded "up" on his curve. Every year the movement of economic life shoots tens of thousands toward him—into his set of mind, his style, his inward truth. He's no "middle-class stereotype," in short; he is an American destination or finish line, the possible end of the race.

Finally, last point about the man: he is in trouble. There's a withering in him, a metaphorical arm gone, some limb, some key part missing, something stunted. The present judge speaks quickly, on the run, hoping to hide himself from the next judge: the man just described is in one flat word, *unfulfilled.*

To say as much is, by instant extension, to discount the seriousness of the famous American commitment to the ideal of individual self-fulfillment. And while such discounting is standard practice among the knowing, it isn't at first glance easy to defend. Granted, the language in which national commitments and values are usually spelled out—the language of Civics classes and Scouting Award nights—does beg to be mocked. "The social organization of America is compatible with its free political institutions . . ." "America is a society in which equality of opportunity is supported by specific social mechanisms, including classlessness, a wide spectrum of inviolable and equal individual rights guaranteed to all individuals, guarantees of minimum welfare for all and special assistance to any that are at unusual economic disadvantage . . ." "Enhancing the dignity of the individual citizen, developing his capabilities for self-fulfillment, is a prime concern of the American government . . . The environments which help to shape the character of the individual—his home life, education, religious training, occupation, etc.—are in varying degrees matters of public concern. The object of this concern is to develop typical traits of character—independence of spirit, respect for the rights of others, cooperativeness, sense of civic responsibility—and others which will make the individual a better, more constructive citizen." —Formulations like these cry out for qualification, amendment, hints of stylish self-restraint. Some humility, please.

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But the cry for humility can itself become cant. Live abroad in a middle-class community—leafy Edgbaston in England, say, or on the Lisbon-Cascais line, and you turn up only ambiguous testimony on the matter of the American versus the European sense of civic responsibility. But in the area of attitudes and policies concerning education, those ambiguities disappear. The cause of "trained excellence" is Everyman's cause here; my right to as much education as I can bear goes relatively unchallenged. No events, no crisis, seemingly, can interrupt this national dream—self-realization through mental development. And no taxpayer protest ever badly smutches this piety. A day or so after the fearful October 1967 Peace Demonstration at the Pentagon the President, meeting with a group of teachers at the White House, turned eloquent, some might have said moving, on the subject of self-realization and the school. Appointments this morning, he explained, with the National Security Council, and with the president of Mexico—but you, you teachers, you are more important. Whatever else they said about him, the President went on, they would have to say that because of programs he instituted, a million people were in college this year who would not otherwise have had a chance to go. And how much more remained to be done! Four men out of ten on earth could not read or write! He himself hoped to return to teaching when his political career was over.

The books on the Cabinet Room shelf suggested an absence of a passion for the higher literary culture—O. Henry, a high-school physics text, a high-school chemistry text and the like. The few institutions in the country where the idea of standards was well rooted were meritocratic in assumption—which meant not only antiaristocratic but antidemocratic as well. By far the larger part of the huge federal expenditures in the field of education supported phases of the defense program. And, more important than any of this, profound inequities still existed in the system of public education. But from none of this did it follow that the cause or dream in question was a sham. The old programs and the new—Headstart, the regional educational laboratories, the tuition loan bank—had flaws, could not meet every need. But the motive behind them was, in essence, no more suspect than the motive behind the foundation of the first free public education system on earth. That motive was

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the nurture of a citizen both useful to the community at large and decently developed for himself—gifts realized, mind awake, wholeness intact. An unmockable aim, in sum: dignity for man.

And yet, and yet: the Product of It All looks out from the mirror and reveals himself to be stunted. Somewhere—not simply in the stereotype of himself but in his actuality—he is locked in himself; somewhere he is fixed in an inhuman rigidity; somewhere there is a "malfunction." How to account for this? Has the nation from the start been the captive of theories about the formation and nurture of individual selfhood that are wrongheaded—theories that are in themselves obstacles to self-realization? Is there a uniquely American muddle about fulfillment? If so, what is its nature? How is it to be solved?

Stupidity alone answers confidently—but several relevant observations come to mind. Chief among them is that, for complex social, historical and cultural reasons, the nature of human growth —in particular, the central role of the imagination in determining its rate and quality—has not often been placed clearly before the national view.

Commentators by the hundred score the country off for garishness, gross materialism, unspirituality; few focus on the poverty of its conception of growth. Yet that is the fairer target. The nation prates of self-realization, and rests in near obliviousness that my humanness depends upon my capacity and my desire to make real to myself the inward life, the subjective reality, of the lives that are lived beyond me. The nation feeds itself on rhetoric about "individual rates of progress"—and yet possesses little knowledge, if any, of the steps by which the human being becomes itself, the acts of the imagination on which the achievement of personhood depends.

And, to repeat, this ignorance or obliviousness is no mystery. Human growth stems from the exercise of our power to grasp another being's difference from within: how can that argument maintain itself among a people convinced of the fundamental sameness of men? As Tocqueville long ago pointed out, the myth of sameness is a keystone in the deep structure of American belief. (Tocqueville's specific point was that the American protest on behalf of "the individual" was rooted in the assumption that all

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individuals, once free "to be themselves," would desire the same things and feel in the same ways.) And it is a fact that the moral imperative of the imaginative act is rarely proclaimed in American public or cultural life. A black singer invited to a White House conference bursts out in condemnation of the guests for the unreality of their proposals, when the latter are seen in the light of her experience. The First Lady's eyes moisten. Shaken but proud, she responds that she "cannot understand" the outburst, she has not had the same experience. And in the morning the country's leading newspaper, the New York *Times,* salutes the First Lady for her "candor," agrees that the feelings and sense of life of the black community are beyond our imagining, and consigns us to a blank, abstract, useless, uncomprehending pity.

And the story is roughly the same on the contemporary intellectual scene. It is a French voice, Jean Paul Sartre's—not an American voice—that defines my attempts to mechanize others, to "see" them as functions, as destructive of my own growth, a permanent barrier to the creation both of my being-in-itself and my being-for-others. (". . . there are men who die without—save for brief and terrifying flashes of illumination—ever having suspected what the *Other* is.") And among recent philosophers it is a German voice, Max Scheler's—not an American one—that dares to formulate an equation setting out relations of identity between individual growth, the perfection of love, and the grasp of the full distinctness and separateness of another human being. ("Love calls explicitly for an understanding entry into the individuality of *another* person *distinct in character* from the entering self . . . a warm and whole-hearted endorsement of 'his' reality as an individual, and 'his' being what he is . . . In love . . . there is built up, within the phenomenon itself, a clear-cut consciousness of two *distinct* persons. This consciousness is not merely a starting point; it reaches full maturity only as love pursues its course.")

What is more, a backward glance at the American cultural heritage confirms that the most powerful voices of American literary culture have been precisely those which, in one manner or another, have been most committedly hostile to the enterprise of attentive imaginative concentration on the fathoming of individual differences. D. H. Lawrence, in his *Studies,* broods hard on the

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stunted quality of the selves created in the writing of Poe and Whitman, and attributes it in the end to their incapacity to imagine and value a *separate* otherness. Love was a theme for both, but for neither was it a possibility; each man was drawn by fantasies of merging, total engrossment, loss of awareness of the other as separate—fantasies that teased him into confusing "understanding" with the act of sinking one's soul in another. And wherever the engrosser or merger disappears from American letters, an even more frightening figure—the self-bound man (Captain Ahab is the Prince)—stands forth in his place. In Emerson, for example, self-fulfillment appears to require an absolute denial of others, a massive, unrelenting independence, a readiness for isolation. Responding to a culture of conformity, this sage declared that a man bent on realizing himself must learn to carry himself in separation from otherness—"as if everything were titular and ephemeral but he." Widen the gulf, Emerson cries:

> We must go alone. I like the silent church before the service begins, better than any preaching. How far off, how cool, how chaste the persons look, begirt each with a precinct or sanctuary! So let us always sit.

Or again:

> At times the whole world seems to be in conspiracy to importune you with emphatic trifles. Friend, client, child, sickness, fear, want, charity, all knock at once at the closet door, and say, "Come out unto us." But keep thy state; come not into their confusion.

Or yet again:

> Live no longer to the expectation of these deceived and deceiving people with whom we converse. Say to them, O Father, O mother, O wife, O brother, O friend, I have lived with you after appearances hitherto. Henceforward I am the truth's . . . If you are noble, I will love you; if you are not, I will not hurt you and myself by hypocritical attentions.

Emerson does allow that he could love another, if the person were noble, but it is separateness, not love, that rouses him to lyricism: in his view, to say it once more, becoming a fulfilled man means drawing oneself more tightly, consciously, firmly back within the limits of the primal, existent self.

And the Emersonian stance turns up repeatedly in American

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literature, in popular culture (the art Western), everywhere in American society. (It may even whisper to us in the writings of David Riesman and Nathan Glazer; the utopian archetype of self-realized man described by them as "autonomous" has a definite taste for Emersonian gestures against otherness.) Over and over we are enjoined to find "our own thing," our own bag, in the hippie phrase. And again and again the success of our search is presumed to depend upon our power to cut ourselves off, to harden the wall around us, not only to march to the beat of our own drum, but seemingly to hear no other sound.

There are, of course, counter voices here and there. Although his message did not cut through, smothered in clichés of life adjustment, John Dewey frequently dwelt on connections between human growth and sound education of the imagination—that instrument by which people gain in "flexibility, in scope, and in sympathy, till the life which the individual lives is informed with the life of nature and society." More than one American research psychologist has convinced himself of the centrality of imagination in the course of human development, and has attempted inquiries into the nurture of the imaginative man—witness the labors of Henry Murray and his associates at Harvard in the late 1930's. "Self-Other" theories of growth, which stress self-dramatization and imaginative role-playing, have a place in the history of American philosophy, owing chiefly to the writings of George Herbert Mead. ("The self by its reflexive form announces itself as a conscious organism which is what it is only so far as it can pass from its own system into those of others, and can thus, in passing, occupy both its own system and that into which it is passing . . . Shut up within his own world . . . he would have no entrance into possibilities other than those which his own organized act involved . . . It is here that mental life arises—")

And there is one, great, almost forgotten American voice that put the case for fulfillment as dependent upon imaginative growth in utterly unambiguous terms—I speak of Charles Horton Cooley, a founder of American sociology. In *Human Nature and the Social Order,* Cooley laid it down that:

> . . . the imaginations which people have of one another are the *solid facts* of society . . . I do not mean merely that society must be studied

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by the imagination—that is true of all investigations in their higher reaches—but that the *object* of study is primarily an imaginative idea or group of ideas in the mind, that we have to imagine imaginations. The intimate grasp of any social fact will be found to require that we divine what men think of one another. Charity, for instance, is not understood without imagining what ideas the giver and recipient have of each other; to grasp homicide we must, for one thing, conceive how the offender thinks of his victim and of the administrators of the law; the relation between the employing and hand-laboring classes is first of all a matter of personal attitude which we must apprehend by sympathy with both, and so on . . .

Nor did Cooley stop here—with a mere definition of an appropriate area of inquiry for his field. He went on to assert that the quality of imaginative sympathies is the surest measure of the degree of human growth and fulfillment:

One's range of sympathy is a measure of his personality, indicating how much or how little of a man he is.

And he was certain beyond doubt that those who deprecated this sympathy, shrugged it off with prattle about *sensitivity*, missed its richly complicated nature and meaning:

[Sympathy] is in no way a special faculty but a function of the whole mind to which every special faculty contributes, so that what a person is and what he can understand or enter into through the life of others are very much the same thing. We often hear people described as sympathetic who have little mental power, but are of a sensitive, impressionable, quickly responsive type of mind. The sympathy of such a mind always has some defect corresponding to its lack of character and of constructive force. A strong, deep understanding of other people implies mental energy and stability; it is a work of persistent, cumulative imagination . . .

But if there is a native tradition that understands the nurture of the imagination to be a key to general human growth, it is, by all odds, a minority tradition, far away from the center of popular belief. The weight of the general culture presses continually toward feats of objectification—objectification of labor (the assembly line, time study), of love (sex research), of desire (image making, consumer research). At the center stands the conviction that fulfillment is deliverance into a function—a job, a title, a carpet, an income, a pool, somebody else's respect. I, the free American, am free to

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"find my own place," my "social niche," my "professional slot." I go forth from myself, I *go places,* ranchhouse to White House, dropout to Ph.D., $12 weekly to $100 a day. And up the line, where I have it made, I "am more interested in a man's behavior than in his inner life," I believe man's first duty is to "adjust himself to his environment," I doubt that anyone can "feel his way into the innermost being of another person," I don't seek inward truths . . .

Is mockery in order? The objectifying American culture can be damned for having only once in its history concerned itself intensely with the matter of precisely what this or that individual man felt in this or that instant of time (the occasion was the period of witch trials in the seventeenth century, when it was found useful to know the inward workings of the devil). It can be damned as well for having consistently refused to introduce into its elementary educational system those "studies"—improvisation, mime, dance, "dramatics"—that elsewhere in the West are accepted as the basic human efforts at developing an imagination of otherness. It can be damned, more fiercely, for its incalculable failures of imagination—as for example its incapacity to make real to itself the inward life, man by man, woman by woman, child by child, of its black people. But there are, here as always in life, qualifications to be entered: if there is no imagination of deprivation among us, there is guilt at good fortune, and this sufficed to rebuild a world and feed a dozen famines. And in any event it is not seemly for a professing humanist to lay down accusations here, for the American humanist—the teacher and scholar whose texts and knowledge should have been the greatest resources of those in pursuit of the truth of "the other subject"—has himself been a cop-out, an objectifier, a character madly eager to turn art itself into a "body of objective knowledge" to be mastered for "career examinations."

The point of substance, in fine, lies beyond accusations or "cultural critiques." It is a matter simply of a general, culture-wide dimming of the lights of inward life, a matter of failed encounters, missed meetings, hands that do not reach out, minds that hear the lock turn in their prison doors. —It is night time, the Maine harbor again. A lantern in the rain, motion of shore waters, a welcome, a beginning . . . But we don't go on, neither he nor she nor I. "My

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ideas are more often sound and sensible . . ." "I say what I have to say in a few simple words . . ." No hardrock, an occasional pot putterer, we would nevertheless prefer that people "not get ideas about us." And as for the famous still sad music of humanity, we don't hear it much. We don't flow, we hold on tight inside, we do the generous thing over and over and invariably do it ungenerously, we see and feel and imagine ourselves to be highly responsible, competent, the solid people of the earth, the independents, the resilients, the unwhiners. And for that idea or vision of ourselves we pay terribly—gouge out our innerness—become less than men.

Topsfield Fair

JOHN UPDIKE

Animals seem so sad to be themselves—
the turkey a turkey even to his wattle,
the rabbit with his pink, distinctly, eyes,
the prize steer humble in his stall.
What are they thinking, the pouter pigeons,
shaped like decadent ladies' hats,
jerking and staring in aisles of cages;
what does the mute meek monkey say?
Our hearts go out to them, then stop:
our fellows in mortality, like us
stiff-thrust into marvelous machines
tight-packed with chemical commands
to breathe, blink, feed, mate, cry,
and, stuck like stamps within a species, die.

✪ JOHN UPDIKE is the author of eleven books of fiction, verse and essays. The eleventh—a novel called *Couples*—was published this spring.

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Rioting, Insurrection and Civil Disobedience

RALPH W. CONANT

RIOTING IS A SPONTANEOUS OUTBURST of group violence characterized by excitement mixed with rage. The outburst is usually directed against alleged perpetrators of injustice or gross misusers of political power. The typical rioter has no premeditated purpose, plan or direction, although systematic looting, arson and attack on persons may occur once the riot is underway. Also, criminals and conspirators may expand their routine activities in the wake of the riot chaos. While it is quite clear that riots are unpremeditated outbursts, they are not as a rule *senseless* outbursts. The rage behind riots is a shared rage growing out of specific rage-inducing experiences. In the United States, the rage felt by Negroes (increasingly manifested in ghetto riots) is based on centuries of oppression, and in latter times on discriminatory practices that frustrate equal opportunity to social, economic and political goals. While all riots stem from conflicts in society similar to those that inspire civil disobedience, they ordinarily do not develop directly from specific acts of civil disobedience. Yet repeated failures of civil disobedience to achieve sought-after goals can and often do result in frustrations that provide fertile ground for the violent outbursts we call riots.

The factors universally associated with the occurrence and course of any riot are the following: (1) preconditions, (2) riot phases, and (3) social control. The discussion here is drawn from a review of the literature of collective behavior as well as on studies currently underway at the Lemberg Center for the Study of Violence at Brandeis University.

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I. *The Preconditions of Riot: Value Conflicts.* All riots stem from intense conflicts within the value systems that stabilize the social and political processes of a nation. The ghetto riot is a concrete case of a group attempt to restructure value conflicts and clarify social relationships in a short time by deviant methods.

There are two classes of value conflicts, each of which gives rise to a different kind of struggle. The first calls for normative readjustment in which the dominant values of a society are being inequitably applied. In this case, the aggrieved groups protest, and if protest fails to attain readjustment, they riot.

The anti-draft rioter at the time of the Civil War was protesting the plight of the common man who could not, like his wealthier compatriots, buy his way out of the draft. American egalitarian values were not being applied across the board. The readjustment came only after the intensity of the riots stimulated public concern to force a change.

The contemporary ghetto riots grow out of the failure of the civil rights movement to achieve normative readjustment for black people through nonviolent protest. This failure has produced lines of cleavage which, if intensified, will result in the second type of value conflict, namely, value readjustment.

In this case, the dominant values of the society are brought under severe pressure for change. The social movement that organizes the activities of an aggrieved sector of the population, having given up hope for benefiting from the going value system, sets up a new configuration of values. The movement becomes revolutionary. When Americans gave up hope of benefiting from the English institutions of the monarchy and the colonial system, they set up their own egalitarian value system and staged a revolution.

Now, Black Power and Black Nationalist leaders are beginning to move in the direction of value readjustment. They are talking about organizing their people on the basis of separatist and collectivist values and they are moving away from the melting pot, individualistic values of our country, which are not working for them.

The Hostile Belief System. An aggrieved population erupts into violence on the basis of a preexisting hostile belief. During

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the anti-Catholic riots in the early part of the nineteenth century, the rioters really believed that the Pope, in Rome, was trying to take over the country. The anti-Negro rioters in Chicago and East St. Louis (and even in Detroit in 1943) really believed that Negroes were trying to appropriate their jobs and rape their women and kill their men.

Today, many rioters in black ghettos really believe in the malevolence of white society, its duplicity, and its basic commitment to oppressing Negroes. An important component of the hostile belief system is that the expected behavior of the identified adversary is seen as *extraordinary*—that is, beyond the pale of accepted norms. In the black ghettos, people are convinced, for example, that the police will behave toward them with extraordinary verbal incivility and physical brutality, far beyond any incivility and brutality displayed toward whites in similar circumstances.

The hostile belief system is connected, on the one hand, with the value conflict, and, on the other, with the incident that precipitates a riot. It embodies the value conflict, giving it form, substance and energy. It sets the stage for the precipitating incident which then becomes a concrete illustration of the beliefs. A police officer shooting and killing a young black suspected car thief (as in San Francisco in September, 1966), or beating and bloodying a black taxi driver (as in Newark in July, 1967), confirms and dramatizes the expectations incorporated into the hostile beliefs and triggers the uprising.

Hostile beliefs bear varying relations to "reality." Their systemization means that in some aspects they are incorrect exaggerations; in others, very close to the truth. In the 1830's, the Catholic Church wanted more power and influence locally, but it did not, consciously, want to take over the country. Today, large numbers of white people want to keep Negroes where they are by allowing them to advance only gradually. But they do not, at least consciously, want to oppress them.

Relative Deprivation. An important and almost universal causal factor in riots is a perception of real or imagined deprivation in relation to other groups in the society. As James R. Hundley has put it, the aggrieved see a gap between the conditions in

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which they find themselves and what could be achieved given a set of opportunities. Ghetto residents in the United States use middle-class white suburban living as a comparative point, and they feel acutely deprived. The areas of relative deprivation for the black American are pervasively economic, political and social.

Obstacles to Change. Another universal causal factor behind riots is the lack of effective channels for bringing about change. Stanley Lieberson and Arnold Silverman, in their study of riots in United States cities between 1910 and 1961, note a correlation between cities in which riots have occurred and cities that elect officials at large rather than from wards. In this situation, Negroes are not likely to have adequate representation, if any. The result is that they feel deprived of a local political voice and are in fact deprived of a potential channel through which to air grievances. An aggrieved population with no access to grievance channels is bound to resort to rioting if one or more of their grievances become dramatized in a precipitating incident.

Hope of Reward. While riot participants do not ordinarily think much in advance about the possible outcome of a riot, still those who participate harbor hopes, however vague, that extreme and violent behavior may bring about desired changes. Certainly the contagion effect had a significant role in the crescendo of ghetto riots in the United States during 1967. Part of the spirit was that things could not be made much worse by rioting, and riots might achieve unexpected concessions from influential whites. Any hard-pressed people are riot-prone and the more so if they see others like themselves making gains from rioting. What happens is spontaneous, but hope raises the combustion potential.

Communication. Ease of communication among potential rioters is less a *precondition* of riot than a necessary condition to the spread of riot, once started. Riots tend to occur in cities during warm weather when people are likely to be congregated in the streets and disengaged from normal daily activities.

II. *The Phases of a Riot.* A riot is a dynamic process which goes through different stages of development. If the preconditions described above exist, if a value conflict intensifies, hostile beliefs flourish, an incident that exemplifies the hostile beliefs occurs,

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communications are inadequate and rumor inflames feelings of resentment to a fever pitch, the process will get started. How far it will go depends upon a further process of interaction between the local authorities and an aroused community.

There are four stages within the riot process. Not all local civil disturbances go through all four stages; in fact, the majority do not reach stage three. It is still not certain at what point in the process it is appropriate to use the word "riot" to describe the event. In fact more information is needed about the process and better reporting of the phase structure itself.

Phase 1. The Precipitating Incident. All riots begin with a precipitating event, which is usually a gesture, act or event by the adversary that is seen by the aggrieved community as concrete evidence of the injustice or relative deprivation that is the substance of the hostility and rage felt by the aggrieved. The incident is inflammatory because it is typical of the adversary's behavior toward the aggrieved and responsible for the conditions suffered by the aggrieved. The incident is also taken as an excuse for striking back with "justified" violence in behavior akin to rage. The event may be distorted by rumor and made to seem more inflammatory than it actually is. In communities where the level of grievances is high, a seemingly minor incident may set off a riot; conversely, when the grievance level is low, a more dramatic event may be required to touch off the trouble.

A significant aspect of the precipitating event, besides its inflammatory nature, is the fact that it draws together a large number of people. Hundley explains that some come out of curiosity; others because they have heard rumors about the precipitating event; still others because they happen to be in the vicinity. Some of the converging crowd are instigators or agitators who are attempting to get a riot started; others come to exploit the situation and use the crowd as a cover for deviant activities. Local officials, church and civic leaders come because they see it as their duty to try to control the violent outburst.

Phase 2. Confrontation. Following the instigating incident, the local population swarms to the scene. A process of "keynoting" begins to take place. Potential riot promoters begin to articulate the rage accumulating in the crowd and they vie with each other

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in suggesting violent courses of action. Others, frequently recognized ghetto leaders, suggest that the crowd disband to let tempers cool and to allow time for a more considered course of action. Law enforcement officers appear and try to disrupt the "keynoting" process by ordering and forcing the crowd to disperse. More often than not, their behavior, which will be discussed below, serves to elevate one or another hostile "keynoter" to a position of dominance, thus flipping the riot process into the next phase.

The outcome of phase 2 is clearly of crucial importance. The temper of the crowd may dissipate spontaneously, or escalate explosively. The response of civil authorities at this point is also crucial. If representatives of local authority appear, listen to complaints and suggest some responsive method for dealing with them, the agitation tends to subside; a "let's wait and see" attitude takes over. If they fail to show up and are represented only by the police, the level of agitation tends to rise.

How the news media handle phase 2 has a critical effect on the course of the riot. During the "sensationalizing" era of a few years ago in the United States, almost any street confrontation was likely to be reported as a "riot." In the current policy of "restraint," a street confrontation may not be reported at all. Neither policy is appropriate. A policy of "adequate communication" is needed. The grievances stemming from the precipitating incident and agitating the crowd should be identified. The response of local authorities should be described. The adversary relations and their possible resolutions, violent or nonviolent, should be laid out insofar as possible.

Phase 3. Roman Holiday. If hostile "keynoting" reaches a sufficient crescendo in urban ghetto riots, a quantum jump in the riot process occurs and the threshold of phase 3 is crossed. Usually the crowd leaves the scene of the street confrontation and reassembles elsewhere. Older persons drop out for the time being and young people take over the action. They display an angry intoxication indistinguishable from glee. They hurl rocks and bricks and bottles at white-owned stores and at cars containing whites or police, wildly cheering every "hit." They taunt law-enforcement personnel, risk capture, and generally act out routine

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scenarios featuring the sortie, the ambush and the escape—the classic triad of violent action that they have seen whites go through endlessly on TV. They set the stage for looting, but are usually too involved in "the chase" and are too excited for systematic plunder. That action comes later in phase 3, when first younger, then older, adults, caught up on the Roman Holiday, and angered by tales of police brutality toward the kids, join in the spirit of righting ancient wrongs.

Phase 3 has a game structure. It is like a sport somehow gone astray but still subject to correction. Partly this openness derives from the "King-for-a-Day" carnival climate. Partly it is based on the intense ambivalence of black people toward the white system and its symbolic representatives; its hated stores and their beloved contents, its despised police and their admired weaponry, its unregenerate bigots and its exemplary civil rights advocates, now increasingly under suspicion. Because of the ambivalence, action and motive are unstable. Middle-class or upwardly mobile Negroes become militants overnight. Youths on the rampage one day put on white hats and armbands to "cool the neighborhood" the next. It is because of the ambivalence felt by Negroes, not only toward whites but toward violence itself, that so few phase 3 disturbances pass over into phase 4.

Phase 4. Siege. If a city's value conflict continues to be expressed by admonishment from local authorities and violent suppression of the Roman Holiday behavior in the ghetto, the riot process will be kicked over into phase 4. The adversary relations between ghetto dwellers and local and City Hall whites reach such a degree of polarization that no direct communications of any kind can be established. Communications, such as they are, consist of symbolic, warlike acts. State and federal military assistance is summoned for even more violent repression. A curfew is declared. The ghetto is subjected to a state of siege. Citizens can no longer move freely into and out of their neighborhoods. Forces within the ghetto, now increasingly composed of adults, throw fire bombs at white-owned establishments, and disrupt fire fighting. Snipers attack invading paramilitary forces. The siege runs its course, like a Greek tragedy, until both sides tire of this fruitless and devastating way of solving a conflict.

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III. *Social Control.* Studies of past and present riots show that the collective hostility of a community breaks out as a result of inattention to the value conflict (the long-range causes) and as a result of failures in social control (immediate causation). These failures are of two sorts: under-control and over-control. In the condition of under-control, law-enforcement personnel are insufficiently active. Although the condition may be brought about in various ways, the effect is always the same. The dissident group, noting the weakness of the authorities, seizes the opportunity to express its hostility. The inactivity of the police functions as an invitation to act out long-suppressed feelings, free of the social consequences of illegal behavior.

In some communities, as in the 1967 Detroit riot, under-control during early phase 3 produces an efflorescence of looting and is then suddenly replaced with over-control. In other communities, over-control is instituted early, during phase 2. Local and state police are rushed to the scene of the confrontation and begin to manhandle everyone in sight. Since the action is out of proportion to the event, it generates an intense reaction. If over-control is sufficiently repressive, as in the 1967 Milwaukee riot, where a 24-hour curfew was ordered early in phase 3 and the National Guard summoned, the disturbances are quieted. In Milwaukee, the ghetto was placed under a state of siege as the Roman Holiday was beginning to take hold in the community. No "catharsis" occurred and there was no improvement in ghetto-City Hall communications. The consequences of such premature repression cannot yet be discerned. Short of the use of overwhelming force, over-control usually leads to increased violence. The black people in the ghetto see the police as violent and strike back with increasing intensity. Studies being conducted currently at the Lemberg Center show that in the majority of instances, police violence toward ghetto residents precedes and supersedes ghetto violence.

An adequate law-enforcement response requires an effective police presence when illegal activities, such as looting, take place. Arrests can and should be made, without cruelty. It is not necessary that all offenders be caught and arrested to show that authorities intend to maintain order. Crowds can be broken up or contained through a variety of techniques not based on clubbing or shooting.

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The avoidance of both under- and over-control is a matter of police training for riot control. This was the deliberate pattern of police response in several cities (notably Pittsburgh) to the riots following the assassination of Martin Luther King in April.

Commenting on the interaction between a riot crowd and social control agencies, Hundley observes (1) that the presence of police tends to create an event, provide a focal point and draw people together for easy rumor transmittal; (2) that the result of too few police is uncontrolled deviant behavior; (3) that a legitimate police activity (from the standpoint of riot participants) will not escalate the incident, but even if the original police activity *is* seen as legitimate, policemen observed being rude, unfair or brutal at the scene may touch off a riot; (4) success of a police withdrawal *during* a riot depends upon officials contacting the legitimate leaders of the community and allowing them to exert social control; (5) when officials do not know the community leaders (or no effective ones are available), their withdrawal simply allows the instigators and exploiters to create or continue the riot; (6) the presence of police who do *not* exert control promotes the emergence of norms that encourage deviant activity.

Hundley adds these further observations on social control factors: (1) the sooner help comes from outside control agencies, the sooner the riot stops, although we think a riot can be stopped too soon, before catharsis or settlement of grievances can occur. Hundley's next point, however, takes this matter into account: (2) the sooner the larger community seeks out real ghetto leaders *and satisfies their grievances,* the sooner the riot stops. (3) The sooner the audience ceases watching the riot activity, the sooner the riot disappears. (4) The greater degree of "normalcy" maintained in the community during the riot, the more likely it is that the riot will remain small or cease.

IV. *Civil Insurrection.* When community grievances go unresolved for long periods of time and efforts at communication and/or negotiation seem unproductive or hopeless, despair in the aggrieved community may impel established, aspiring or self-appointed leaders to organize acts of rebellion against civil authorities. Such acts constitute insurrection and differ from riots in that

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the latter are largely spontaneous and unpremeditated. The exceptions are riots that are instigated by insurrectionists.

Although insurrection is deliberate rebellion, the aim of the insurrectionist, unlike that of the revolutionary, is to put down persons in power, to force abandonment of obnoxious policies or adoption of desirable ones. The insurrectionist is not out to overthrow the system. (The organizers of the Boston Tea Party were insurrectionists, they were not yet revolutionaries.) Like the civil disobedient (or the rioter), the insurrectionist will settle for some specific adjustment in the system, such as a change in political leadership, increased representation in the system, repeal of an objectionable law, or abandonment of an inequitable policy. The revolutionary has lost hope for any effective participation in the existing system (as had the American revolutionaries by 1776) and presses for a total overthrow.*

Civil insurrection is in effect a stage of *civil protest* that develops from the same set of conditions that inspire acts of civil disobedience or riot. Riots do not turn into insurrection, although insurrectionists are often encouraged by riots to employ organized violence as a means to attain sought-after goals. The participants in acts of civil disobedience and riots are obviously seen by insurrectionists as potential participants in organized acts of violent protest. Indeed, the disobedients and the rioters may themselves be converted to insurrection tactics, not by existing insurrectionists, but by disillusionment and frustration in the other courses of action.

Civil disobedience and insurrection, both of which are deliberate acts, characteristically involve relatively few of the aggrieved population, because it is hard to get ordinary people to participate in planned disobedience of the law (and run the risk of punishment) or premeditated acts of violence (and run the double risk of physical harm and punishment). Also the various social control mechanisms, aside from the law-enforcement agen-

* In the dictionary, insurgency is a condition of revolt against recognized government that does not reach the proportions of an organized revolutionary government and is not recognized as belligerency. This definition squares with my own as outlined above. An important distinction between insurrection (which I am using synonymously with insurgency) and revolution is the existence of a revolutionary government which is installed when the existing government is brought down.

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cies, tend to keep most people from willful, premeditated violence and disobedience. Riots, on the other hand, may involve large numbers of people, many of whom are usually law-abiding, not because a riot is any more acceptable than insurrection or civil disobedience, but because these are irresistible elements of contagious emotion rooted in commonly shared and commonly repressed feelings of frustration and rage. These feelings of frustration and rage are linked to and grow out of hostile beliefs about the adversary, and in the early stages of a riot are inflamed by some incident that seems to be an example of the adversary's typical behavior. The incident becomes an excuse for an angry, concerted outburst, which can spread very rapidly in the aggrieved community and rationalize otherwise unacceptable acts. Law-abiding citizens who participate in a riot are not so easy to organize for insurrection. Persons who can be recruited for organized acts of violent protest are more likely to be those who have already become involved in some form of criminal activity as an individual, private (perhaps unconscious) protest against a hostile society. It may also be easier to organize insurrection in a community with an established tradition of either rioting or insurgency.

V. *The Justification of Civil Protest.* There is substantial agreement among legal and political thinkers that nonviolent challenges to the policies and laws of civil authority are an indispensable mechanism of corrective change in a democratic society. Insofar as possible, procedures for challenge which may involve open and deliberate disobedience should be built into the laws and policies of the system, for such procedures give the system a quality of resilience and flexibility, the capacity to absorb constructive attack from within.

As George Lakay has pointed out, one great strength of democratic institutions is that they build a degree of conflict into the decision-making structure just so that conflicts can be resolved publicly and without violence. Adequately designed democratic institutions deliberately reflect shifting views and power relations of interest groups and the normal workings of compromise and settlement, and equilibrium is usually maintained. Civil disobedience, and other forms of civil protest, are resorted to when

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political adversaries exhaust means of compromise in the political arena. Then the less powerful of the adversaries is forced to carry his challenge into a legal procedure or to the public in a show of protest.

Agreement on a policy of deliberate tolerance of peaceful challenge does not imply automatic agreement on what conditions *justify* challenges that involve disobedience. Moreover, agreement on a policy of tolerance toward nonviolent civil disobedience bears no necessary relationship at all to the question of the justification of civil protest involving violence, as riots and insurrection always do.

Nonviolent civil disobedience is justified under the following circumstances:

1) When an oppressed group is deprived of lawful channels for remedying its condition; conversely, a resort to civil disobedience is never politically legitimate where methods of due process in both the legal and political systems are available as remedies.

2) As a means of resisting or refusing to participate in an obvious and intolerable evil perpetrated by civil authorities (for example, a policy of genocide or enslavement).

3) When government takes or condones actions that are inconsistent with values on which the society and the political system are built, and thus violates the basic assumptions on which the regime's legitimacy rests.

4) When it is certain that the law or policy in question violates the constitution of the regime and, therefore, would be ruled unconstitutional by proper authority if challenged.

5) When a change in law or policy is demanded by social or economic need in the community and the normal procedures of law and politics are inadequate, obstructed or held captive by antilegal forces.

6) When the actions of government have become so obnoxious to one's own personal ethics (value system) that one would feel hypocritical in submitting to a law that enforces these actions: for example, the Fugitive Slave Law.

It seems to me that a citizen is justified in originating or participating in an act of civil disobedience under any of these circumstances, and, as Herbert Kelman has argued, that an act of

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civil disobedience in such circumstances should be generally regarded as *obligatory* in terms of the highest principles of citizenship. This does not mean that acts of civil disobedience should be ignored by civil authorities; on the contrary, aside from the damage such a policy would do to effectiveness of the act of civil disobedience, it must be considered the obligation of the regime to punish a law breaker *so long as the violated law is in force.* As William Buckley has argued, it is the individual's right to refuse to go along with his community, but the community, not the individual, must specify the consequences. For the regime to act otherwise would be to concede the right of personal veto over every act of government. At the same time, a conscientious challenge to civil authority (with full expectation of punishment) aimed at repairing a serious flaw in the system of justice is a step every citizen should know how *to decide* to take.

When is Civil Protest Involving Violence Justified? Americans like to think of themselves as a peace-loving people, yet violence is and always has been an important and sometimes indispensable instrument of social, economic and political change in our national history. We do not need to be reminded of the role it has played in United States foreign policy and in domestic relations.

The fact is that Americans are *both* peace-loving and willing to resort to violence when other avenues of goal achievement seem closed or ineffective. In our national history violence was the ultimate instrument in our conquest of the lands on the North American continent that now comprise the nation. Violence freed the American colonists from British rule and later insured freedom of the seas (1812-1815). Violence abolished slavery, established the bargaining rights of labor, twice put down threatening tyrannies in Europe and once in the Asian Pacific. In the present day, violence is the unintended instrument of black citizens to break through oppressive discrimination in housing, employment, education and political rights.

Americans have always taken the position that violence could be justified *as an instrument of last resort* in the achievement of critical national goals or in the face of external threat.

While it is true that we have always felt most comfortable about government-sponsored violence and especially violence in response

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to an external threat, we have often rationalized *post factum* the use of violence by aggrieved segments of the population *when the cause was regarded as a just one in terms of our deeply held egalitarian values.* The anti-draft riots during the Civil War are one example; labor strife that finally led to legitimizing workers' bargaining rights is another. Two or three generations from now, the ghetto riots (and even the spasmodic insurrection that is bound to follow) will be seen as having contributed to the perfection of our system of egalitarian values. Thus, I conclude that violence in the cause of hewing to our most cherished goals of freedom, justice and equal opportunity for all our citizens is and will remain as indispensable a corrective ingredient in our system as peaceful acts of civil disobedience. The sole qualification is that all other avenues of legitimate and peaceful change first be substantially closed, exhausted or ineffective.

When an aggrieved segment of the population finds it necessary to resist, riot, or commit deliberate acts of insurrection, the government must respond firmly to enforce the law, to protect people and property from the consequences of violence, but it must, with equal energy and dedication, seek out the causes of the outbursts and move speedily to rectify any injustices that are found at the root of the trouble.

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Girl Sketching me into her Landscape

X. J. KENNEDY

Slim-fingered drudger, charcoal smudge on chin,
You size me up, take quick strokes. Am I in?
In your enchanted wood, whence none escape?
I'm flattered. OK, make off with my shape;
Should it come back transfigured to a swine,
What do I care? I won't own up it's mine.
From what I've seen thumbtacked, you can't draw water—
You plan on "going into art"? Oh, daughter,
What would you learn? How man bends at the knee?
Better bone up on such anatomy
At first hand: throw out chalk and measuring-string,
Set those light pendulums your wrists to swing;
On scaffoldings of gesture let you rise
Into the fixed frame of some lover's eyes.

For Time can't see straight. Let him, and he'll hew
Successive torsos, each one more askew.
By months as by soft moths our fabric's rent
And ages eye us with obscene intent.
Quick, from the mold the good Lord gave you, cast
Your features that some trace of them may last:
Skin can outlinger patinas of gold,
A breast stay lithe while anapests grow old.
As though we'd had a child we two endure
Each other's lines in mutual caricature,
But no we don't. Your hand swirls—there's a tree
Slammed like a door—and where's the likes of me?

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A Moroccan Jewish Community During the Middle Eastern Crisis

LAWRENCE ROSEN

THERE HAVE BEEN MANY CONSEQUENCES to last summer's Middle Eastern war but not the least tragic among them is that while the lines separating the Israelis and their Arab neighbors have become still more sharply defined the fundamental relations between Moslems and Jews not as political entities but as religious and ethnic groupings have become increasingly blurred. Both sides have contributed their share to this confusion. On the one hand, many Westerners and Israelis of European origin have tended to attribute to the Arabs the same sorts of anti-Jewish attitudes so prevalent in their own recent histories, and to regard these attitudes as a predominant factor in the present antagonism. The Arabs, on the other hand, have frequently had their own distinction between Jews and Zionists vitiated by the statements and actions of extremists and their own use of their Jewish minorities as pawns in the political wars.

Admittedly there is perhaps no point in the history of the Arab nations—least of all in the highly charged emotional atmosphere of the present—when the political and social relations of Moslems and Jews have not been inextricably bound together. It is, nonetheless, vital for those who wish to come to some understanding of the basis of Moslem-Jewish relations to pry political and social relations apart just enough to attempt answers to some very fundamental questions: Are the anti-Jewish attitudes of the Moslems really the same as those expressed by Western anti-Semites? Are

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the Jews who continue to live in Arab nations subject to forms of discrimination similar to those associated with Western social history? Or is the very nature of Moslem-Jewish relations, and the whole context in which they are played out, of a rather different type than that which is found in the non-Arab world? The answers to these questions vary significantly from one Arab nation to another and it would be foolish to think that the situation that applies, say, in the states of North Africa is identical with that in Egypt, Syria or Jordan. It is perhaps best, therefore, to begin with a careful examination of how one Jewish community in the Arab world fared during the course of the recent war and why the strain of outside events on local Moslem-Jewish relations was largely absorbed and enervated in a rather short period of time. From the basis of this example one might, then, hope to dispel some of the grosser stereotypes that Westerners have long applied to the relations between Jews and non-Jews living throughout the Arab world.

As a touchstone for the study of this problem Morocco is particularly well suited. At the time of the establishment of the State of Israel one-quarter of all the Jews in the Middle East lived in Morocco, and the Jewish population there still numbers some seventy-five thousand. Admittedly Morocco has been one of the less vociferous opponents to Israel's existence, and there is no doubt that her proclamations of brotherhood with the other Arab countries cannot hide the physical and ideological distance between them and herself. But as an integral part of the Arab world, a nation suffused with traditional Islamic values yet subjected to a full colonial experience, the attitudes expressed by the majority of her citizens toward the Jews living in their midst and the history of relations between the two groups are not greatly different from those found in most of the other Arab states. For nearly two years, including the period of last summer's war, I lived in one of the main cities of the Moroccan interior studying the lives and ideas of Jews and Moslems alike. For nearly two years I had sought to understand how this society was put together and how the members of its different parts viewed one another, and it was only against this background that I was able to understand what was happening in this city, and perhaps other parts of the Arab world

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as well, when war broke out between the State of Israel and her neighbors early last June.

All along the western edge of the Middle Atlas Mountains of Morocco lie a number of cities and towns that span the predominantly Arab-inhabited lowlands of western Morocco and the pasturelands of the Berber mountaineers. Since almost all members of both groups speak Arabic and are keenly aware of their common Islamic identity, there were few people in the late spring of 1967 who could not take advantage of the fine network of communications in Morocco to follow the mounting tensions in the Middle East. The inhabitants of the city in particular knew that the United Nations peace-keeping force had been removed and that troops were being mobilized. They knew that Israeli access to the Gulf of Aqaba had been restricted and they knew too that many of the relatives of the city's remaining six hundred and fifty Jews would be among those Israelis arming for war. They felt sure that the war would be over quickly and that after a complete Arab victory the Jews would be allowed to live on under Moslem administration once the lands that had been "confiscated" had been returned to their rightful Palestinian owners. It came as no surprise to them, therefore, when, late in the afternoon of June 5th, the Moroccan radio stations carried the first reports about the outbreak of fighting between the Arabs and Israelis.

The first reports were rather sketchy. They concentrated less on what was actually happening at the front than on what was expected to happen. Military and patriotic songs were interspersed with exhortations to the people from the government, the politicians and the doctors of Islamic law. News bulletins were concerned not so much with the actual fighting as with the contributions of forces being made by the various Arab nations. It was learned, for instance, that the Moroccan King Hassan II was preparing to review a vanguard of troops who were to be sent immediately to aid their Arab brethren at the front. (Only later was it learned that it took the five planeloads of Moroccan troops four whole days to arrive in the East because of difficulties with the Algerian authorities. Indeed the war was virtually over before the Moroccans could get into the actual war zone.) Many of the city's twenty-five thousand Moslems gathered that night in cafes to listen to the local

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newscasts while the Jews huddled in their homes listening to Paris, London and Jerusalem.

By the following morning there was little clarification as to the situation in the Middle East. Despite Moroccan reports that Tel Aviv had been bombed, almost all of the city's Jewish merchants went about their business as usual. They met and talked with Moslems, moved freely about the streets, and sent their children off to the Jewish school. Only the Moslem children seemed embroiled in thoughts of war and one could see groups of them marching along the streets caught up in the same sort of fantasies they display when they burst out of the theater after a James Bond film. Some children did throw stones at the Jewish school but the police were called and quickly dispersed them. The radios that are always blaring from Moroccan cafes were even at this early time beginning to carry classical music in place of the martial airs and the interruptions for news were becoming more and more infrequent.

That night an event occurred that I was later to learn had been repeated in a number of Jewish homes throughout the city. While I was seated in the home of a Jewish neighbor, a cloth dealer and head of a large family, a Berber from the mountain community in which the Jewish man and his wife had been born and where they had lived until several years ago came to call on them. He was an elegant tribesman in his long-flowing jellaba, turban and white beard. He was also a very wealthy man who had twice gone on the pilgrimage to Mecca and who was the undisputed leader of his tribal fraction. In the days before the French Protectorate began in 1912 it was this man's father who, in accordance with local custom, had received the sheep sacrificed to him by the Jew's father and had, in turn, accorded the latter his full and jealously guarded protection. With this protection the Jew was able to trade his tea, cloth and sugar for the wool and hides of the Berber tribesmen. Theirs was a bond of mutual trust and great supernatural sanction and it bound the sons and their sons as it had bound the fathers before them. At the moment war broke out the Berber chieftain had begun the long trip to the city with his young wife for the express purpose of assuring this Jewish family that no matter what happened in the Middle East they and

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all their family had no need to fear for their own safety or the well-being of their property. He spoke calmly and reassuringly of the fact that they were all Moroccans and that the government would continue to protect them. He offered whatever help he could and specifically suggested that during the next few weeks they jointly rent a house in the *mellah,* the old Jewish quarter, where the Jews could live upstairs and he and his family downstairs between them and the outside world. The Jews graciously refused the offer and the Berber then suggested that at least they allow him to leave his own son to sleep on the floor of their house by the door as a sign to all that any attack on this family would be an attack on his own as well. Again the Jews demurred, pointing out that the house could easily be locked and that it was only children who were causing any troubles. They parted late that night with the Berber assuring them that he would be keeping a watchful eye on events in any case.

Throughout the six days the war itself lasted, life in the city remained virtually unchanged on the surface. Those people who felt most strongly about the war, expressed most opposition to Israel's continued existence, and were most certain about a quick and complete Arab victory were the educated urban Arabs. The poorer people of the city and the Berbers of the countryside talked about making a peaceful settlement, the difficulty of keeping straight who was who in the war (Where is Syria? Does Iraq have a common border with Israel? and usually no questions at all), and they stressed that the whole business should certainly not affect the Jews of their own city. A few of the Jews themselves made a point of contributing blood for the Arab civilians being injured in the war but at no time was the Jews' loyalty challenged or their ties to the Israelis considered a threat or even a significant embarrassment to the Moslem community.

Beneath the surface, however, among Moslems and Jews alike, the dominant feeling at this point was one of uncertainty. As one Jewish man put it: "Everything would be all right if people today respected the old ways and continued to treat us as individuals. But nowadays there are so many unemployed people in town who could be turned against us at any moment." A Moslem storekeeper spoke in similar terms: "You have to understand the custom in this

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country," he said. "People do whatever some big man tells them to do. *What* they are told to do doesn't matter nearly so much as the fact that someone takes hold of things and tells people how they should act. If the government does nothing and someone tells us to kill the Jews that is what we will do. If the government tells us to be good to the Jews we will follow their directions." An attempt to supply some such authoritative direction was not long in coming.

On June 12th the newspapers of Istiqlal, the major political party in Morocco, called for a boycott of "all those who have close and distant ties with 'Israel' and her sinister allies." They also published a list of companies who, they said, dealt with Israel and should therefore be boycotted. The Arabs of the city now had their direction: they said they would have no business dealings with Jews since all Moslems must unite in the face of the outside enemy. Jews remained off the streets, some even afraid to try buying food. Unarmed soldiers joined the local police in casually patrolling the streets of the city as the government began to clarify its own position. On the 14th, the Moroccan representative to the United Nations Security Council spoke at length of the favorable treatment Jews had always received in Morocco, particularly when the Moroccan government refused to cooperate with the anti-Jewish legislation of the Vichy regime during the Second World War. A similar statement from the Royal Cabinet released two days later further emphasized that none of the citizenship rights of Moroccan Jews would in any way be altered by the present situation. Then, on June 15th, the government seized the Istiqlal party newspapers and when the papers reappeared two days later the call for a boycott was only slightly toned down but no specific nations or companies were mentioned by name.

The Jews of the city, meanwhile, played for time. With the boycott in partial effect and some of the Moslems actually being intimidated into not patronizing Jewish-owned stores, individual Jews reasoned that they could close their stores Wednesday and Thursday for the Jewish holiday of Shevuoth, open briefly on Friday the 16th, stay at home over the weekend, and go back to work on Monday—the day before the Moslem holiday celebrating the Prophet's birthday. The Jews felt that in the interim many even normally unemployed Moslems would become busy harvest-

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ing the area's first grain crop in two years, and, unless the fighting in the Middle East resumed and the local Moslems were forced to remain united against an enemy whose presence they could be made to feel personally, internal Moslem differences would reassert themselves and the Jews would once again be able to work within the context of their personal and social relationships with the Moslems. Realizing, however, their complete political impotence, the Jews only feared that in the days following the war they might find themselves used as pawns in the struggle between the various Moroccan political factions.

For the most part this fear proved groundless. Intent on preserving public order and not allowing the politicians to seize the initiative, the King took a strong stand in favor of protecting all Moroccan citizens—Jews and Moslems alike—from violent action. As the United Nations debated on into deadlock, Istiqlal continued to call for a boycott of Jews and the nationalization of some Western-owned firms. Dubbing the boycott an act against the order of the state, the government struck back on July 5th charging that "the boycott is not an Islamic principle . . . Those who incite people to participate in it commit an act that is criminal in thought, in law, and in spirit." And on July 8th, in a most remarkable televised speech, the King himself argued that it was not surprising that the world should regard the Arabs as the aggressors in the recent war since it was they who called for a general mobilization a week before the fighting began and it was they who closed the Gulf of Aqaba. He said that one should never enter into a war until one's own country is at least the economic equal of the opponent, and he stressed the point that internal chaos is far worse than an undesirable international political situation. The King's verbal determination was expressed in action a few days later when the head of the largest labor union in Morocco was imprisoned for charging that the Moroccan government itself had fallen into the hands of pro-Zionist forces. And the papers of the Istiqlal party, threatened with another seizure, turned to a direct attack on those whom they regarded the King as coddling and initiated a series of articles on the Protocols of the Elders of Zion, the notorious forgery about the Jewish world conspiracy of which the Nazis had made such effective use. Yet

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even here it is important to note that the Moroccans, like President Nasser himself, had to borrow their anti-Jewish text from another cultural tradition simply because the Arabs lack a well-developed anti-Jewish literature of their own.

Significantly, however, within the city itself the impact of this struggle for power and influence on the national level was very minimal. The King's strong stand against any sort of illegal action against the Jews was not without its impact, but the local situation had already begun to ease well before the King's determination was fully clarified. Most Jews reopened their shops right after the holiday of the Prophet's birthday and Moslems and Jews joked and conversed in near normal fashion. With the passage of time and the continued bickering among the various political factions, the people of the city reasserted their suspicions about all national party leaders and their abiding faith in personal judgments based on face-to-face relations. Those Jews who practiced trades or sold goods without competition from Moslems were fully patronized. Some Arabs and fewer Berbers, perhaps hedging against any later claim that they had supported Israel's friends, avoided Jewish shops that were in direct competition with Moslems but they were cordial in their relationships with the Jewish businessmen themselves. The Berbers practiced this avoidance even less on market day, when there were enough of them in town so they could not easily be intimidated by the urban Arabs.

In short, then, despite both a few isolated instances elsewhere in the country in which Jews had indeed been molested and notwithstanding the firm action taken by the Moroccan government to forestall any sort of civil disorder, the primary strain placed on local Moslem-Jewish relations by the course of outside events was largely nullified in a rather short period of time. A partial boycott was indeed put into effect, one which might ultimately put a great strain on a part of the Moroccan Jewish community. But the very fact that the Moslems of the city continued to treat the Jews as individuals rather than as members of a stereotyped group, the very fact that even in the face of a defeat they too felt to be rather humiliating, their relations to the local Jewish community were not significantly altered indicates that the very nature of Moslem-Jewish relations were of a rather different sort than one might

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generally imagine. The contrast to the West is not only one of overt acts but of an entire sociological context in which geography, history, and the structure of social group relations each contribute to a system that must be analyzed and evaluated in its own terms.

The city with which we are dealing is in almost every sense of the term a marginal one. Situated in an oasis of gardens between the grain-producing plains of western Morocco and the pasture-lands of the Middle Atlas Mountains, she effectively bridges the predominantly Arab population of the former zone and the almost entirely Berber population of the latter. In the days before the establishment of the French Protectorate in 1912 the city also stood on the border between the lands over which the King was generally able to exercise his authority and those that were frequently in a state of dissidence vis-à-vis the central government. There is at present in the city a man whom people have nicknamed "the King" because, they say, he is blind in one eye and can only see half of what is going on around him. Aside from being a lovely comment on Moroccan politics this would also seem to be an appropriate characterization of the city itself. For she has always stood with her blind eye turned toward the plains and the central government while her good eye has been directed toward the mountains south of the city. She was almost always at least nominally a government city but her inhabitants and administrators alike knew full well that their real economic and political support lay in the areas that were usually in dissidence. No mere stopping place on the Saharan caravan routes, she had a market of her own for products of her own and a position as entrepôt between mountain and plain, dissident and loyalist, Berber and Arab. It was an economic situation in which Jews had the opportunity to thrive, and it was the overall social situation that brought this possibility to fruition.

Unlike many other nations of the world that combine within a small area several distinct ethnic groups and sharply different urban and rural populations, in Morocco these distinctions are very subtle indeed, constituting not a polarity but a series of variations on a common theme. Only the fact that a man speaks the Berber language (as well, usually, as Arabic) sets him apart from the Arab: physically the two are indistinguishable. Nor is

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the social structure of Berbers and Arabs, townsmen and countrymen, sharply different. The Berber belongs to a tribal fraction composed mainly of close relatives linked to other fractions of the tribe not by immutable genealogical principles but by the interplay and outright manipulation of ties of proximity, marriage and political expediency as well as any real or imagined kinship bonds. For the urban Arab, not associated in a tribe or fraction, the main solidary unit is the group that partakes of a common nurture, the individual family. In both cases, however, the locus of every level of organization is the single individual, whose status is based not on some innate position in a fixed set of social categories but on his ability to maneuver within the rules of the game to consolidate and extend his personal power within and beyond his own kinsmen. Through the arrangement of his alliances and the sheer force of his own personality each man can, according to his abilities, mold the pliable social fabric into a pattern as distinctive and ephemeral as himself. Such a man knows that his personal identity —his very existence—derives from the properties and power he has accumulated, and he knows, too, that on the third day after his death, his properties divided, his power diffused, people will cease to mourn him and will say that he simply no longer exists. Throughout their lives, Berbers and Arabs alike will have judged others and themselves been judged according to the principle T. E. Lawrence once referred to when he said: "Arabs believe in persons, not in institutions."

Despite such similarities of social organization there remains, nonetheless, a distinct coolness if not tension within and between groups of Arabs and Berbers. Between the two groups there are, of course, significant differences of language, interpretation of Islamic principles, and modes of political expression. But overriding these distinctions is the fact that, for all parties concerned, kinship, politics and social relations are thoroughly intertwined and inseparable. In the competition for the material and immaterial symbols of personal prestige, an act in any one of these categories will affect and be affected by—indeed, will be defined in terms of—most or all of the other categories: an economic relation may be worked out through kinship ties strengthened by marriage and implying a later political dependency, and so on. A picture

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of the entire Moslem social structure might look like a single pool separated into two main sections and a number of finer divisions by a series of differentially permeable membranes. For some kinds of interaction each unit would be closed off from the others, while for some other types of relations they would all constitute a single interacting unit. The barrier between two groups might, for example, be impermeable to certain cultural features thus effectively blocking intermarriage, while the same barrier in no way impedes some kinds of political relationships. Most important, for our purposes, is the fact that, in a system of this sort, the competition for commonly shared symbols of personal prestige is carried on uninhibited throughout the entire pool of social interaction, a pool whose resources are sufficiently limited that each participant is aware that a gain for one party generally implies a loss for another. The disruptive aspects of this quest for the power and property on which a man's status depends may be mollified within any one Berber fraction or Arab family by ties of kinship, alliance, and economic interdependence: between such groups outright competition may be less constrained.

It has been to the Jew's distinct advantage that he stands outside this sociological pool. Not sharing in the same relatively limited sphere of prestige resources, the Jew has been able to have an economic dealing with a Moslem that carries with it none of the social and political implications involved in such transactions between two Moslems. A Moslem can hardly compete socially with a person who simply is not a member of the social grouping within which this competition is taking place. An economic agreement between members of two such social groups is also less a contractual relationship than a symbiotic one: each party recognizes that he will profit best by adhering to the terms of the bargain and that his interests are more closely safeguarded by the controls inherent in their relation of interdependence than they would be by having recourse solely to external legal sanctions. A sense of mutual reliability has grown out of this social situation and however much Jews are regarded as shrewd businessmen by the city's Moslems they are almost never characterized as dishonest or avaricious. The cultural life of the Jews is, then, sufficiently similar to that of the Moslems that the two communities can share many beliefs,

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values and even saints in common, yet their social lives are sufficiently separate that neither is in direct social competition with the other.

The articulation between the way this society is put together and the way in which members of its different parts view one another is clearly indicated in the kinds of conceptions Moslems express about the Jews. When one discusses the Jews with Arabs and Berbers of all economic and educational levels, one never hears remarks that derogate the Jews for their real or imagined economic position: there is no notion among the people of the city that the Jews have tried to gain financial control of the marketplace to the detriment of the Moslems. Nor does one hear politically oriented anti-Jewish comments, that is, that the Jews are individually or collectively conspiring to take over the government. Rather, all of the anti-Jewish remarks one hears fit into the sociological category, the gist of such remarks being that the Jews are socially separate if not outcast from the Moslem community. To the Moslem the legitimacy of the Koran lies in the fact that it is believed to be the all-inclusive, precise and unaltered word of God as transmitted through His last prophet. The Jews, say the Moslems, are, however, constantly rewriting their Torah and have thus destroyed whatever truth there was in that document. Moreover, by manipulating their sacred heritage, "the Jews no longer know who their grandfathers are"—a sin of significant proportions to a genealogically concerned Moslem. Moslems also cite as incest the fact that Jews marry their nieces, and one man even claimed that Jews do not circumcise their sons, thus turning the noncircumcised Christian's argument on its head but applying it for precisely the same purpose. Examples of this sort could be multiplied almost without end, but the common point in all of them remains that the Jews are believed to be socially inferior but hardly a threat to the "superior" tradition of the Prophet. The history of the city's Jewish community is the story of how they have been given and developed their own place in this whole socio-cultural context.

The Jews of the city are derived almost entirely not from the Spanish immigrants of the fifteenth century but from those Jews who fled Roman Palestine, Egypt and Cyrenaica in the first centuries A.D., settled out of government reach among the dissident

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Berber tribes of North Africa, and are said to have converted many of those Berbers to Judaism well before the arrival of Islam. Indeed, one legend has it that the first inhabitants of the city were just such a tribe of Judeo-Berbers. Little is known of the city's Jewry under the early Islamic dynasties of Morocco, but it is doubtful that their overall situation was greatly different from that of the last two centuries before the establishment of the French Protectorate. Then, as earlier, the state was coextensive with the community of Islam, and those who rejected the duties of the latter were also denied the privileges of the former. His status as protegé legitimized by Koranic inscription, the Jew was, however, allowed to live in his own separate community and practice his own law, but he was required to indicate his inferior social and religious position by wearing distinctive clothing, removing his shoes when passing a mosque, and so on. Since "protection" often meant reserving the skills of the Jew for the protector himself, the extent to which the Jew was fairly treated or exploited varied as greatly as the power and personalities of the Kings and their largely autonomous local administrators. The death of a King, or even his local representative, generally threw whole regions into a state of dissidence, and it was at these moments in particular that Jewish communities were attacked. Yet it is important to note that almost without exception in modern times these attacks were aimed squarely at depriving the Jews of their properties and not at eliminating the Jewish population itself. In fact, when the Sultan Moulay el Hassan died in 1894 and a nearby Arab village came to the walls of the city and demanded to be allowed to "eat the Jews," the people of the city not only gave the Jews their own protection but, when the Arab villagers then broke into a neighboring garden and killed a young Moslem boy, Berber tribesmen joined the townsmen in waging a successful war against the Arab villagers.

For those Jews who lived or peddled their goods in the neighboring mountains conditions were probably even better. Here the Jew, who almost always spoke the Berber language fluently, again depended on the personal protection of a local big man. Following Berber custom, the Jewish merchant would sacrifice a sheep at the home of a particular Berber and the latter would

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then make it known that this Jew was under his protection and any attack on the Jew would be construed as an attack on himself as well. When the Jew led his pack train through tribal lands his protector would send along an armed guard or place his own son on the lead animal as a sign to all of the Jew's status. Should anyone, even a member of the Berber's own family, dare to violate this sanctuary, he would pay heavily in blood or money for his foolishness.

In short, then, it is no doubt true that the Jews were at times rather heavily taxed for the protection they were accorded and that they were at the mercy of King and local administrator alike. But it is a fact that European writers rarely appreciate that in the pre-Protectorate period such taxation was seldom much greater, the mistreatment seldom much harsher, and the living standards of the Jews not much lower than those of the Moslems among whom they lived. The Jews of the city tended their crafts and businesses, owned property and formed partnerships with Moslems in an atmosphere that was quite different and quite a bit less rigorous than that with which their European coreligionists had to cope.

With the beginning of the French Protectorate in 1912, Jews all over Morocco were able to move outside of their ghettos and take advantage of Western cultural and living standards. They established schools, learned the French language and prospered somewhat from French economic investment. From a population of three thousand at the beginning of the Protectorate the Jewish community of the city grew to nearly six thousand in the late 1940's, although the actual proportion of Jews in the city dropped from one-half to almost one-third. Most Jews welcomed the creation of the State of Israel in 1948 as the fulfillment of biblical prophecy, but few of them actually emigrated before the end of French domination over Morocco.

Independence in 1956 brought with it a depressed and uncertain economic situation. Although on the national level a Jew was appointed minister of the postal-telegraph-telephone system, locally the Jews were caught in the general economic decline. The Jews of the city had always kept their capital relatively liquid and mobile. The wealthier Jews now began to consolidate their holdings and look for opportunities in France and the large cities of

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the Moroccan coast, while the poorer Jews were attracted to Israel by offers of work and free passage. As the Jews withdrew their funds from the marketplace the economy became yet more depressed, for the Moslems had long been drawn out into investing by the Jews and in the latter's absence many of the Moslems preferred to hoard their money and avoid economic (and also prestige) competition with other Moslems. Political uncertainty was added in 1961 by the sudden death of the Sultan Mohammed V, who was justifiably regarded as a good friend of the Jews.

But whatever their reasons for departing the city it appears certain that none of the Jews left because of any real breakdown in local Moslem-Jewish relations. Rather than being happy about the situation, the Moslems—Arabs as well as Berbers—were hurt and bewildered by the Jews' departure. Some of them explain that a Jewish big man named Ben Gurion called them and they had to leave, while others say that it was written in the Jews' holy books that they should return to the east. Berbers continued to feel uncomfortable doing business with Arabs, and the shops, but not the exact role, of many Jews have since been taken over by Berber veterans of the French army. The city itself has been subjected to a significant influx of rural people seeking work, welfare payments, and schooling for their children, but the overall social environment remained reasonably close to its traditional pattern right up to the time when war broke out in the Middle East.

This, then, is clearly a very different sort of society from what one is used to dealing with in discussions of Jewish-non-Jewish relations. Fluid yet structured, expandable yet finite, human and yet somehow divine, it is a society composed of a number of individuals who forge ties of kinship and alliance in an attempt to secure themselves as best as possible within a social environment whose variability and malleability in no way discount the minimally defined and far from immutable position in which each man is born. It is a society in which people tend to group one another only on the basis of a very few characteristics concerning one another's social origins and present situation. The stereotype (if one can use that word) that they maintain about one another begins with several minimal features but quickly gives way to an evaluation and relationship based primarily on individual personalities. The stereo-

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type of a particular grouping, then, is compiled of a number of specific cases and remains sufficiently minimal and partial rather than complete and comprehensive, so that an individual may be judged far more by his personal attributes than by a fixed model that compartmentalizes one's view of and relationship to another person automatically. Within one's own group of fellow Moslems the ties of social, political and economic life are so intertwined that whoever stands outside of this context has the opportunity to enjoy a distinctly advantageous intermediate position. But because it will be his personal characteristics that define the content of this inherent position and because no member of the society will abrogate the criteria of personal judgment that his law, his religion and his common sense tell him are applicable to all men, even this outsider will be judged by factors that acknowledge his membership in the community of men, however much they may deny his membership in the community of believers. Socially distinct but not abhorred, politically subservient but not deprived of his own group autonomy, economically envied but not severely discriminated against, the Jew in Moroccan society has long held a position among his Moslem neighbors that is neither unbearable nor ideal. He could survive the old dictum that the friend of my enemy is my enemy simply by being a closer friend to his supposed enemy than to those with whom he shares bonds of religion and blood. He may find himself vulnerable to economic pressures that are nowadays not without their political overtones and therefore more closely approximate the position of his fellow Jews in the Near East, but he will be as aware as his Moslem neighbors that this is a recent occurrence and one that very much rubs against the grain of Moslem and Jew alike.

The Moroccan Jew could, then, feel reasonably calm living among Moslems during the Middle Eastern war because he knew that notwithstanding the extreme provocation of the war itself there was no hard-core hatred of the Jews as a group and that if the Middle Eastern situation did not involve the Moroccans directly the relation of Jew and Moslem would not be altered radically from its former pattern. The Jews of the interior cities were keenly aware of the mild antipathy between Arabs and Berbers, and the social and economic advantage they held by virtue of this

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fact. Implicitly, they also seemed to know that, as Charles Gallagher has put it, "compared to the Middle Eastern heartland, North Africa is a much more cautious, almost furtive society of compromise, a quality which has been forced upon it by history." For the Jews of this one Moroccan city, then, the whole episode was a heartening reaffirmation of their own conception of their relations with the Moslems living around them. For the Moslem it was a brief but not all-absorbing encounter with supralocal issues. And for the social scientist it was an opportunity to see a set of social and cultural principles put to the test of scope and relevancy.

Jewish communities throughout Morocco will, no doubt, continue to shrink in size for the same economic reasons that have caused their present diminution. Jewish children will continue to move to the large cities of Morocco and France to seek an education and a livelihood, and some of their parents will continue to prepare them for this by speaking only French at home and teaching them only an hour a day of Arabic at school. The younger generation of Jews is already far less aware of and involved in the life of Morocco as a whole than are their parents, and they are consequently more eager to be physically removed from it as well. Just what the long-range effects of the partial boycott in the larger cities of Morocco will be is hard to say, but if it does prove true that the boycott is further weakened by the passage of time or the end to the state of belligerency in the Middle East, the lives of those Jews who leave the interior for Rabat and Casablanca should be no more difficult than they have been in the past. But their departure will not be for want of peaceful relations with their Moslem neighbors, relations that have proved reasonably workable even while the brothers of each have been at war with one another. Perhaps, too, their experience may offer some small hope that a political accord may yet be reached in the Middle East that will reestablish the finest features of earlier Moslem-Jewish relations, while eliminating those aspects that both sides have allowed to compound their present estrangement.

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Route 36

GLADYS LAFLAMME

To be alone, if that is what is needed,
you could not do better than to run, balancing,
along this hypothetical line the map shows,
metered and numbered.

Veils of sky pull over you, islanding a road
pitching into mist. Plains
ripple out like seas, their black waves
swaying.

Whatever house floats into view
pulls toward it silence and still trees.

In time, you reach what you look for—
the place your people are. All the signs say so,
as though someone who surely knows had been here before you.
Yet, to the waiting ear numbers tell nothing of emptiness
growing,
or of the geometry space makes where a map ends.
In this black and white scene, not even a magpie
scrambles for carrion. What, really, could die here
where nothing lives? And how do you travel
the seas of empty air?

Think, now, of The Wanderer, at watch on his sea road—
who went alone and cold, with neither maps nor numbers—
with only the muscles of his tongue twitching,
his quick eye telling,
here, now, this is my shore.

✪ GLADYS LAFLAMME teaches English and creative writing at Burlington High School, Burlington, Vermont. *Through Severing Winds* is a volume of her selected poems.

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On the Contemporary Apocalyptic Imagination

EARL ROVIT

I SUPPOSE THAT EVERY PERIOD possesses its own fashions in terminology and metaphor; that there have always been "in" concepts and "out" concepts; and that it has been ever incumbent upon students of the time to come to terms with the prevailing weathers of thought, no matter how vulgarized they may be by ignorance and enthusiasm or how adulterated by cynical exploitation. The questions that people ask are generally more significant than the answers they give. When a single question seems to be repeated everywhere, when it recurs with only slight variation in the most heterogeneous situations and provenances, and when, in its most extreme form, it can be responded to only by violent repression or permissive silence, we would do well to attend to the question very carefully. Recently I have been struck by the frequency, variety and intensity of such a question on our contemporary scene. A deceptively simple, thoroughly loaded question: *Why not?* Once my mind became attuned to its resonances, I seemed to be able to discern it at or near the root of every radical dissension of which I was aware. In art, in science, in politics. In the chatter of private and public disputation. Over and over again in the classroom, in dissident social discussions, in my own introspective dialogues, in any situation where the utility or justification of an action was under deliberation. But *why not?* is not so much a question as it is an answer, or, better still, a declaration of polymorphous intent. It seems to be the instinctive response of a large segment of our collective mind to any expression of restriction, prohibition, formal limitation. Thou shalt not commit a

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disrespect to thine elders, thy conventional pieties, thy tradition. Why not? Thou shalt not murder with napalm or enslave with sanctimonious fetters. Why not? Thou shalt not venture into inner or outer space with impunity. Why not? Here is a boundary line; this limitation cannot be broken. Why not?

Those of us with any pretensions to some formal intellectual training may be particularly disturbed in the face of this adamant *why not*. Part of our uneasiness is doubtless caused by the threat that is posed to our tenuous security; but, more important I think, we are made uncomfortable in an almost philosophical way because we have been brought up within the circumscriptions of a very different question, the traditional *why?* Our intelligences, such as they are, have been geared to analyze "givens," to search out the complexity of causes that may lead to an isolated effect. The overwhelming course of the Enlightenment and the empirical tradition has tended to enclose our worlds into comprehensible capsules of why-and-because. And the shock of the twentieth century on our tender rational sensibilities is caused—as much as by anything else—by the increasing irrelevance and unreliability of the answers we are able to produce. Why the death camps? Why the dread of nuclear annihilation? Why our loss of rational control over our private and public lives? Why the quality of dissociated terror and loneliness that seems pervasive beneath the mannered surfaces of our behavior? Oh, we have no trouble in garnering bumper harvests of measured answers. With the devices of our computer age, we can dissect and analyze by the wholesale gross. But it is as though we have perfected a high-speed autopsy technique while the plague accelerates and the corpses of new questions roll up to the door faster than our electronic analyses can be trucked away for filing. *Why* begets its multitudinous spawn of *becauses,* and these in turn beget an urgent host of new *why's,* and the shiny machines work beautifully, but the fever level mounts. For *why* is predicated on the unassailable ontological certainty that what is—simply *is*. The counterquestion, *why not?,* is the apocalyptic gesture of dismissal. It casually rejects all *becauses* since it denies even the minimal certainty of a bounded problem. *Why not* is the shrug that, at best, cares enough not to care—and, at worst, doesn't care at all. It is the response that in-

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vites us to believe that "anything goes." And when anything goes, it means that everything flies apart. *Why not* is the apocalyptic shiver of the stoop-shouldered earth just a moment before the avalanche, just a moment before the mountains skip like lambs and the great rock-faces crumble and crush everything in their fall.

How can you think about an apocalypse with only one mind—with a rational intelligence that is designed to make precise exclusions of anything that is chaos? You can't even talk about an apocalypse univocally—with one voice—with one discreet why-and-because voice. It eludes the single-chorded voice; it will not even cast a shadow on the gleaming logicalities of the intelligence. But we have more than one level of mind and more than one voice and our feelings are porous to many different depths. It is possible to make the world move without touching it and men have always known that cacophony and disharmony are not inherently meaningless. Nor was irony invented merely to discriminate between categories; irony is promiscuously copulative, and *why not?* enunciates as readily to the accompaniment of a snicker as it does to a gesture of stubborn ferocity.

The truth of the matter is, I personally find the very notion of an apocalypse unsettling. It makes a mash of my ordered world. It destroys my past and throws my thoughts of a future into an ash heap. Its fashion of assault is omnivorous, uncompromising, and treacherously sophisticated in its capacities for instant adaptation. It has fathered the movement for silence and outrage in the arts; for anarchy and violence in social and political affairs; for polymorphous perversity in psychology, religion and metaphysics. Ultimately—and it is never less than ultimate—it will accept nothing save spontaneity, immediacy of response, and the obliteration of all stabilities. And while it offers the lip-service promise of a restored innocence and purity—a miraculous rebirth of life—as a reward for its services, these blandishments are the least beguiling facets of its appeal. I don't want to break windows in order to let the fresh air in; the fact is, I'm hopelessly in love with the sound of smashing glass. So how can I trust myself when I can hardly skim the surfaces of my own dreads and desires? And how can I be trusted when I pretend to tread dispassionately and

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complacently in the fathomless waters of the apocalyptic imagination? And yet that is the element in which we must learn to swim, and unless we attempt some honest account of it, we will not only drown—our fate anyway—but we will touch nothing firmly in our descent.

So I take the safe scholarly resort in etymology. *Apocalypse*—from the Greek verb meaning "to uncover, to disclose." Set in its early Messianic-Christian context, this is historically understandable enough. It points to a prophetic revelation of the day of wrath, an hysterical prophecy of a total un-covering, a complete dis-closure, when all boundaries will be shattered, when all the concealed and buried forces will be released from their quotidian restraints. The visitation of fire and ice, the pestilence in the whirlwind. This is the final tolling of time, the Day of the Last Judgment, because afterwards, with everything open and unconcealed, all bonds dissolved, both time and the act of judgment will be obsolescent. The ambiguities of seeming and appearance will exist no more; everything will simply and immediately and completely *be*. On any level of literary meaning, the Apocalypse was surely a magnificent metaphor, sired by frustration and mothered by a mighty hope that turned rapidly into sour vengeful desire. Nor was it a metaphor restricted to a particularly oppressive historical circumstance. Every infant's psyche nurtures its own apocalyptic dream: the blood sacrifice at the very pit of the sweet disposition; the maiming of all the fathers, the delicious abuse of all the mothers. Nemesis, that most satisfying wish-fantasy of retributive justice, is one of the metamorphic shapes of the Apocalypse. Thus has it ever been, but why so suddenly fashionable in our time? Is it only that the world possesses more embittered children today than ever before? Or that our children are louder and more eagerly catered to as our economies have shifted from production to consumption? Or, perhaps, that our children remain childish long past the physiological frontiers of adulthood? "Don't trust anyone over thirty." Would you believe forty? Forty-five? Suffer little children to come unto me. Trailing clouds of marijuana and clutching switchblade knives in their pudgy little fists. No, weasel-scholar, that's clearly insufficient. A good enough *because* for the sociologist to worry about: the relationship be-

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tween maturation, a machine technology and social responsibility. But clearly inadequate for our needs. A metaphor is volatile. A mighty metaphor is mightily volatile. It breeds meanings in multiple litters, but it is itself protean and without essential meaning. The one undeniable illustration of an existential shape, or shapelessness. Ah, see how quickly the scholar weasels from etymology to penology. If the value judgment is built into the process, how can I be trusted?

A different tack, then. Follow the metaphor, not its motivations. Since the Apocalypse is only and always a metaphor—for what else can it be—it is more than likely a product of other metaphors that it has subsumed and digested. A task, then, for literary criticism—the isolation and description of metaphors. A textual analysis of blood and orgy. The anatomy of revolutions. Heal thyself, metaphysician, but post your diagnostic theses on the life side of the grave you dig. The modern version of the Apocalypse is an artist's metaphor, a special rendition of man's creative vision of himself and the world. It may profess to rise out of history into mystery (as all metaphors necessarily do), but it owns at least as much history as it does mystery. At the optimistic peak of the Romantic Revolution, man chanted himself into a flower, a tree, any spontaneous and natural organism connected by deeply buried roots to everything and all. That wonderful, old-fashioned, brave new world. Dionysus with curly tendrils flying, the green exfoliating phallus sprouting at the omphalic center of the new Eden. The belated arrival of the second Adam—as though the first hadn't caused enough trouble. The world as flower, the world in flower. An apocalyptic metaphor of the explosion that is growth, a grand and politic metaphor for the wholesale rape of the natural universe. As the machines began to crush out organic life beneath their massive iron treads, man mirrored himself in the image of a blossom, nodding beautiful and serene in the smoky cab of the accelerating steam engine. A fitting heraldic sign to conquer under. The real flower power. Doomed to a short life and a long, long shadow. On the first day that the flower spirit choked on the soot of its own creation, the metaphor became a cliché and a pious deception. And the modern artist came to birth.

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Like all births, his came about through a death. He died to the flower and he struggled to become reborn in a marvelous frantic strangle of shapes and sizes. What role could he not tentatively play? What mask would fail to fit his eager physiognomy? After all, the artist had become the representative surrogate of mankind's fertility, and fertility is the driving principle behind all shape making. When the legislators surrendered their nation-building potency to the subtle engines they had fashioned (divine Robespierre, sublime Jefferson), and the priests turned into ideological eunuchs under the Darwinian dispensation, the seed was obliged to seek a new repository. It was then that the poets announced their inauguration as the new legislators of the world; a wee poetic spirit, a delicately sensitive homunculus took root in everyone's nook and cranny, disseminating a rare effluvium over everything and all. Until the soot blackened their tender pistils. Until their stamens stiffened and withered under electric shock. Until the flower power was mown under without even a chlorophyll shriek. But the seed scattered, diffuse and wondrously fertile. The pandemonic democratization of the arts; a new Lourdes and everyone seeing visions. The lame and the blind and the halt quickening into spurious rebirths which were actually re-coverings. The artist as rebel; as lover; as scientist; as jaded neurasthenic; as shamanistic prophet of the past and the hereafter. Fancy dress costumes to hide their state of orphanage. Bereft castoffs of Nature, muttering their dreadful unmothering. And most of them struggled to create portraits of ladies: Nana's, Anna's, Emma's, hysterical Viennese Jewesses, nostalgic dreams of Motherlands forever impervious to the erosion of time. The artist as orphan; as mother-maker and mother-breaker. The Underground Man and the *Übermensch,* Christ and Faust interchanging roles, dividing the universe between them and their burgeoning offspring. A hero with a thousand alienated faces. Art excruciatingly self-conscious, onanistic, perverse, brazenly whorish in its advances, an eager cripple begging for abuse, a sadist bent upon shock, outrage, emotional and intellectual submission. Dostoevski, Wagner, Nietzsche, Cézanne. The seed scattered and clustered, and the artist so fully occupied his adopted necessity that he almost ceases to be a human thing at all. Magnificent monstrosities, gro-

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tesques bulging at every joint and protuberance from the dreadful pressures of mankind's creativity. Why did Tolstoi abjure his art? Why Rimbaud? The one in a pathetic effort to salvage the last shreds of his humanity, and the other because he was unillusioned enough to perceive that his was irreparably lost. The artist had convinced himself that he was the sole repository of the world's seed, the self-appointed and self-anointed celestial stud. But, *mirabile dictu,* the world withheld itself from his impregnating thrust. He coaxed, cozened and raped, and the world was unaware of his amorous fertilizations. What more comic anguish than a ravishment in which the victim remains inert, unstirred, ignorant of its own humiliation! This is the cause of the fatal alienation—the castration of symbolic functions; fecundity harbored in gall, dissevered from any natural flow or release, storing up its own uranium pile for future detonation.

By definition, creativity is an ex post facto condition; it has already found some object or medium to work upon. The matter doesn't matter; it's the spirit of the thing. Anything is malleable to its pressures, its sly impregnations. Air becomes wine; light crystallizes; dust is silver, and excrement gold. All is poetry. Transubstantiation needs only spirit-space and spirit-time. The world ignorantly withheld itself from the onslaught of symbolic conception. Not that it was a virtuous virgin; it simply had no choice. How could it be aware of its identity? It didn't even know its name! The artist found himself entirely alone with his own many names and himself became the materials of his creation. The orphan must grow a womb for his own gestation, or how can he find rest? Self-portraiture replaces the abortive portraits of the lady-mothers. Self-portraiture makes up the motion-picture frames of our modern artistic history. Freud's self-portrait is the spitted image of my soul. Joyce's. Proust's. Kafka's. The ponderous route of introspection—staggering, involuted, obsessively circling ever inward—inevitably falls into the shape of a gyre, a spiral staircase where I meet myself on every turning, where I am inside and outside, at the bottom and the top, where the beginning and the end are alike unbegun and unending. If I am my total milieu, only I can complete myself. But my knowledge of me must necessarily partake of the desperate descent toward an infinite regres-

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sion. God is He who is inevitably complete. When man apes God, he mocks his own inadequacy to be whole. And therefore the doomed yearning for the infantile, the point of ultimate return, the vacated womb, which has been bulldozed in a Mom-clearance project. I would be as a little child again in order to make a proper assumption of my adulthood. I exhort mankind to regain some primitive infancy of its own—not in order to start some new beginning—but that it may arrive at last at a conclusion. Eros trapped in its own coiled and unreleaseable ardor. The eyes and the ears send useless sensory messages because they face outward. Down with the eyes! Off with the ears! The cramp in the kidney is a more viable message, the ache in the groin, the constriction of the carotid artery. Marco Polo has trekked to Walden Pond and learned that he can make a trip without traveling at all. You who would be seaworthy, cut off your nose to spite your facing outward! Root out your tongue and be silent! The *tactile* alone is the connective. All the other senses are suspicious. They would cause me to suspect that perhaps I am not an entire world after all. Art, psychology, sociology—what modes of thought cannot become the obsessive compositions of my dream life—garish, violent designs projected out of the fantastic churning images that I watch behind my closed eyelids. The Apocalypse is the un-covering, the striking of the seals, the pompous disclosures that I ascribe to the world.

And still the world withholds itself, shivering only a little under the assaults of poisoned air and poisoned waters and sudden craters of powdered lime where once a mountain stood. *It doesn't know its name!* And the artist remains alone in his globular tumescence. Alas, the most carefully wrought solipsism develops leaks and drains; the most firmly barred gates acquire the fenestration of a sieve. Suspicions must be allayed; the line of closure must be held. A new myth comes into existence—a cunning defense mechanism guaranteed to make early and late warnings from the outside unnecessary and unheedable. If I, the miser-artist, have withdrawn the principle of creativity from the common order of human life, what can there be left for humanity? Dry leaves on the fetid riverbank. Cigarette butts. Hollow men buffeted in a wind of automatic responses. Shadow gestures without substance.

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I have reenacted the Promethean posture, cosmological hero, I. I have stolen the fire from my enemy, the world; the hearth is burnt out. I have given the world its name: a wasteland, a barren lunar pothole. And so we shake our artistic fists at the unheeding world, we who monopolize the world's sensitivity, we self-stuffed seed carriers. We leave the mute paralyzed world to its dull, unregenerative death. God is proclaimed to be dead in the world because we are not there. We ourselves are God in the processes of partial creation, dividing the firmament and bringing forth the waters and the dry lands from within ourselves, laboring to give birth to the new man who shall be first and last. Is it any wonder that modern thought is a consecration of the absurd? Is it any wonder that modern art is helplessly—as well as hopelessly—comic? For there is no seventh day on which he can rest, the modern artist with a godhead on his shoulders. Self-defined as entirely infolded within himself, he can never use himself up. How can the maker be itself wholly made? The artist withdraws from the withholding indifferent world, poor alienated shard, and focuses his narcissistic delight on the nuances of his own self-portrait. But the same brushstrokes that caress his tortured sensitivity etch wild distorted fantasies of death and passionless corruption on what he pretends to be the world that has denied him. No, it is not the world that is a heap of broken images; it is the artist. And this is the secret connection between the artistic myth of a wasteland world and the zealously cherished fraudulence of the alienated consciousness. It is the fascist's *apologia pro morte sua.* It is the movement from the historical to the hysterical. And it produces the metaphor of the Apocalypse in its jazzed-up modern megaton version.

But there has been yet one other channel that the seed has followed; another role that the artist has arrogated to his presumptuous repertoire. The politician-as-artist, the demagogue-manipulator, the executive-genius of real apocalypses. We too easily forget those early models of dictating machines that had a one-thousand-year guarantee to record and translate the inchoate will of the masses into effective historical design. The artist as total creator—author, producer, executor and principal actor. A mixed-media production with a cast of millions—and all of them "extras"—and a

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turntable stage that rotated on its own axis once every twenty-four hours. From history to mystery moves the Apocalypse, from history to the sacred mysteries of crematorium smoke, of broken bodies as the discarded phrases of a romantic poem that failed, of an abortive drama of destiny where the narrative focus was the impersonality of fear, intimidation, and the horrendous release of unimaginable energy sources. The "happenings" were programmed into the script and the happening was always the same. The transformation of energy into inert matter, the fever of being reduced to point zero, grave technology solving the pesky problem of stage exits through the abolition of cemeteries. The politician of the Apocalypse nurtured his sweet alienation from the world and discovered within himself a fuel with which to explode the world. Concentration camps, high-concentration bombs, concentrated circles and cycles of force in relentless implosion. Always concentration; never easeful relaxation. Alienation requires a constant energy of restraint, a holding back of human empathies, a denial of flow. It is not because gullible men believed in the power of symbols that our century's most dreadful events occurred; it is because we failed to believe enough to be properly terrified. The Apocalypse unveils the awesome power of symbols. The symbols themselves, naked and unconcealed, too fearful to be looked at directly. And the metaphor takes on new daily shapes. Protean, it ingests whatever is vital in any shape—love, beauty, wisdom, justice—and it swells in its own gargantuan splendor. Cancer is one of its more successful shapes. Explosion, another. The Principle of Indeterminacy is at the base of all its reckonings. The naked form of the Apocalypse, the Word in metamorphosis, flesh becoming the Word and the Word spewing itself back into the world as macerated flesh.

The Apocalypse is the cancerous dream that the alienated libido requires for its autoerotic consummation. It is the *Endlosung*, the extravagant solution of dissolution, whereby man shall be consumed with that which he was nourished by. The end of his exile, all the words torn syllable by syllable into flying fragments; the dismemberment of all remembrance; Orpheus, boy-bomb. The fire next time is a suicide that will settle for no conflagration less than total holocaust. And this in the name of thwarted love.

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Victims and victimizers merge into one fatal ashen identity because no Other exists beyond myself. No more barriers between man and man, between men and their universe. No internal divisions within the psyche of man itself. The kinetic alone makes a sure and trustworthy contact; all else is illusion, rationalization, the deceptive fakery of power politics on a physiological level. Hail to the orgasm, the ultimate breakthrough! Hail to all breaking words. The final breakdown; the irrevocable glacial breakup. Otherness conquered, given a last name, legitimized like a prodigal bastard son in the midst of my death throes. And this too in the name of unrequited love. Love, the low-comedy version of the modern Apocalypse.

No! No, we must strain to be clear on these matters, for they are perilous to us. Like the carnival clown, satire will ultimately protect its own tents. We thought we had a raucous friend, but his truths can only be half-truths because his soul is not his own.

Mimic it, expose it, caricature its most egregious extravagances, the metaphor of the Apocalypse *is* our best model for viewing our contemporary human condition. It alone gives us a large and flexible mythic form that is grand enough to allow a full expression of our agonies and aspirations. What other myth do we possess that is as responsive to the major cataclysms of twentieth-century life and death? Nuclear explosion of global magnitude, genocide, the repressive strangle of gigantic and abstracted power complexes, technological capacities that can be measured only in mathematical terms. The human validity of the apocalyptic metaphor seems to me undeniable as an attempt to express man's sense of himself in his awesome new world. For not only does it have the cosmic grandeur that is sufficiently vast to absorb a world of overkill, space probes, the development of synthetic life-forms, and the violent surge of masses of resentment and denied energies; it also contains a built-in thrust of passionate urgency. That is, it not only describes our situation with some accuracy, but it also provides a just emotional setting for that description. It is, if you like, a blueprint that bleeds; a cosmological case history transcribed under the brooding auspices of pity and terror. And it is, preeminently, an artist's metaphor, fortuitously keyed to the emotional needs and aesthetic capacities

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of our own time. Modern music—dodecaphonic and aleatoric—is composed in terms of its notations of structural determinism and random chance. The complete freedom of the sculptor and painter to employ the vast resources of our plastic-electronic age is profoundly connected to the apocalyptic drive to go "beyond art." And the resurgent promise of a truly "epic" theater would be unthinkable without that sense of world-audience and the technical means to engage that audience which is at the root of apocalyptic symbolism. It is easy to overlook the religious origins of the apocalyptic imagination, especially when the uses of that imagination become associated with the profane, the violent and the obscene; yet it has never lost its Messianic beginnings, and the desire to push "beyond art" has inevitably terminated in some variety of religious experience.

But, perhaps most important of all, the *structure* of the apocalyptic metaphor is a source of incredible significance in the kinds of meaningful images that modern man is empowered to cast for himself. The apocalyptic myth is most revolutionary in that it provides a fully "open-ended" form, circumferential without being what we normally think of as circular and spherical. Here I think we are barely on the verge of understanding or exploiting the implications of such a notion of structure. Traditionally our major forms have tended to be "closed" forms—bounded by a cyclical control of architectonic design or plot (sometimes called Destiny) or a harmonious pattern of interest. To be sure, there have been innumerable deviations or wanderings outside the rigidities of control—errant excursions into peripheral possibilities of imbalance, irrelevance or discord—but these have usually been tangential gropings or experiments that have petered out and returned finally, in one way or another, to the ordering force of an unmoved mover implacably fixed at the center of the cyclical design. The intersection of two planes gives us the culturally encapsulating figure of the cross; this has had the effect of nailing down for us a quasi-permanent center point for an infinite number of expanding, self-enclosing circles. The most exciting challenge of the new apocalyptic structure is its radical propensity to burst the circumference of a spherical form without making a return—actual or symbolic—to some primal matrix, some given and un-

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alterable crucifixional center. Precisely how this will happen—or has even already happened—I cannot adequately describe, but it seems obvious that such a revolution in forms cannot come about either amorphously or autonomously. The current task of criticism would seem to me to be exactly that kind of detailed and analytical description that will render the new apocalyptic form comprehensible; and all the maudlin rhetoric about "antiform" and "formlessness" that surrounds these efforts can serve only as a detriment to our understanding. For the abandonment of the fixed center point means that not only man, but God as well, has been released from configurational thralldom, and the energies that are open to us are literally unimaginable.

For some cursory illustrations of what the new apocalyptic structures may be like, we might think of such recent books as Lowell's *Life Studies,* Nabokov's *Pale Fire,* Norman O. Brown's *Love's Body,* or Leonard Cohen's *Beautiful Losers.* Surely these are very different imaginative works in scope, focus, and success of achievement, but they are all, in their different ways, absorbed in the technical and thematic problems of reconciling order and creativity. And what they share, it seems to me, is a sense of circumferential form—an unfamiliar and even shocking concept of unity which is terribly difficult for the traditionally oriented mind to comprehend. There is no center in these four books; no thematic "given" or immutable seed out of which they can be said to have grown and within which their meanings are latently infolded. They bypass the organic metaphor that still more or less locks the structures of the great experimenters of our century—of Proust and Joyce and Rilke. In these four books, the surfaces, not the centers, are in explosion and they are built, as it were, from the outside-in, rather than in the normal reverse relationship. To put it bleakly, they deny centers—which is to say, they deny the basic concept of Self as it has been passed down to us from the Greeks through the Judaic-Christian tradition, even with the modifications of Marx and Freud. The comforting notion of the static self (self-reliance, self-realization, self-expression, identity-quest) is supplanted by a counternotion of the self as a dynamic structure of interrelationships—ephemeral, metamorphic and utterly volatile. Each of these books is fashioned in terms of their

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individual aims and it would be silly to generalize too broadly from them; but what seems to be true of them all is a stunning reversal of the old axiom to make it read now that the parts are always greater than the sum. Hence we find their emphasis to be on their parts, on their discrete fragments; each piece exists for its own sake, and not in terms of a functional subservience to some greater whole. The wholes themselves—the completed works—are curiously incomplete; they aspire to be fragmentary, to be fragments-in-motion, to be fragments-as-wholes.

In other areas I think we can discern similar examples of this same notion of circumferential form manifesting itself in opposition to the established center-oriented forms. Hannah Arendt's theoretical formulation of spontaneous revolutionary "cells" as the unconnected nuclei of social upheaval is analogous to what I have in mind. The seeming anarchism of the New Left may be a more radical and lasting political alignment than is usually thought. A painting like Picasso's *Guernica,* Buckminster Fuller's geodesic dome, the wild certainties with which city planners contemplate exploding metropolises, the accelerating shift from psychoanalysis to group therapy, some—at least—of McLuhan's insights and strategies in the making of the global village, our current confusions on racial, sexual and generational stabilities—all of these may very well be symptomatic of the enormous and violent changes that life takes when the human imagination seizes upon a new metaphor through which to view and reshape its world. It is as though the old tried-and-true centers cannot hold the magnitude of energy release that our age has mustered, and the apocalyptic mode is emerging spontaneously in all fields of action and thought. We may very well be on the brink of a brand-new epistemology—a new technique and concept of rationality, which may build on the advances of binary computation, field theory and games theory, and include the irrationalities of extra-sensory preception, mental telepathy, hallucinogenic drugs, and other open-ended, nonteleological modes of understanding. This, of course, does not mean that man and his world have changed in any cardinal, unnatural way. Men will continue to be born, to suffer, and to die. The constants of human experience will remain inevitable and constant. But the dominant metaphor from

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which man draws his meanings and values may be in the throes of an explosive transformation. I would suggest that the importance of the New Apocalypse is its signaling that a different balance of the complementary forces of order and creativity is in the process of taking place in our time; that the older metaphors have become inadequate for the channeling of our creative energies, and are no longer accurate—or even approximate—in their definition of the present limitations and possibilities of the human spirit.

But I must add a note of my own confusion—a note, perhaps, of my own cowardice. Metaphors are always and only metaphors. They may be life-conducive or life-denying; they possess no life of their own. The Apocalypse is an unspeakably powerful metaphor; it invites all men to become saints or prophets. It will be as inevitably abused as the metaphor of a resurrected soul or a crucified body. It enjoins us to lay violent hands upon all our false barriers. But we fail, however, at the moment that our arrogance or zeal or pusillanimity claims dominion over that which is *other* than ourselves. It is not given everyone to be wholly pure in action —to be a saint; nor is it given everyone to see clearly in obscurity —to be a prophet. Few men have unerring judgment over what is properly within their own hearts' keeping. It is rare indeed that love seeks out and finds its own level without becoming defiled. Nor can I believe that it's a particularly good thing for men to pursue saintliness or prophecy if they are to fail in their quests. We have seen too often what a staggering amount of human wreckage surrounds the charlatan-saint and the corrupt prophet. The apocalyptic ethic utters a challenging command: "Distrust thyself!" it says. "Trust rather in thy congeries of selves. Look to the peripheries of thy being, for that is where life exists, not in some hollow center." This commandment scares me even as it excites me. I feel unjustly judged and evasive before it. I find myself casting about for some secure resting-place for my spirit. I am ready to enunciate a homily on the sanctity of compromise, of humility, of that acceptance of limitation that is the strategy of humor. The magic of man may, after all, lie in his capacity to enter into and exit from the metaphors that seek to capture him in rigid definitions. The ideal of polymorphous perversity—an

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ideal of complete fluidity—can be as inflexible and inhuman as any other absolute. The parts may very possibly be greater than the sum. It is the parts, of course, that touch our lives most directly and cogently. But it takes only the slightest shift of the vision to restore the sum to its supremacy. And I wonder reluctantly whether it is not, finally, in the constant shifting of the vision—from part to sum, from I to other, from desire to restraint—that moral space is created in the universe.

The Entertainment

MARY ELLEN JOHANSEN

Mirrors holding me my own entertainment
divert me from the hour of my death
I pass each day along these halls.
These mirrors cool the flames,
the same that crack the glass,
for my house is on fire,
as I believe you know.
I have told you all the days
that light these halls, I pass my way
that is my death performed,
held in these mirrors.
Each hour, each day I pass my
death along these halls, these
mirrors longing to fall from
the walls that hold the entertainment.

I am exhausted
preparing for myself.
What a going.
Who is coming
in return?

✪ This is MARY ELLEN JOHANSEN's third appearance in the SCHOLAR. Mrs. Johansen lives in New Canaan, Connecticut.

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De Gaulle and the Dollar

WAVERLEY ROOT

On January 26, 1968, the *International Herald-Tribune* of Paris printed a story from the New York *Times* correspondent in Geneva, presumably printed by the New York *Times* also, under the headline: "A Frenchman Sells His Gold to Help U.S." It told how Mr. Claude J. Despuech had gone into the Geneva office of the National City Bank of New York and had sold a gold ingot in order to buy a United States Treasury bill worth $1,128.62. This seemed a normal enough transaction. Gold ingots pay no interest, and Mr. Despuech's had been slumbering idly in a safe-deposit box in Geneva for two years. He got into the headlines by the way he explained it.

"My wife and I hit on the idea of exchanging the gold bar for United States Defense or other bonds when we read newspaper stories about French purchases of gold weakening the dollar," he said, according to the New York *Times,* which later in the same story referred to "his opposition to President Charles de Gaulle's policies."

A long career as a newspaperman has made me wary of the fashion in which certain stories get into the papers, especially in these days of "managed news" and alert public relations men. There is a certain distinction between genuine news, which consists of events that occur naturally and are then observed after the fact, and manufactured news, when some action is undertaken deliberately with the intention that the press shall not fail to notice it. I fear that this story looks to me like an example of the second category. The New York *Times,* I think I may safely assume, does not maintain a permanent watch during banking hours outside the National City Bank in Geneva to spot gold traders going in and out, and it is a pretty safe bet that if Mr. Despuech should decide tomorrow that perhaps after all there is a danger that the dollar will be devaluated before the next election, and should trade in his Treasury holding for, say, Swiss bonds, or even French ones, nobody will notice it.

This leads to the further deduction that if the New York *Times* learned of Mr. Despuech's noble and financially sound action, it was because somebody took the trouble to call it to the correspondent's attention. It might well have been Mr. Despuech himself, unless somebody else put him up to it. After all, he himself described his action as a gesture expressing disapproval of French policy; and what is the point of making a gesture if nobody sees you make it? By his own description, his act was an act of propaganda, however laudable its purpose. Whether it was inspired primarily by liking for the Americans with whom he fought during the war or by dislike for General de Gaulle (there are still quite a few Frenchmen who think of General de Gaulle as many Americans during the Roosevelt Administration used to think of a President to whom they referred only as "that man"), Mr. Despuech made his move with the intention of being seen making it. This may warm the cockles of an American heart, but it is less reassuring concerning the status of the dollar than if Mr. Despuech had been simply a hardheaded businessman, changing gold for United States paper because

✪ This is WAVERLEY ROOT's second REPORT FROM PARIS for the SCHOLAR. His first, "De Gaulle: Which Way to the Future?" appeared in the Winter, 1967-68, issue. Mr. Root, a foreign correspondent for many years, served most recently as Paris correspondent of the Washington *Post.*

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he considered United States paper a better buy than gold. (By the way, one wonders, why in Geneva? A French citizen in France, unlike an American citizen in America, can buy and sell gold freely.)

But let us assume that Mr. Despuech's motives were of the highest. We must then assume that he had been cleaning out his attic and had come across some old newspapers in which he read those "stories about French purchases of gold weakening the dollar," for France has bought no gold since August 1966. Or perhaps, although French, he reads the American press. For there are papers in the United States (not the New York *Times,* as it happens) that have not had time to notice, in the last year and a half, that France is no longer selling dollars. They are still perpetuating the myth that France is engaged in a battle to bring the dollar down. It *is* a myth; and I am far from sure that it is not being deliberately propagated. In any case it has secured wide credence in the United States. Of the critical letters received by the French Information Services in New York, the second most important complaint is that France is sniping at the dollar. (The first is on French policy in regard to Israel.) So let us consider the facts.

The theory that the French are engaged in a campaign to lay the dollar low must carry with it the corollary that the French are not very bright. They have been accused, and are being accused, of many other things, but not often of stupidity. If we do not assume that they are stupid, then we must believe that they realize, as does everyone else, that a collapse of the dollar would bring about a collapse of other currencies as well, including the franc. The French went through a harrowing process in stabilizing the franc at the end of 1958. They certainly do not want to have it take another nose dive. And they are well aware that if the dollar goes, the consequences for the franc are unpredictable and may well be dire.

They have, therefore, no motive for attacking the dollar, and, on the contrary, every interest in sustaining it. Nevertheless, they have exchanged dollars for gold, although not recently. There is nothing inherently evil about exchanging dollars for gold. Indeed, unless you take the position that the United States is engaged in a fraudulent operation, printing dollars and spending them abroad with no intention of ever redeeming them, you must consider it entirely normal. Dollars held abroad constitute obligations of the United States, which those who consider her an honest and solvent nation assume she will honor. It is true, of course, that a large holder of these obligations could demand that they should be honored at a time and in an amount that could be temporarily embarrassing; so let us look at the way in which France cashed her dollars.

At the end of 1958, when the franc was stabilized, France had no spare dollars. "In June, 1958, when de Gaulle took over," Gene Farmer wrote in *Life,* on December 11, 1967, "France had $600,000,000 in reserves; in fact, France was broke. Within seven years, she had $5,000,000,000 in reserves." For a considerable time, France continued to hold on to her dollar reserves. But she began to accumulate a dangerous proportion of eggs in the dollar basket. If anything happened to the dollar, France would be in serious trouble. And she had her misgivings about the dollar. As her theoreticians pointed out, and are still pointing out, hoping the United States will heed the warning, the position of the dollar as a reserve currency, although it opens wide—and dangerous—possibilities for America, also makes the dollar vulnerable to financial disturbances that occur anywhere in the world, as it made the pound vulnerable, and finally brought it down. The warning was not heeded, nor was the United States able to resist the temptation to overextend herself by taking advantage of the special legal position of the dollar. Hence the French, foreseeing the very developments that are occurring now, thought it unwise to continue to hold too many dollars. Note that this was a financial decision, based solely on the consideration of maintaining a sound monetary policy. It was not a political position.

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And the manner in which France now operated demonstrated that she was preoccupied with maintaining her own invulnerable position, not with knocking down anybody else.

If France had desired to deal a blow to the dollar, she could have thrown all her holdings on the market at once. This she did not do. She started what she called the process of *rattrapage* (catching up), whose object was to reduce the proportion of dollars to gold to approximately the same ratio as already existed in the reserves of other countries, for instance, England, Switzerland and Holland. She cashed her dollars gradually—after all, as a large holder of dollars, she had no interest in breaking their price—at the rate of about $35,000,000 per month, a process that took between two and three years. By August 1966, she had reduced her dollar holdings to not much more than she needed to finance current transactions. She then stopped cashing dollars.

Let me repeat that this process was obviously inspired simply by sound banking principles, and not by any desire to harm the dollar. This should be emphasized because after August 1966 we reach a period when we might wonder if purely financial reasons had not given way to political considerations—*to the benefit of the United States.* For since that date, France has continued to accumulate dollars, and again has more than she needs, and perhaps more than it is strictly desirable for her to hold. But she has not cashed them. If she wanted to attack the dollar, this would be a good time to demand reimbursement, for the dollar is shaky. Why doesn't she do so? It would be easy to say, if one wanted to make out a case for French benevolence to the United States, to oppose to the theory of French malevolence toward the United States, that out of friendship she is now holding back because the dollar has become vulnerable. It may indeed be because the dollar is vulnerable; but just as I do not believe that she cashed dollars to embarrass the United States, so I do not believe that she is now refraining in order not to embarrass the United States. The motive again is simply sound financing. France is thinking of French interests, not of sentimental relationships, negative or positive, with the United States. It is not, as has already been pointed out, to her interest to take any act that would cause a substantial devaluation of the dollar because one of its results would certainly be a devaluation of the franc.

There are, however, still devotees of the theory that national leaders responsible for the financial health of their countries are activated by personal likes and dislikes rather than by monetary verities. These maintain that France *has* recently cashed dollars through intermediaries. Thus, Arnaud de Borchgrave wrote in *Newsweek,* on January 22, that "soon after Britain devalued the pound, France turned $90,000,000 over to Algeria on the specific condition that it be traded for American gold. This permitted Paris to insist piously that it was doing nothing to harm the dollar while simultaneously conducting a guerrilla war against it."

As a veteran journalist sensitive to the most minute signs of partiality, I found my vigilance aroused by Mr. de Borchgrave's opening phrase, which indicated a gift for insinuation. He might as well have said, "after a cold snap in Paris," or "after the end of the hunting season," to localize in time the event he was reporting. They have equal relevance. But "after Britain devalued the pound" has a vague sinister connotation about it. It suggests that after having felled the pound (as some sensational British papers, but not the serious ones, suggest France did—a considerable compliment to her resources), she is now sniping at the dollar. I also permitted myself to doubt Mr. de Borchgrave's passion for accuracy because of the figure he gave —$90,000,000. The correct figure would have been more impressive for his purpose. It is $150,000,000, and one wonders what happened to *Newsweek*'s research service, which is supposed to check all such details to avoid errors in fact. The figure was not too difficult to ascertain. It was given at a hearing of the Banking and Currency Com-

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mittee of the House of Representatives.

Finally, in reading Mr. de Borchgrave's account, I was struck by the fact that it had not occurred to him to ask himself if it was really necessary for France to bludgeon the Algerians into performing an act supposedly deleterious to the United States, since Algeria had already adopted this course on her own. Algeria and several other Arab states had reacted to American and British policies in the Middle East after the six-day war of June 1967 by clamping restrictions on American oil operations and by withdrawing their deposits from British banks. President Houari Boumédienne held a press conference in which he boasted of Algeria's cashing of dollars, representing it as a punitive action in reprisal for American sympathy with Israel. Possibly Mr. de Borchgrave missed this, for he has not of late been around much in this part of the world. *Newsweek*, in presenting his article, described him as its "chief European correspondent," which he is in title, and "a de Gaulle watcher of twenty years' standing," but it neglected to note that he has been doing his de Gaulle watching recently from a considerable distance. He gave up his Paris apartment several years ago, and for the last three or four has only touched base in France at long intervals and briefly, between assignments in, among others, the Congo, Vietnam and lecturing in the United States. In short, he is out of touch, which may excuse his credulity in reproducing this version of the Algerian affair.

It is true that he is in respectable company. Undersecretary of the Treasury Joseph Barr said that the American government had tried in vain to find out where the Algerian dollars had come from. "It would be pure conjecture on my part," he said, "to think that French bankers had perhaps acted in agreement with Algeria." This is an elegant example of the political innuendo. Undersecretary Barr avoided responsibility for accusing France, but he pointed in only one direction. I myself would not underestimate the American government's competence to the extent of believing that it could not find out, or did not know, where the dollars came from. Indeed, the careful phraseology of Mr. Barr's statement leads me to believe that his disavowal of knowledge was somewhat disingenuous, for it indicates that he knew even the details of the transaction. It will be remarked that he did not speak of "France" or of "the French government," but of "French bankers"—who, like American bankers, are private businessmen who handle the affairs of their clients without asking governmental permission for each operation.

Let us be straightforward. The dollars did come from France. But the government had nothing to do with it, did not even know of it in advance, and was not pleased at the operation. The first inkling in the French Finance Ministry that something was happening on the dollar market was a rise of two points in its quotation on the Paris Bourse, at a time when a drop would have been more normal. "Find out who is supporting the dollar in Paris," a high official of the Ministry instructed an aide. It was easy enough to find out. The French Finance Ministry learned that the Algerian government had placed with its regular banking agents in Paris an order to buy dollars for francs. The franc is one hundred percent convertible, and the Paris gold and monetary market is unrestricted. Anyone can do what the Algerian government did, and no reference to the French government or to any authority is necessary. The French government didn't like it, because Paris prefers that franc bloc countries, like Algeria, should keep their reserves in francs; but it couldn't do anything about it.

It may be added that the Algerians and the other Arab countries in their punitive attacks on the United States and Great Britain have not precisely covered themselves with glory in the field of high international finance. The result of the dollar operation was, on the short-term scale, a temporary rise in the price of the dollar. On the long-term scale, it was an improvement in America's allover position, since a part of her foreign obligations had been retired—against her will, because she

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is resisting retiring them, but there is a considerable body of expert opinion that thinks she should, in Britain and in the United States as well as in France. As for the Arab attempt to penalize Great Britain by depriving her of the use of Arab funds deposited in British banks, that ended with the Arabs penalizing themselves. The money withdrawn from Britain was placed chiefly in Swiss banks, which already had more resources than they could easily employ. So the Swiss banks promptly redeposited it in English banks, whose interest rate was higher. The British continued to have the use of the Arab money, and the Arabs lost the difference between the interest the Swiss paid them and that which the British had been paying them.

If direct French action on the world money markets does not bear out the theory that France is sniping at the dollar, how about operations in other fields of international cooperation, in which her differences of opinion with American ideas have often been represented, by the American champions of those ideas, as inspired by hostility toward the United States?

One such area is that covered by the International Monetary Fund (of which France is a member) whose object is to provide mutual support for currencies by advancing temporary credits to any member country whose currency is threatened in order to permit it to weather storms and to get back to an invulnerable position. Access to such credits are referred to as "drawing rights," and there is a ceiling on them. Recently, the United States asked for "special drawing rights," meaning permission to exceed the ceiling. At last September's annual meeting of the I.M.F. countries in Rio de Janeiro, France, while disagreeing in principle, went along with the others in permitting "special drawing rights," but on the express condition that the United States (or England) should first rectify the balance of payments deficit. At Stockholm, in March, the United States tried to eliminate this condition. France balked at applying new palliatives instead of effecting the basic reform of the international monetary system that she considers indispensable to financial health. With France out, the other European countries moved into the position she had vacated, and were granted the right, previously denied to France, to make their continued contributions conditional on improvement of the deficit situation. Their agreement must be ratified by their parliaments, and the United States therefore cannot exercise special drawing rights for at least a year. The chances are that she never will.

Why did France (with the support of other European countries) object to the desired exercise by the United States of special drawing rights to help her out of her present difficulties—specifically, her balance of payments deficit? It was because France believed that the deficit was the result not of unfortunate circumstances that should inspire the other I.M.F. members to pitch in and help, but of a choice by the United States to incur more indebtedness rather than to make any effort to reduce the amount she already owed. If she were allowed to get away with this, France held, she would be encouraged to continue in the same course, digging herself in deeper and deeper, until finally the hole would be too big for the I.M.F. to fill in.

For the fact is that the United States does not have a balance of payments deficit, if you take into account only the trade exchanges which are the items for which international payments normally are balanced. She has a whopping profit of about $5,000,000,000 a year. That is, she sells this much more goods abroad than she buys. Then why is she in the hole? Because she is spending this amount and much more abroad on other less normal categories. The most important are foreign aid, investment in foreign countries, and military expenditures.

Of these three categories, the French consider the most justified to be the one that economy-minded Congresses always have at the first—foreign aid, at least when this means aid to underdeveloped countries, judiciously handled so that it actu-

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ally strengthens the economy of the beneficiary, and motivated primarily by a desire to aid the recipient and not by the desire to strengthen the military or other interests of the United States without regard for the effect on the country concerned, which would mean neocolonization. Concerning foreign investments, the question of the reserve currency status of the dollar arises. What this means is that the I.M.F. has arbitrarily declared that, in effect, the pound and dollar are as good as gold, although the pound has just demonstrated that it is not. In practical terms, this means that any member of the Fund whose legislation requires it to carry a certain proportion of gold in its monetary reserves or as backing for its currency can count the dollars or pounds as gold. It also means that while all other countries must periodically settle any deficits in their trade balances in gold, the United States and Great Britain can pay off in their own paper. In other words, they have unlimited credit, and this credit is extended automatically and sometimes unwillingly by the other well-heeled countries, which means chiefly Common Market Europe. American firms may thus buy control of European firms with paper dollars, which Europeans sometimes describe as buying up Europe's productive assets with Europe's money. Finally, the item of military expenditures means chiefly the war in Vietnam, which, through the American deficit, is in a sense being financed by European countries that unanimously disapprove of it.

France thinks this situation should be changed, and she expressed similar reservations about the operations of the gold bloc. This is an organization of the central banks of gold-holding countries whose object is to keep the price of gold steady, by buying or selling it in accord with the circumstances. The amount of gold at the disposition of the pool and the extent of its transactions are closely kept secrets, but the fact that there must have been a heavy drain on the pool's gold could be assumed from the fact that in the spring of 1967, the United States asked members to increase their contributions. France produced her share, but notified her partners that she would not participate in future "complementary operations"—in other words, would not put up additional gold again. When the United States again asked for new contributions, at the end of 1967, France this time refused. Her reason was analogous to the reason for which she resisted new "special drawing rights"—that the demand for gold results from an unsound and uncorrected basic position, and that this basic position will not be corrected as long as its evil effects can be conjured each time they become acute by throwing in more gold. The French view is that this process could continue indefinitely, with the gold bloc countries periodically feeding gold into the top of a sieve from which it regularly leaks out at the bottom. They suggest blocking the holes in the sieve.

The British press showed a tendency to blame France for the fall of the pound because of her failure to produce more gold in the autumn of 1967. But the pound was only devalued in November. It was in June that France had notified her partners, including Great Britain, not to count on her for another assessment. Hence, London was not faced with any unexpected shock in November to unsettle the pound through French refusal to cough up for a second time; and the other members of the gold pool had had ample time, if they felt it wise, to arrange to increase their own contributions to make up for the absence of France's. At the same time, France provided $45,000,000 of a loan of $300,000,000 which the I.M.F. extended to Britain just before devaluation, and $230,000,000 to a post-devaluation loan of $1,400,000,000, or roughly the same amount as the United States and Germany each contributed. Moreover she renewed, and has been continuing to renew quarterly, the three-months credit granted to Great Britain under the SWAP agreement, which amounts to $100,000,000. Three hundred and seventy-five million dollars to support the pound is not a bad gift from a country that has been rewarded by the accusation that she has been trying to scuttle it.

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One last example of the misreporting of French financial policies and activities: The O.E.C.D. (Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development) met in Paris on November 30 and December 1, 1967, to hold its annual review of the economic health of its members. The potential patient for whom the most concern was felt was the United States. French Foreign Minister Michel Debré expressed the French thesis that the cancer that is sapping America's financial health and producing its balance of payments deficits is the status of the dollar as a reserve currency:

> For years our analyses of the drawbacks of the gold exchange standard have foreseen, though they have not provoked, the events that all of us have just witnessed with dismay. We derive no satisfaction from our farsightedness. But we will not abandon our efforts to see that it is shared . . . During the past half-century, France has lived through enough financial difficulties and trials, has suffered enough from their consequences, so that she derives no satisfaction from the difficulties of others—from whose consequences she also suffers.

To Gordon Weil, covering the meeting for the Washington *Post*, this was evidence that "Debré's self-assurance was boundless." This is a subjective opinion, which reveals more about the state of mind of the observer than about the character of Debré. It is true that to persons who see him for the first time, Debré may seem rather bumptious, even aggressive; after all, he was something of a stormy petrel when he was in the opposition. And it is very probable that Mr. Weil, who has been working in Brussels, not Paris, for the past few years, and has only recently begun writing for the Washington *Post*, does not know Debré very well. My own opinion is that behind the armor lurks a rather diffident man, and certainly a nervous one, which is not usually a quality associated with self-assurance. The last time I was in his office, I was impressed by the restless way in which he kept changing the position of a medallion lying on his desk; it reminded me of the captain in *The Caine Mutiny* rolling a pair of ball bearings in his hand.

The suspicion of lack of objectivity that this detail aroused in me was born out by the two stories Mr. Weil wrote about the O.E.C.D. meeting. The *Post* headed the first one, "France Bars Help for U.S. on Dollar," which ordinarily should not be blamed on Mr. Weil, since correspondents do not write the headlines, but after all he presumably wrote the lead paragraph that justified it: "French Finance Minister Michel Debré today spurned an American appeal for help in stemming the steady flow of dollars to Europe and attacked the 'dialectical disguises' of American economic policy." The only thing wrong with this is that America made no appeal for help, and if there was any implied appeal, it was not France who "spurned" it.

Help for the United States on the dollar was not what the conference was about, and this was not the issue on which the United States and the European countries (not simply France) differed. The function of the O.E.C.D. is not to help its twenty-one members out of financial difficulties, and it has no machinery for doing so. It collects statistics, investigates, analyzes, reports, argues and recommends. What the argument was about was not on helping the United States; it was on the desire on the part of the United States that the creditor nations should admit that it was all their fault that the debtor nation owed them money. It seemed to the Europeans like adding insult to injury. The United States, according to their way of looking at it, had been buying up their industries and waging an expensive war in Vietnam at Europe's expense, by not redeeming the exported dollars that represented so many promissory notes, and now wanted the Europeans to take the blame for having allowed them to do so and to make whatever sacrifices were necessary to redress the situation while the United States continued on its carefree way.

"Following the categorical refusal of Mr. Eugene Rostow," wrote *Le Monde*, the best paper in France, and not a Gaullist one,

> to permit the communiqué to declare simply (which would have given complete satisfaction

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to France): "the ministers emphasized the necessity of reducing the imbalance, which obliges the debtor countries first of all to adopt or to continue a policy destined to put an end to their deficit," the delegates found themselves discussing another draft (conforming with what the Americans wanted) which would have suggested that only Mr. Michel Debré had expressly denounced the primary responsibility of the United States in the malfunctioning of the monetary system.

The American desire to have the creditors admit that it was primarily up to them rather than to the debtor to clear up the debt reminded me of a heavy drinker I knew many years ago who, whenever he got drunk, would start insulting the bar owners for selling him liquor, and occasionally assaulting them bodily. Similarly, the United States wanted to persuade the Europeans to admit that if America owed them money, it was their fault for lending it, and specifically to pillory France for daring to suggest that the borrower carried a certain amount of responsibility.

This theory did not win the day, and the resultant inability to agree was interred in a phrase in the finally accepted communiqué that said that "opinions diverged on the share of responsibilities of the different countries." Mr. Weil attributed the failure to agree to "a clash . . . between the United States and France," no doubt a natural assumption if one has one's mind made up in advance that France is the sole opponent to all American initiatives. This naturally leads to a belief that it is unnecessary to check to find out where the opposition really came from. Perhaps Mr. Weil should have checked anyway. Here is what really happened, according to *Le Monde* (and according to a check of my own):

> Contrary to the expectations of some persons, the chief of the French delegation [Debré] declared himself ready to accept [the American] text and thus to allow the finger to be pointed at France. It was then that the spectacle was provided of the representatives of several European countries expressing, in more or less veiled fashion, their partial accord with the French theses. The Belgian delegate, it appears, did so rather openly, the West German delegate with great prudence. The result was a sybilline communiqué which limited itself to speaking of divergent opinions without attributing the paternity of these contrary ideas to anyone.

It is thus Europe, and not only France, that considers American policy to be responsible for America's balance of payments predicament, and that thinks it is primarily up to the United States to take measures to recover its equilibrium. Europeans were therefore pleased at President Johnson's New Year's announcement of a series of measures designed to reduce the payments gap. They noted that most of them had been suggested by Europe, but expressed little pleasure at the circumstance that the President had apparently chosen among the possible remedies chiefly those that would be expensive for Europeans. They also questioned the President's estimates of the savings his measures would produce. They pointed out that he was assuming that all factors would remain unchanged except those he was changing himself, but that there is a sort of economic ecology that would respond to his changes with other changes, thus whittling away the economies he expected to effect. For instance, he estimated that a certain arbitrarily selected sum would be saved by reducing American tourist expenditures abroad, but he failed to make any reduction for the revenue that would be lost by companies like the United States Lines, Pan American and Trans World Airways and the American Express, not to mention such items as the eighty percent of its revenue from flights to North America that Air France spends in the United States. He called on European countries to buy more from the United States at the same time that he announced the damming of the flow of tourist dollars with which they pay for purchases from America. He proposed clamping down on American investments in Europe, which pay off with a better than ten percent profit, not a bad margin: in 1966, the last year for which figures are complete, there were United States earnings of $5,700,000,000 on foreign investments of $51,500,000,000.

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The French—and the European—reaction to these measures was therefore to welcome them as indicating a determination on the President's part to do something about the American balance of payments situation, with the reservations that (a) they questioned his figures and (b) they thought the announced measures to be insufficient by themselves. *Le Monde,* while pointing out that it would be necessary to wait to see what Congress would accept before the effect of the American program could be adequately assessed, did venture a preliminary comment:

> At first sight, these measures seem to proceed from an irrefutable logic: the effort to economize is applied to the deficitary areas of the balance of payments, for instance, the investments of American firms abroad and the expenses of tourists outside of their country. Simultaneously, a will to encourage exports is proclaimed.

But *Le Monde* found the logic less irrefutable on closer scrutiny, for it took issue with

> the belief that the deficit is attributable to such and such a category of expenditures rather than to such and such others, since in reality the balance of payments forms a whole whose elements cannot be dissociated from each other.
>
> In any case, the announced measures are going to have unfortunate effects for the rest of the world. In London, the experts are pointing out that the new Johnson plan will involve a loss of foreign currency of $240,000,000 for England

—about the amount of the credits the United States extended to England in the post-devaluation loan, which are therefore, in effect, being taken back. France is less vulnerable than many other countries to the disadvantageous effects of the American measures. In the field of foreign investments, for instance, only about one-third of her foreign capital comes from the United States; for some countries, the United States is almost the only supplier of capital. American tourist revenue is important to France, but she neither lives largely on tourism, as some countries do (Greece, for instance) nor will she lack tourists from other countries to replace the Americans.

To explain to the European countries what the new plan was all about, President Johnson dispatched Undersecretary of State Nicholas Katzenbach to the chief European capitals—or at least, that was the description of his mission. This has become standard operating practice for the present administration, and some Europeans are beginning to think that these more or less spectacular tours of American envoys are inspired less by a desire to inform or persuade other countries than by a consciousness of the uses of propaganda and of the advantages of impressing public opinion by a great show of activity, particularly desirable when below the surface there is a great deal less than meets the eye. One begins to wonder what American ambassadors are for, but of course a visit to a chief of state, or a chief of government, or a minister by the ambassador in residence is not much more than a routine affair, which does not bring out a flock of photographers and television men. The arrival from distant parts of a distinguished representative does, and in some quarters there is a growing suspicion that luring them to the spot is the be-all and the end-all of the action. Possibly the emptiest of all such visits was the tour imposed upon United States Ambassador to the United Nations Arthur Goldberg and his hosts when the White House picked the Christmas-New Year holidays, a period when news is notoriously thin and newspapers therefore receptive to anything that may turn up, to send him globe-trotting to explain to foreign countries an American policy in Vietnam that they feared they understood only too well. In France, Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville had to interrupt a well-earned vacation on the Riviera to hurry back to Paris to listen to Mr. Goldberg tell him, in effect, that he had nothing to tell him. I do not know how Mr. Couve de Murville felt about this, but I know how I would have felt about it. Let us say simply that it does not seem to be the ideal way to win friends and influence people.

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There were differing versions of the conversation in Paris between Katzenbach and Debré. The *Progressive,* of Madison, Wisconsin, founded, I believe, by the late Senator Robert La Follette, printed two, one above the other. The first was from the Washington *Post,* and read:

> French Finance Minister Michel Debré called America's proposed curbs on the dollar drain "discriminatory" Saturday and said that some of the "useless and unfair" restrictions in the program should be revised. In a meeting with Undersecretary of State Nicholas Katzenbach, Debré took a tough, uncompromising line.

The other was from the New York *Times,* and went like this:

> The French government warmly endorsed Saturday the policy announced by President Johnson last Monday for combatting the outflow of dollars from the United States. . . The French reaction emerged from a long talk between Finance Minister Michel Debré and U. S. Undersecretary of State Nicholas Katzenbach.

The *Progressive* headed this comparison, "Will the Real M. Debré Stand Up?" I will not be presumptuous enough to attempt to produce the real Debré, but I am in a position to tell what happened between Debré and Katzenbach. Although I would not personally describe Debré's stand as constituting a warm endorsement of what Johnson had said, the New York *Times* is still much closer to the actuality than the Washington *Post* in talking of a "tough, uncompromising line," which seems a somewhat tendentious description of a calm and courteous expression of certain French misgivings concerning a program whose outlines remained vague. The New York *Times,* in any case, was much closer to what Katzenbach himself said on leaving Debré, although if you wish you can discount his professions of satisfaction as inspired chiefly by diplomatic courtesy. French sources told me that it was their impression that Katzenbach had found his talk with Debré considerably more agreeable than those he had in Rome and Brussels, which you can discount also if you consider the source prejudiced. As regards Brussels, however, it would seem correct, if only because of Belgian irritation at the pressure employed by the United States to buy American planes instead of the French Mirage IV's, which everyone has been bidding for ever since they demonstrated their qualities in Israel.

Here is what transpired between Debré and Katzenbach:

Katzenbach "explained" the Johnson measures about as they had already been elucidated in the press. He was unable to go into much detail about them; the French had the impression they had not yet been worked out and that the New Year's Day announcement had been more or less improvised, which did not surprise them—they have had the same impression about various acts of American policy in the past. Katzenbach admitted, of course, that he could give no guarantee that measures that required congressional action would in fact be passed by Congress.

Debré said that he approved the principle of the Johnson program, since France had been hoping for years that the United States would equalize her balance of payments situation. He said also that in certain sectors he thought European opinion would accept a diminution of Europe's own economic activity for the benefit of the United States, if only the United States would accept certain sacrifices also—for instance, the increased taxation that President Johnson had asked for. Debré approved of the distinction that had been made between the developed and the underdeveloped countries, considering it quite proper that the latter should benefit by special treatment. But he took exception to distinctions between developed countries, describing the favored position granted to Japan, Canada and Great Britain over the Continental European countries as "regrettable," and, moreover, contrary to some of the international commitments of the United States, for instance under GATT.

Debré also pointed out during the course of the conversation that up to now branches of American companies operating in France have enjoyed exactly the same status as French companies, and had access to the same privileges—for instance, financial ad-

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vantages for locating outside the big metropolitan centers under the decentralization program. But if the United States should enact legislation applicable to these companies, such as a law obliging them to repatriate a certain proportion of their earnings, this would create a new situation. This seems to have been the only element in the talks that could be construed as a warning, since it suggested that American companies operating in France might lose their equality with French firms if they were made subject to American jurisdiction as well as to that of the country in which they were functioning.

As a matter of fact, the Common Market countries did accept at Luxembourg in April granting Kennedy Round tariff cuts to the United States beginning January 1, 1969, while giving the United States three years more to apply her reciprocal cuts. The French went along with this, although, as *Le Monde* pointed out, Europe was thus paying twice for getting rid of the "American Selling Price," which hurts European chemical industries, in exchange for which she had already made concessions during the protracted Kennedy Round negotiations at Geneva.

I fail to see in this any "tough, uncompromising line," any unfriendliness toward the United States, or any hostility toward the Johnson program. Debré expressed certain prudent reservations to safeguard his own country's interests, as it is his duty to do. What more could have been expected?

France, then, has not been trying to bring the dollar down by selling it in a damaging fashion, and indeed has no interest in doing so. She has not been sniping at the dollar when in various international organizations she has refrained from participating in operations she considered financially unsound and has urged the United States instead to take measures to bolster up her basic situation. This would not seem to demonstrate unfriendly intentions, whether or not the advice given to that end is considered to be good. Finally, she has been as receptive to the Johnson program as any of the other European countries. What is left to bolster American accusations that France is trying to undermine the dollar? A propaganda campaign against it, perhaps?

It is possible to start a run on a solvent bank by spreading rumors that it is on the brink of failure. No bank has on hand enough liquid cash to meet a sudden demand for reimbursement of all its deposits; if it had, it might as well get out of the banking business, for that would mean that its capital was idle. On the scale of nations, especially tremendous nations, like the United States, it would seem rather more difficult to bring down an otherwise sound currency by slander. It is not unthinkable, however. Is there any evidence that France has embarked on such a campaign?

It is true that France has been publicly critical of American financial policy, or more exactly of the present international monetary system and the dollar's position in it as a reserve currency. General de Gaulle has twice devoted considerable attention to this in his press conferences. Since he thinks that this situation is dangerous to the economy of the United States as well as to that of other countries, one may conclude that the object of this expression of opinion is to attempt to lead the United States to adopt what he considers sounder measures quite as easily as to conclude that he wants to undermine the dollar by pointing to its weaknesses. Whatever the motive, it may be suggested that his unsolicited but nevertheless publicly offered advice would not be likely to do much harm to the dollar, unless what he has to say really does touch a vulnerable point—that is, unless he is right. Let us admit, however, that constant hammering away on this point might conceivably wear down confidence in the dollar, even without help from possible American financial mismanagement, which would of course wear it down much more quickly. Criticism from de Gaulle, supported by an incessant "beware of the dollar" campaign in the press, might produce some effect. So

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suppose we look at what the press is saying.

Unflattering comments on American monetary mismanagement are not wanting. For instance:

It now seems to be coming to be widely accepted that there are serious doubts as to whether the United States will be able to turn the tide in the battle for the dollar even if Washington remains as determined as it professes to be to preserve the existing relationship with gold. The big question is surely whether the Americans are doing the right thing by prolonging the agony—in short, whether they would not be serving the cause of international monetary stability better by arranging for an orderly revaluation of gold before the dollar's defenses become so enfeebled that there will be little hope of salvaging anything from the wreckage.

Or this one:

The [American] Treasury has made one mistake after another in the month since the pound's fall . . . Unfortunately, the Treasury, along with everybody else in the American administration, has not given sufficient attention to the problem of the dollar. . . The Treasury has consistently fumbled away its opportunity to gain control over both the Federal budget and the balance of payments.

We would advise Americans who may tend to get excited about the French official attitude on gold, [another publication impudently writes] to keep their shirts on and recognize that the French have a perfect right, under the rules of the existing gold exchange standard, to take [American] gold . . . France is eternally right in insisting that there should be more discipline exerted on matters of balance of payments deficits. . . It may be a good thing in the end for France to continue to be the continuing exponent of soundness in world finance.

Because of the American government's "fiscal and monetary excesses . . . the dollar is in some danger of going the way of the devalued pound," predicts, dourly, another paper hostile to American policies.

After the Johnson proposals, the chorus was no more harmonious:

To give him his due, Mr. Johnson was employing his political craft in the best of causes —to defend the dollar. Restoring of confidence in that battered instrument, however, will require more than press conference strategems. What is needed is nothing less than sane fiscal and monetary policies which would curb inflation.

Like Debré listening to Katzenbach, some editorialists thought they were in the presence of an improvisation. "It is clear," one of them wrote, "that the move was a sudden one and has not been thought through in the administration."

De Gaulle seems to get only good points. Approving references to him sometimes come sickeningly near to adulation. Writes one apologist for the General:

It is understating the case to say that he has a point when he alleges that the Americans are abusing the reserve currency system to enable the United States to acquire big stakes in other countries' industries on the cheap. After all, when he calls for the reestablishment of a monetary system based on the "impartiality of gold," he is doing no more than demanding the observance of the rules of the convertibility game—something the Americans were more insistent upon than anybody else until they discovered that the deterioration in their own payments circumstances had made a change of tune desirable.

Some of the comments are even threatening:

We wonder if those spreading loose talk about retaliating against Gen. de Gaulle's objectionable remarks and growing hostility to the United States realize that the United States has more to lose in the game of retaliation than France. . . Last year France bought $1,200,000,000 of United States goods, while selling $600,000,000 to the United States. Any Congressman or businessman calling for sanctions against an "ungrateful" de Gaulle had better look at the balance sheet and ponder the consequences.

Such quotations could be presented indefinitely, but we must stop somewhere, so suppose we do it with a commenter who charges that

while the United States is paying the economic check in Vietnam, Europe is financing the deficit in the United States balance of payments. Substantially the whole U. S. deficit is being financed. . . Too much fault cannot be found with the French position that the American balance of payments deficit has run long enough and it is time to take the steps which need to be taken. This French position

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is shared by central bankers in most countries of Europe.

This is pretty hot stuff, and even deadlier observations could have been cited from the same articles if I had not been restricting myself to short passages. But for the benefit of anyone who may want to read entire the articles quoted, let me give the references. They will be found, in the order given above, in the London *Financial Times* of December 18, the New York *Times* of December 16, the *Journal of Commerce* of December 18, the *Wall Street Journal* of January 4, *Barron's Weekly* of January 3, the *Christian Science Monitor* of January 8, the *Financial Times* of December 11, the *Journal of Commerce* of December 14, and *U.S. News & World Report* of January 22, quoting George S. Moore, chairman of the board of the National City Bank. I would like to give you some references from the French press also, but I have been unable to find any worthy of standing with these, so I can only conclude that the French, with diabolical cleverness, are carrying on their poison-pen campaign against the pound and the dollar exclusively through the Anglo-Saxon press.

So there you have it. The French campaign against the dollar is a myth. They think the present international monetary system needs reforming—and so does everybody else; they believe that one of its principal disadvantages, which in the long run is more disadvantageous to the United States than anyone else, is the reserve currency position of the dollar, and they have expressed that opinion openly, as they have every right to do. And they have stopped there. How, then, can we explain the virulent campaign that accuses them of trying to torpedo the dollar, which they know as well as we do would be a kamikaze operation?

The least charitable explanation would be that when you run your own country's finances into a hole, especially in election year, you prefer to blame somebody else for it rather than to take the responsibility yourself. Why de Gaulle? Well, he is the only figure big enough and outspoken enough to make a good target, and, besides, he is a credible villain, since he has disagreed also on a good many other things—NATO, the British entry into the Common Market, the war in Vietnam, *et cetera*.

More charitably, it may be suggested, as *Le Monde*'s Washington correspondent suggested, that France has been cast unconsciously for the scapegoat, because an American bad conscience needs salving. That would seem to be the opinion also of C. Gordon Tether, whose London *Financial Times* article of December 11 has already been cited above. Suppose we let him have the last word. Here is the way he put it:

> One of the big disadvantages under which those who develop a persecution mania labor is that they are apt to reject every criticism of their conduct out of hand—however justified or constructive it may be—on the grounds that it is inspired by malice. And this is what gives most cause for concern about the near-hysterical attitude that is being adopted in Britain and the U. S. to the strictures on the behavior of the two countries emanating from General de Gaulle.
>
> For the main reason why the campaign the French are supposed to be waging against the two countries is so effective is that it is hitting so many nails squarely on the head. And the "persecuted" would serve their own interests better by recognizing this and taking appropriate action to cut the ground from under the General's feet than by continuing to pretend that, political considerations apart, there is no rhyme or reason for his conduct.
>
> So far has the persecution mania come to dominate British and American attitudes to France that every French word or action is apt to be interpreted as another manifestation of a dastardly plot to down the two countries by hook or by crook. . .
>
> If the French can point to good reasons for thinking that the reserve currency system has outlived its usefulness and have made no bones about their feelings, there is nothing the least bit reprehensible about their being unwilling to prevent it from dying a natural death—indeed they have good grounds for believing they have an international duty to act this way.

The defense rests.

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SYMPOSIUM

Violence in Literature

Robert Penn Warren, William Styron, Robert Coles, and Theodore Solotaroff, as Chairman, were the participants in the discussion of the problem of violence in literature that the SCHOLAR *presents here in transcription. This panel discussion* was the first of a series, "The Writer's World in an Age of Violence," offered in New York this spring by the New School for Social Research in conjunction with The Authors Guild, Inc.*

ELIZABETH JANEWAY: Welcome to the writer's world. This is the third discussion series cosponsored by the New School and The Authors Guild, and I'm Elizabeth Janeway, president of the Guild. By this time, many of you know who we are—the organization of professional writers of America; and we know who you are, a very intelligent and interested audience, alive to the questions that concern both writers and readers in today's difficult, threatening and stimulating world.

The main work of the Authors Guild is to represent writers in the broad areas where their professional interests lie. In the field of copyright, for example, where a revision bill is in the Senate that can profoundly affect the protection of literary works, and thus the way we make our living; in the field of censorship, where a new Presidential Commission on Obscenity and Pornography has just been set up; or with foreign governments that are striving to weaken protection by copyright.

These don't sound like very exciting chores, but they are very necessary ones, and the work of the Guild—and of the Authors League, our parent body which acts in these areas—can be said to serve readers as well as writers, at least as long as you want to read what we write. Other work is more fun—such work as getting four distinguished men to come and talk together tonight about the very much discussed problem of "Violence in Literature." You want to hear them, and so do I. So I will take time only to introduce tonight's chairman, Theodore Solotaroff, and he will go on from there. Mr. Solotaroff is editor of the new quarterly, *New American Review.* New American Library is now putting this out as a sort of successor to *New World Writing,* which you may remember from some years ago. This is really a wonderful thing—to find a big commercial publishing house backing a literary review of the highest distinction. Mr. Solotaroff was previously an editor at *Commentary,* and editor of *Book Week,* and, of course, he has written a great deal of criticism. Mr. Solotaroff, take it away.

THEODORE SOLOTAROFF: To introduce the panelists, the gentleman on my far left is Mr. Robert Penn Warren, the distinguished novelist, critic and poet, the author, among other novels, of *All the King's Men,* and *World Enough and Time, The Cave, Wilderness, Flood.* Both a novel of his and his poetry have received Pulitzer Prizes. Mr. Warren is also widely known for his influential textbook, *Understanding Poetry,* written with Cleanth Brooks, as well as for his criticism collected now in *Selected Essays.*

The gentleman immediately to my left is Mr. William Styron, who is the author of

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Lie Down in Darkness, The Long March, Set This House on Fire, and a recent novel that's having a modest amount of success, called *The Confessions of Nat Turner.*

And, finally, to my right, although this has no political meaning whatsoever, is Dr. Robert Coles, a psychiatrist and a writer, whose essays and reviews have appeared in a wide range of publications; he is the author of *Children of Crisis: A Study of Courage and Fear,* about deprived children growing up in the South. Dr. Coles is one of the most humane and articulate writers who have come out of the psychoanalytic profession.

Our subject tonight is "Violence in Literature." In thinking about what sort of perspectives we might set for such a discussion, it occurred to me that when one thinks of the history of literature, going all the way back to the very beginnings of it, it becomes evident that violence has always had a central and potent place in the literary imagination. If one thinks of the major events in the *Iliad,* or in the *Odyssey,* one immediately thinks of a chronicle of physical combat and cunning, of degradation, pillage and slaughter, all of which were incorporated within the cosmic scheme of the Greeks, so that the gods themselves were as bloody-minded, if not more so, than the mortals whom they ruled and supposedly guided.

If one goes through the Greek literature that follows, plays like the Oedipus trilogy, there is little that begins with benevolent or humane feelings. Writers like Aeschylus and Sophocles and Euripedes were so conversant with violence, whether as emotion or action, that it could be said to be the basic item in their imagination of life, the irrational and brutal providing the ground for whatever "higher law" might eventually emerge in the work.

And one can follow this vein of the violent human will up through the medieval and Elizabethan periods in English literature. Take Shakespeare, probably the most deeply humane writer who has ever written, and yet one finds at the end of his tragedies that the surviving actors have trouble getting around the stage because of all the corpses that are piled up there. Most Elizabethan and Jacobean drama ends in high sentences over a pool of blood.

Or again, in the eighteenth century, there is Voltaire, that son of the Enlightenment, that preeminent citizen of the Age of Reason, whose book *Candide* is an endless litany of barbarism and sadism. And so on and so forth.

So, although one thinks of violence perhaps most concretely in terms of contemporary literature, it would seem from the most cursory examination that violence has played a very integral role, to say the least, in our whole Western literary tradition. Perhaps the first thing we might discuss is whether the nature of the beast we call "Literature" is such that violence is essential to it; whether—in terms of structure, plot, the need for conflict, or the kinds of themes that inevitably engage writers—a writer must be conversant with violence. So, let's begin. Mr. Warren, do you feel there is any intimate, necessary relationship between literature and violence?

ROBERT PENN WARREN: It's written by people, isn't it?

MR. SOLOTAROFF: Yes.

MR. WARREN: That's it. I'll pass. [Laughter.]

MR. SOLOTAROFF: I don't know if I'll let you. It's been written by all kinds of people, of course, from the apostles across to De Sade. I wonder if there's more to it than just the fact that human beings write literature, because certainly the yield of violence will vary a great deal. Do you feel, for example, in writing yourself, Mr. Warren, that violence enters in, almost into the very structure of the work, whether you wish it or not?

MR. WARREN: Well, I couldn't say yes or no, because it's a little more complicated than that. I suppose your subject chooses you, on account of what you are, because of what you are; but you don't have much to do with that, and it's in there from the start. If the world you're writing about has it, it's hard not to write violence into that world.

The individual writer has his own ratio toward violence, his own component of

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violence of different kinds. And then there is the society he's living in. If you break it down these ways, you get different kinds of answers, different kinds of approaches to the question. And I think you have to break it down and talk about it in terms of these parts, these divisions. We can then say that certain parts of the country don't have as much violence as do other parts of the country in their literature. This is true. Or certain countries don't have as much as other countries have. This is the social context of violence, its acceptability in that context. What is socially acceptable in a particular world for solving problems? We don't solve the problems of Hamlet's world the way Hamlet solved them. We have to summon imagination to bring ourselves back to accept Hamlet's problem. We have other kinds of violence, much more irrational, which Shakespeare or Hamlet wouldn't have understood. Then, too, the whole personal component has changed from place to place, from time to time, as well as from person to person.

Now, my thought is, we have to break it up in these parts and then see how we go at it part by part. By the way, it's nice to hear you talk about the gentleman on your right as humane. Let him talk first if he's so humane; we're not, over here on this side.

MR. SOLOTAROFF: I don't know whether that's because the Southern component is on that side, or the fiction component. In any case, do you want to bite the bullet, Dr. Coles, and take up this burden of humanity that I seem to have saddled you with?

DR. ROBERT COLES: I think that you were responding to the violence and inhumanity that has appeared within the psychiatric and psychoanalytic tradition; a tradition that has not only exposed and tried to understand violence, but has shown itself capable of fractiousness, of envy, of competitiveness, of dogmatism, authoritarianism, viciousness, and everything else that's associated with violence. This is not said as a criticism, but as a rather sad confirmation of everything that Freud knew—which is that "aggression" is to be found everywhere, even among scholars and psychoanalysts. Things are hopeless if you think you're going to change people so much that they will no longer be people. Which gets us back to what I think Mr. Warren is saying; that the nature of not only the beast of literature, but the beast who writes —the beast who analyzes, the beast who has Utopian dreams about society, and about the mind—this nature is inevitably going to be tinged heavily with violence. I don't see how that will ever change. But I think that the important thing—perhaps in literature, certainly among people, and certainly in societies—is not the *presence* of violence, whether it be in a dream, a fantasy, or for that matter in literature. So, it is no surprise that violence exists in people like me—who can take a book or a poem, and analyze it, and find violence, and then act as though we had found the most extraordinary thing in the world. The issue is not the presence of violence. The issue is what is done with it—done with it by the writer, done with it by the society, done with it by people. I think we've gotten over —I hope we've gotten over—the notion we're going to get over violence, analyze violence out of someone, create a nonviolent society in the literal sense of the word. I think that what nonviolence means is that the *deeds* of violence, the social deeds, the violation of people that is built into a social and economic system, will in some way be toned down. But to have the idea that violence—in any of the discrete ways that I think either the writer or the analyst will find it and do something with it—to think that that kind of violence will ever go away under any kind of system, including a psychoanalytic system, is just one more dream that man has had. I think we all know—we're all grown up—we all know how hard and violent it can be to push our way out of anything, including up the years. I would bring into this, by the way, not only psychiatrists, but educators, people who have the notion that children can be taught in some way so that they will rid them of all violent desires—so that they will become not only nonviolent in deed, but "cured" or "absolved," or resolved, of

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violence. This, I think, is impossible; and I don't think I'm being pessimistic.

MR. SOLOTAROFF: What I gather you're saying is that whether one calls it violence, and puts a kind of normative weight on it —or whether one calls it aggression as, you know, students of human nature did, long before the psychoanalysts—if there is this energy in the human animal, which is part of his very resources of survival, then it is no surprise that it should permeate literature as it does life. Well, Mr. Styron, has anything that's occurred so far offered you a handle on which to—no? May I offer you one then?

WILLIAM STYRON: Yes.

MR. SOLOTAROFF: Well, let me look to my handles. This recent novel of yours is quite conversant with violence. In selecting this subject—or as Mr. Warren would put it, standing there while your subject selected you—you must have realized that in order to deal with the brutal and bloody facts of Nat Turner's career, you would have to take on the problem of writing about violence. And, possibly, we might focus this in terms of the second category that Mr. Warren raised—the question of structure, of form. Obviously, violence can be dealt with in such a way—and I think we're all familiar with very lurid examples of it now —that it runs away with form, and indeed even with content, in contemporary writing.

At the same time, you couldn't, for the sake of a clear and controlled and relatively unified surface, sacrifice the obvious facts of Nat Turner's career, particularly the latter part of it. And I'm just wondering how the question of violence presented itself to you, as a novelist, now, as well as a student of Nat Turner, and how you coped with it.

MR. STYRON: I think I could start off by saying that my own psyche, my own constitution, is, like that of most of us, repelled by pure violence. I don't think we realize how repellent violence—some really unbelievable pictorial or graphic description of violence—is, how shocking it is to the nervous system, until we come up on it. Of course, pictures are probably the worst, photographs especially—like photographs we have been seeing recently of Vietnam. They can make you quite ill. And I think we tend to be romantics to the extent that we all think that we are able to cope with violence. But when the thing happens, it seems to me it's often so shocking that you can't believe it. It sticks with you for days and days and days.

And I think the same thing is true for violence within the context of literature, in that the graphic representation of violence makes the skin crawl. The cliché is "sex and violence." It's not like sex at all; it's quite the opposite. It's antipleasure. So, therefore, it has to be dealt with with a great deal of subtlety.

I recall when I started writing *The Confessions of Nat Turner.* This was a book in which the entire hinge, the climax if you will, was violence of unspeakable dimensions—an absolute kind of willy-nilly slaughter, decapitation and so on. And I realize that I could have started that book in a way in which violence was central to the thing, instead of peripheral. I think one of the lessons I learned as a writer as I wrote the book (incidentally, I shifted around the emphases of the various parts of the book, the violence itself in terms of the other parts) was that to make violence meaningful, to make it have the impact I think it perhaps had, I had to withhold it, as one withholds, whether it be in a film, or play, or book, a total description of sex.

I think violence is something that it's almost impossible for a writer to relate to, to unload his own feelings about. We all have violence in us, it's central to our racial experience. We pray every day that it won't happen to us. We hear about it, we know it happens to everybody else, and we shudder to think it could happen to us; and occasionally it does happen to us. And that's what we fear, and that's why violence enters into our literature, into the books we write.

I, myself, don't know how large a portion violence really does play in literature. I know that many writers and many books have been totally devoid of it. Look at works of the nineteenth century—can you say *Moby Dick* is violent? Not really. It con-

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tains violence against a whale; it contains the destruction of a ship; it contains violent thoughts; but it's not a violent book. *Huckleberry Finn* is not a violent book by any stretch of the imagination, although it contains episodes that have violent overtones, such as the feud in Arkansas.

I just don't know. I do feel at the moment—and maybe if I myself can feel it, I represent in a vague way what other writers are doing—that I have been attracted by violence, and that all of my works contain violence, because we live in a violent century—far more violent, in a curious way, than the nineteenth; and I feel that the violence that intrudes into my work has to do with my own knowledge of the violence that surrounds us all at this moment. But this is just a conjecture, and I'd like to pass that on.

MR. SOLOTAROFF: I think one of the questions that immediately presents itself when we try to relate the kind of writing we have today to the kind of age we live in is whether there isn't a kind of license for violence—if not in excess of the social facts, perhaps in excess of what one might call the facts of art. These facts have traditionally, at least, been facts of proportion, of balance. While it's true, of course, that one can find scenes of shocking violence in a writer like Shakespeare, and even in the great French tragedians like Corneille and Racine, still there was a sense of violence being just one element of the human experience, of the human psyche; and a sense that violence, as I think Mr. Styron was suggesting, is not simply something to be let into a work of art like a dose of steam, but rather something that has to be handled like dynamite. It can blow up a work more easily, in a way, than it can empower it.

I'd like to read a passage that, I think, is not uncharacteristic of what one might call the advanced reaches of the contemporary imagination of violence. Perhaps this can pin this discussion down to somewhat more concrete issues and work. This is from *Last Exit to Brooklyn* by Hubert Selby, Jr., and it's from the story called "Another Day Another Dollar." I choose this because it seems to be a fairly clear example of what I've just been saying.

In the course of the story, three soldiers from the Brooklyn Army Base run afoul of a group of teen-agers from the Red Hook section of Brooklyn, teen-agers from, shall we say, an underprivileged area; and this is what follows. One of the teen-agers has been taunting the soldiers, and the soldiers stop laughing and start crossing the street toward Freddy.

We/ll cut yur niggerlovin heart out. Freddy yelled and the others [the gang] ran out of the Greeks [which is the diner they hang out in]. When the doggies saw them they stopped then turned and ran toward the gate to the Base. Freddy ran to his car and the others jumped in and on the fenders or held on to the open doors, and Freddy chased the doggies down the street. Two of them continued running toward the gate, but the third panicked and tried to climb over the fence and Freddy tried to squash him against it with the car but the doggie pulled his legs up just before the car bumped the fence. The guys jumped off the fender and leaped on the doggies back and yanked him down and he fell on the edge of the hood and then to the ground. They formed a circle and kicked. He tried to roll over on his stomach and cover his face with his arms, but as he got to his side he was kicked in the groin and stomped on the ear and he screamed, cried, started pleading then just cried as a foot cracked his mouth, Ya fuckin cottonpickin punk, and a hard kick in the ribs turned him slightly and he tried to raise himself on one knee and someone took a short step forward and kicked him in the solarplexus and he fell on his side, his knees up, arms folded across his abdomen, gasping for air and the blood in his mouth gurgled as he tried to scream, rolled down his chin then spumed forth as he vomited violently and someone stomped his face into the pool of vomit and the blood whirled slightly in arcs and a few bubbles gurgled in the puke as he panted and gasped and their shoes thudded into the shiteatinbastards kidneys and ribs and he groaned and his head rolled in the puke breaking the arching patterns of blood and he gasped as a kick broke his nose then coughed and retched as his gasping sucked some of the vomit back in his mouth and he cried and tried to yell but it was muffled by the pool and the guys yells and Freddy kicked him in the temple and the yellowbastards eyes

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rolled back and his head lolled for a moment and he passed out and his head splashed and thumped to the ground and someone yelled the cops and they jammed back into and on the car and Freddy started to turn but the prowl car stopped in front of them and the cops got out with their guns drawn. . .*

And so on, and so forth. Extreme, but not, I would say, untypical. Any reactions to this? Bob?

DR. COLES: Well, I'll tell you one thing I thought of. For a couple of years I worked in the emergency ward of a hospital, and we used to see that all night long. We had not only injuries due to accidents, but people would come in that room in the middle of the night—two a.m., three and four, and it was incessant—so we never got any sleep. And, although we had to do the repairing, the surgical repairing, we also had to have a policeman on guard to protect us, to separate people who were ready to go at it again right in the middle of that emergency ward, while they were getting whatever help they were getting. Now, this you may say is the "violent" or eccentric part of life. Most people, you say, don't do this. I don't know. I now split my day up. In the morning I see patients and listen to what goes on all the time in these cultivated, well-educated, upper-middle-class, intellectual types. And then I go over to a ghetto, and there what Selby describes is the real fact of everyday life, in the streets, in the alleyways, all the time. So I don't know whether Selby is conveying fact or fantasy. It depends on which "life" one is accustomed to. I do know that I was brought up not to talk like that, not to think like that, or at least not to talk to other people about what I was thinking about, so that we would never acknowledge it publicly. We each have our own art—the art of everyday living. We never share Selby's kind of thing, and if we dream about it, we try to forget it. And if we don't forget it, it's a bad day. And we turn, it's true, we turn to literature to find violence and the bizarre. We're sitting at a desk reading the book, of course, and it is all very safe.

The elements in Shakespeare that are violent are somehow mixed in with a lot of other elements, as indeed our violent thoughts and even experiences are mixed in with others. In other words, we have good reason to insist upon proportion, not only from writers, but from one another. I've never thought of myself as a Marxist critic before, but it just occurred to me that the onslaught of "literary" violence may be not only a function of the breakdown in our customs and values, but also a function of the onslaught upon us in the middle class of all kinds of violent things. I suppose the writer responds to the world and starts reflecting that world. I'm not sure that I'm getting this across.

MR. SOLOTAROFF: Yes, you are, very well.

DR. COLES: Well, that's one thought I had.

MR. SOLOTAROFF: What you're saying is that, in a very real sense, life is orienting us to experiences that literature has taken some of the immediacy, some of the stench, out of—by putting them into forms, and by making them part of a more balanced view of human nature, and of life itself.

DR. COLES: Which, in turn, reflects the realities of the world, that we, the protected and cloistered middle class, have been able to keep ourselves away from, in a variety of ways.

MR. SOLOTAROFF: Mr. Warren?

MR. WARREN: What question are you asking me?

MR. SOLOTAROFF: I suppose I'm asking you the same question that I began asking Dr. Coles, which was, did you have any sort of clear, distinct reaction to this passage I read—as violence pure and simple, with no aesthetic distance whatsoever between the writer and the experience he described?

MR. WARREN: You can't avoid some distance, because of the use of words. And you can use the word "ritualization"—this is "ritualized" violence. It's been set up for an occasion, a literary occasion. Somebody's reading it, we're reading it here. It's not happening here; the author is putting the perspective there for us, by which we can approach it. In the most rudimentary form

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—even as an abstract of violence, as you are giving it, abstracted from his context —it's still in words, it's still an art object, you see.

I think this man's a very fine, an extraordinary writer, by the way. There are two stories, I think quite extraordinary stories, in that book. But what I'm getting at is this, that once you put violence into words like this, it's an object, it's ritualized, it's outside of the event. This fact in itself allows us to talk about it the way we are talking about it. We're not responding to the object, although we are very close in this vivid description. We are outside it, and we are evaluating it. We can put violence in this perspective of evaluation of context by the mere fact he has put it on that page in this way. But ritualization is a big part of this whole question, it seems to me. Some people—the most gentle, sweet people, you know—would make the most wonderful military officers. Because in that role they find violence ritualized. And ritual absolves. Grant loathed blood, he couldn't bear the sight of blood—but his career was one of ritualized violence. Grant, the butcher, didn't like blood, you see. He was called that in the press, you know. He was like the surgeon who doesn't like blood—but I think the surgeon always does a little bit, otherwise he's in the wrong line of work. But he ritualizes it, he has a reason for doing it. He's beyond the mere blood, the guilt of blood. He's doing something else, but in terms of blood.

Now, out of these feeble jokes, and we're back to the writer. He is Grant the butcher, or the surgeon, in a way. He's ritualizing something. He's indulging his appetite for violence through ritualization, and indulging yours through the use of ritualization, too. It's a way of knowing—and in the right context, of absolving.

Let's just take another look at this literary history we had in capsule. Let's have another little capsule for just a moment. If you haven't got an interior problem, an interior tension, in a story, play, poem, whatever it is, it's not much good. Everybody says, "Oh, these great things called tragedies!" They're full of blood, violence —where insoluble situations are presented and are solved only by violence—until the end, when something sweet is said about it. Fortinbras comes in, you see, or the chorus murmurs something—something comforting or rational after the bloodletting. You've had the big stuff already. The insoluble, the intolerable, has been presented, and it blew up. Nothing was really solved. Things merely blew up.

Now, the intolerable—the appetite for the intolerable, and for healing tears afterward—well, we're all stuck with this, and we ritualize it. This is not just a way of getting out by ritualization, it's trying to make violence make sense in terms of our overall experience.

When this man, this extraordinarily gifted writer here, Selby, writes what you read—he is shocking us, deeply. He is making an assault on our complacencies—but it's the same kind of assault that's always been made by writers who deal with the big stuff, the rough stuff, the same kind of an assault. Now, he may not put a Fortinbras at the end of that story, he may not have the Montagues and the Capulets make up and kiss at the end of it. He doesn't. But how the ritual ends is not the real point. It's still ritualized, it's made manageable and approachable for us. So we can at this distance accept it, accept it by setting this little mirror, you know, to the self. That's a shocking part of tragedy, too. Only tragedy tells you, "You're pretty good, after all, maybe. You cried, didn't you?" The cry, the pity, and the terror—then go have a couple of beers and talk it over. That's the way it ought to end, you see; but life can't always end that way. But when it's ritualized, enough to give you the distance to deal with yourself in those terms. I'll pass it.

MR. SOLOTAROFF: Bill, do you want to catch it?

MR. STYRON: I'd like to talk very briefly parallel to this, rather than face it head on —the story of my life. I think Selby is a very good writer. I found this passage unsatisfactory in a curious way. I don't think it represents Selby at his best.

MR. SOLOTAROFF: It doesn't, no.

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MR. STYRON: And I think the key word is "distance," which Red Warren just used. Some people here, I am sure, might remember an essay that irritated a lot of people, an essay against pornography, by the critic George P. Elliott. It was an irritating essay, but he did make a very interesting point which I hadn't seen put forth. It might have been put forth, but I'd never seen it. He said that the thing that often repels us about pornography—us meaning people of a certain sensibility—is, in effect, the rubbing of our noses into it. The sense of distance. That pornography eventually loses some of its undoubted vivacity, because pornography, as it has been legitimized in the last number of years, tends to get us too close to it. He used a very good image, I thought, a very simple image, which has to do with the fact that we all eat across the table from each other day after day, and we all watch each other eat; and yet I think it's true that few things are so—not repellent, that's too strong—but disturbing, as to be presented, let us say, with ten minutes, as Andy Warhol has done, of a man eating a ham sandwich. Just the mouth. The epiglottis occasionally seen, and this sort of little arc light striking against the wisdom tooth, and the slight saliva, and the gobbets of predigested ham going down the gullet. It gets very, very tough. It has to do with closeness and we're bored by it, and eventually repelled. And Elliott was connecting this with pornography. He said that pornography brings us up, smack up, against it, we're an inch away from it. And to be an inch away from it page after page after page is too much.

Now, I think there's some truth in this. It has to do with modulation, and this passage that was just read here, by Hubert Selby, Jr.—I agree that several stories he's written are marvelous—but I had a sense, while Mr. Solotaroff was going through this, of being too close. I wasn't shocked by the violence so much as being repelled by the fact that I saw too closely the heel, or the foot, or whatever, striking the head, or the temple. And by sheer repetition, sheer closeness, it lost a lot of what might have been its very important impact.

Now, I think some of the most interesting stories, interesting literary forays into violence, of our time have been written by a largely undervalued writer whom all of us know, named Paul Bowles, whose absolute mastery of violence lies in his amazing ability to keep that fantastic distance that we all need in order to view anything that suddenly strikes us in the gut. It has to do with a suggestion of things. I wish I had reread them before I came here, because many of them linger in my memory. They have to do with tiny, little details. I remember one, one of the most horrible stories ever written, has to do with a buggery in Algeria, and the emasculation, the removal of the genitals, of an intruder into this Arab world, and they're stuffed up his rectum. It's a beautiful story up until the end, and it's a beautiful story including that moment, because it's as if we've seen this from such a distance that it's made totally horrible and real to us. And I would only try to essay the notion that a passage, such as the one that was just read, is to me, and to some of us, ineffective because of the closeness of it. If you repeat over and over again, "blood, temple, boot, crushed skull, vomit, swallowing vomit," we're so close to it that all we can do is register a lot of very impressionistic, surreal impressions—which don't really make that incredible point often made by an artist who is in full command of his powers, who realizes that the true use of violence lies in the deft and kind of distant use of it. And this I would like to just throw out.

MR. WARREN: The trouble with that passage is it's too easy to write, too easy to write. This is too easy, you haven't got the distance to control the real effects. I'm reinterpreting you to myself.

Take pornography as a clearer case. The great, shocking, beautiful moments of pornography don't occur in pornographic books. The things you really got the great thing out of didn't occur in pornographic books. I can swear this to be true. You read along, with Proust and, my God, it's a great afternoon suddenly. Here you're reading a great masterwork of literature, and bang!

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It's a bonus, you see. You should stumble on it, like life, it shouldn't be there programmatically. It should belong to the world, be given you, created for you. And I remember with great attachment the first time, when I was a young boy, I read "Venus and Adonis" by Shakespeare—a lovely poem for a growing boy. A beautiful poem, too.

You see, if you stumble on the violence, abstracted, set up in itself as a thing, or on pornography, it doesn't really work out. It's unreal. It hasn't got its own context of reality, and there is none of this sense of discovery—this sudden leaping out of the world at you. Buy a piece of pornography and go home and read it in grim solitude—who would do that? You must stumble on it, in Proust somewhere, a lot of places—in life. But the programmatic approach—?

And this is true of the effects of violence. In that book by Selby, which is all violence, violence becomes nothing if you read the whole book at one sitting. I only discovered the beauties of that book after I read it, and then came back to it—and took it story by story, reading the stories separately. Otherwise, it swamps your sensibilities, and you can't react to it. You've lost the distance—the sense of relation to the life context. Well, that's it. The point, it seems to me, that's essential—to take a phrase from the gentleman to the far right over there—is what use is made of it?

Let me say one more thing now, and I'll be quiet a long time. A work, to be effective, must involve you. And all this talk that you used to hear, you know, about beauty disinfected—that talk, that if the nude is beautiful, if the statue is beautiful, it's disinfective of bad thoughts—"evil thoughts," as they called it when I was a boy. Now, Kenneth Clark's book, *The Nude,* attacks that argument very early in the book. He says, "Of course not; sexuality is a component." You have to assume that this is a component—as violence is a component. It's a component of our experience. It is a component of ourselves. Therefore, we are involved in the tale of violence. If we aren't involved, there's nothing there for us. If we aren't violent, if we aren't with it, it doesn't mean anything to us. We have to want to kill King Duncan to enjoy *Macbeth.* If there's not a little parricide in us, why fool with it? And all the rest of that line of thought. We have to be involved, if not totally involved.

We also have to know the nature of our involvement—discover it bit by bit—the context of our involvement. And it seems to me that the effective thing is when you begin to sense the context of your own involvement—the thing that's there, mirroring your own possibilities. That's where the significance comes; and it comes in many ways. We have to accept that we *are* violent, that we *are* carnivorous animals; and that we are pretty bad people, and we're ready for violence. And that we are involved in a story of violence.

Now, what's made of violence in the context of the work? To begin with, there is the recognition of our involvement, and the work of ritualizing our involvement for our understanding. For our self-knowledge. I'll drop it there.

MR. SOLOTAROFF: Two areas of experience have been joined here—that of sexuality and that of violence—under a sort of common rubric, that of pornography. There's a pornography of sex, of course, but I think, as we've all begun to realize, that there can also be a pornography of violence; which is to say, work that uses, exploits, attracts its readers, by simply presenting a demonstration of the most bestial kind of aggression at its most sadistic, and more or less for its own sake.

One thing that occurred to me as Mr. Styron and Mr. Warren were talking is that in order for us really to respond to violence in a full way, there has to be some sort of human image or human being that we identify with. Otherwise, we merely get a kind of statistic of violence. In that Paul Bowles story, which I happen to remember, one of the sources of its great power is that the boy who is mutilated out there in the desert is a character whom Bowles has very skillfully, very tersely, made attractive to us. He's an innocent kid, who's traveling across the desert with his two older broth-

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ers, and whose mind is filled with the girls whom he's going to be seeing in another night or two, when the caravan gets to the next town. He's a kind of Arabian Nick Adams, you might say. And when we see this boy fall into the hands of this desert predator, who not only shoots him and mutilates him, but then rapes him, we feel that something vitally human has been violated here, rather than simply a carcass.

The thing about the Selby description, which I sensed as I read it, was that it could just as well have been about a dog. It could almost have been a street-can that was being treated in this way—for all of the sense of identification one had with the object of this violence. All of which is to say that the issues of form, of distance perhaps, are joined with a certain kind of humane concern—if I may use that word for the second time this evening—in literature. That we read literature, in some ways, to create more of a sense of, more of a feeling for, humanity. And that this is not simply humanism as such, but an integral part of the very experience of literature.

At the same time, of course, in this age we live under the specter of all sorts of enormities—the fact, for example, that in the course of this century, a hundred million people have gone to violent deaths, under a more or less institutionally accepted arrangement called war. One can't simply blink at the facts. Our awareness of violence, of carnage, of brutality, has become so great and our sense of the dehumanization of life has become so great, that in asking for the literary power of the human image, we may be asking for something more than the facts of our life provide.

This is just an idea. Dr. Coles, does this ring any bells for you? Must there be some necessary relationship between what one might call a positive human image, and the effectiveness of violence?

DR. COLES: I'd like to connect a few things by talking about ritualization for a minute. The problem may well be that ritualization—which is so effective among animals, as people like Lorenz have done such a good job of pointing out to us, ironically at this moment in our history—that ritualization among men, which has had a certain stability, even through all the changes in world history, may well be breaking down now in a very critical way.

Regardless of the different forms of war—the different instruments, whether it was knives or shields, or the trenches of the First World War, or even the blitz attacks of the Second World War—there was a kind of ritual that we could classify and describe. Now we find vast chaotic wars, wars in which the planet can be destroyed; wars in which we have a peculiar breakdown of ritualization, in the sense that we have both jungle warfare and technology side by side. The limits of wars are no longer there; they are limitless. We sit shuddering—at the mercy of God-knows-what; at the mercy of telephone lines between Moscow and Washington. We speculate about how this all works, and what is going on in the mind of Johnson or Kosygin. This is a kind of war in which—granted that every age is self-centered, and likes its own distinction, and likes to think that it is different from all others in a critical way—in which, as you say, a hundred million people can die, and hydrogen bombs and missiles can destroy the very planet. This is new. How ritualized wars can be now is really the question.

And then, going from the ritualization of wars to other ritualizations—psychoanalysis is a ritualized form of behavior. I hear people say to me now—including some of the existentialist analysts—we haven't got time, time for long analyses; we must confront one another at the moment, immediately, in an overwhelming way. And I find myself feeling old-fashioned, and saying, but we *have* to have time—time to get to know one another, slowly, tentatively, suspiciously, gratefully, surely, confidently. It *takes* time. It takes time for these things to happen: time is distance, time is the gentleness of coming to understand another person; and how can we do anything else but "take" it, time? But yet we live in an age where apparently time itself has gone through a transformation. The time that it took Lindbergh to cross the ocean, those long hours, the thirty-three and a

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third hours are now becoming minutes. The analytic hours are becoming briefer and briefer, and the time itself is becoming short, perhaps fatally so. Wars can take a moment, and the world can be destroyed. And what do we get in art? We get passages like Selby's; we get Brillo ads on canvas. And I feel myself getting old and tired, reactionary, and on the defensive. And yet maybe we can connect all this through that word "ritualization"; and wonder whether there isn't a breakdown affecting the artist, the writer, the warrior, the political leader, the psychiatrist, anyone, affecting the educator with his computer, which he's told he must use, and affecting some essential aspects of humanity, having to do with words and experiences like "distance," and "respect," and "sensibility," and a sense of carefulness. And the word "craft," which means *time* and thought and leisure—whether that, too, isn't so fatally collapsing that there is a breakdown in what you could call ritualization.

MR. WARREN: They're tied together, these things. If you ask me the question, I would say that it ties to the shock I got when I first read a sentence or two in a book called *The Adventures of Ideas* by Alfred North Whitehead, which came out many, many years ago. It was about the new nature of time, the new sense of time, after the Industrial Revolution. And this struck me as —it was a shocking thought. I felt it was terribly true, and it explained a lot of things to me when I read it that made sense. Before the Industrial Revolution, nothing ever changed in any man's lifetime. There might be a plague, you see, or a war, or an army passing through or something; but then life was the same afterward. The man was always the same. No one life could span a change, could recognize a change. No one life could change.

Then, suddenly, there were two or three changes in a life. Then, suddenly, we have fifteen changes in a lifetime. You see? We have had several different societies in our own lives. The whole sense of time—and the notion of the graybeard on one hand, and the baby on the other—is no longer with us. The graybeard is off there in a home somewhere, you see, taken care of, but not by the family.

I've even noticed that the old lady who used to advertise iceboxes is no longer there. Not many years ago you'd see a new electric icebox on a billboard, and a gray-haired grandmother saying, "I love my icebox," or "I love my Frigidaire." You don't see her any more up there. What you will see is somebody that's just come off the Minsky circuit.

MR. SOLOTAROFF: Do you feel then that this sort of aggrandizement of violence, which is fairly prevalent in literature now, may have something to do with immediacy —not immediacy in the good sense as when we say this writing has great immediacy; but immediacy in the bad sense—"immediacy" in the sense that only the phenomenon that immediately presents itself to us is important, and that anything that has come before, or anything that will come after, anything like a cause, or anything like a consequence, are beside the point. We're now, more and more, being bidden to pay attention to our unreason. It's only very recently that unreason has been elevated to the most essential part of a man's being. An eighteenth-century man who read much of our psychology and sociology, which stresses how the important parts of our lives are unconscious and unreasoned, would blink his eyes in wonderment and say, you're talking about the animal side of man; the human side is the rational side. And one of the points we seem to be driving toward is that the violence in literature today is very much related to a certain kind of stake we have in irrationality itself, in the kind of immediacy that is not conditioned by reason at all. Dr. Coles?

DR. COLES: I was just going to say that there's an analogy here, for what it's worth, in the growth of children. Until they're six, or seven, or eight, they live immediately. They will watch—my younger son watches me swallowing, not quite the way Warhol does, but he's glued sometimes to these very visual, immediate, tangible events. My older son is getting to the point where he is thinking, and gaining all kinds of control

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over things—not only control over what comes to his mind, but what he does and what he has in mind to do in the future. We now hear a good deal about Jean Piaget, and the "structural" school of anthropology or psychiatry; and it's very revealing, because people like Piaget are pointing out—ironically in a way, in France and Switzerland—that the writer is a man who has struggled in some way, not only, like all of us, to grow up and to be as rational as we can, but the writer is really making something of the struggle concentrating on it with a particular concern, and with more stake in it than the rest of us, who go about our ways, hoping that we can summon rationality from moment to moment. The writer is seizing upon logic and form and style and "structure," and dwelling on them, and making them his life concern.

And now, curiously, we as a culture, and maybe writers with us as a culture, seem to be going back in time toward a *pre*-rational period of childhood—when we are vivid, immediate, emotional, in an untrammeled way and in a violent way. We all see and know this in our children, and have to work with our children to get away from it. I wonder if there isn't a parallel between these forms of literature and the reversal of the time sequence in our civilization; a kind of going back to our childhood that probably would make Freud—who after all never really spent much time watching children but only talked to people who thought back to childhood—be very alarmed. I mean, he never knew, he never bothered to observe and record what went on in children. Many of the ways he talks about children are really about adults behaving like little children, always with a rational part of themselves. And I think it's the same with many writers who have described children and, in fact, described irrationality all too rationally and coherently. But we all seem, including the writers, to be going back in time toward living like children, and being like children, in a way that doesn't do justice to the word "children." It's really like caricatures of infants —grown-up infants—that we behave.

MR. SOLOTAROFF: I'd like to bring this full circle, and then perhaps throw the floor open to questions. Going back to the categories, Mr. Warren, that you laid out at the very beginning as to the kind of context, or the considerations one should have in talking of violence—we've been talking, I think, about two of them. One is what you would call ritualization—and what someone else might call reason, and someone else might call form. But it is one of the ways in which the subject of violence makes its way into literature, and violence can't be separated from it.

On the other hand, there is, as you've put it, the society that the writer lives in. And what one often finds today is a justification for an onslaught of violence, on the ground that: well, for Christ's sake, if you want the world that you live in mirrored in literature, here it is!

These two categories seem to be in genuine conflict. Perhaps they always have been. In any case, one of the things that seems to be emerging tonight is that violence as a kind of artistic, or indeed social, ritual can no longer be related easily to violence as a reflection of the world we live in. These two things do seem to be in conflict. Would you agree with that?

MR. WARREN: Well, there's a difference, anyway. The social side we have touched on, some. In my own experience, there have been such different attitudes toward the fact of violence from one place I've lived to another, or one period to another, and this fact indicates a great variation in the literature that comes out of those places, or the way we approach literature in general. I equated long ago with a world where violence was quite common, was always intensely personal, was based on a personal grievance, a personal thwarting of some kind; but it had to do with the ego, or as they called it in sociology in those days, "status homicide"—as opposed to homicide for gain.

I remember a murder map of the United States, in 1926 or 1927, when I first began to look at things like that. One murder map of the United States, if you take it in terms of status homicide—honor, homicide for

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status or from bad nerves made Tennessee look awful black. Chattanooga or Memphis looked solid black. Detroit was lily white. Chicago was lily white. New York, lily white.

Make another map of murder for gain, and Chattanooga looked just like that piece of paper before it had marks on it—white. Nobody there killed for money. Oh, a few strange fellows drifted in and killed somebody for money, but there was no money there to be killed for, to speak of. So they killed only for honor—or plain cussedness. But on this murder map Chicago was black.

There are other kinds of violence. Those two murder maps were instructive. But there's another kind of homicide—the blank—the anonymous. The kind we have now is really new. Killing an old man on a park bench, reading his papers, smoking his morning cigar. He's dead suddenly, because some kid decided to kill him. This is another kind of homicide. There's a whole new world of violence, violence of a kind not in the sociological categories thirty years ago. Another kind of violence; another sense of the world. Things change, and the literature changes with them. This new violence is the abstract, it is totally abstract; it has no history. Now if you read Dreiser's *American Tragedy,* you follow a boy—a young boy you see on a street corner—to the death cell some thirty years later. You know his whole history. You follow this man, this victim of society, you follow his human story, whatever is meant by it—and it's a great book, and a great story. You know everything about that man all the way, and everything that impinged on him. But you don't in Selby's works; you know nothing about the people. This is a book that belongs to the world of anonymity, anonymous violence. Dreiser's *American Tragedy* belongs to a world of personal violence. This makes a big difference.

MR. SOLOTAROFF: Bill, one of the ways in which (turning it the other way now) literature and society relate today is that the violence we often get has a faceless quality to it; and that maybe is its point. We may not be able to identify very deeply with the individual being beaten up or killed. What we see instead is a kind of symbol of the anonymity of terror and of violence. The depersonalization of violence goes hand in hand with the depersonalization of many aspects of life. As, again, pornography becomes the depersonalization of sex.

MR. STYRON: When I was a student here at the New School, not too long ago, I wasn't any braver or less brave, or more neurotic or less neurotic, than I am now; and I used to consider New York a benign place. But now it scares the hell out of me. I can't walk around after twelve o'clock without feeling I should hire three bodyguards.

I don't think it's a subjective thing. I think that what Red Warren has just described has overtaken us in the last couple of decades or so; that a kind of anarchic murder is in the air; that we're all theoretical victims and we're scared. And this does enter into our forms of expression, whether they be literature or something else. Perhaps some historian in the future will be able to put his finger on it. Right now I think that violence is a part of life, and that we're all aware of it, afraid of it; and as long as it continues, it's going to be a very central part of the way we talk among ourselves—which is to say literature, movies or whatever.

MR. WARREN: I'd like to say something else if I may at this point. I think that writers can't abdicate before the anonymous violence, abdicating their responsibility, their obligation to make sense of it in some way. I don't mean the writer has to have a program, but some emotional sense, some sense of fulfillment of his tale, his story, in some way. The mere recording of an absolute, anonymous violence is not enough. The recording may be shocking in a given case and it may be beautifully done within its limits—but I don't think that's quite enough. The writer is obligated to try to make sense in some way of this shocking fact of existence. But the mere recording is not enough. There's a lot of good recording going on, but very little of the other.

MR. SOLOTAROFF: I remember an essay of yours called "Pure and Impure Poetry"—

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which I have always thought to be an extremely important essay—which had to do with the way in which the author tests his vision. I think the phrase you used was "putting his truths through the fire"—the way that in *Romeo and Juliet,* for example, their beautiful, idyllic, adolescent lyricism is enacted not so very far away from the bushes where Mercutio has been holding forth, whose view of sex is much more unromantic, indeed obscene. Do you suppose it may be that the writer who uses violence has to earn his vision, in the same way that the writer who uses the softer or more benign values as his material has to earn his vision? That it is part of art, a central part of art, that you don't get anything for nothing, but have to test what you are asserting about life against its opposition? Because this is, first of all, the way in which communicated values grow strong and convincing; and also because it has to exist in a context that is somewhat comprehensive, otherwise it becomes one-sided, warped, propagandistic, or what have you.

Dr. Coles; and then I'll open the floor to discussion.

DR. COLES: Well, I think we should open it now.

MR. SOLOTAROFF: All right. Questions?

MR. STYRON: [On the benefits of writing about violence.]

Well, I'll tell you. You will recall Mickey Spillane made more than two million dollars off of pure violence, so there was certainly a benefit there. But I think that's as far as it goes. We could properly say that if one felt that what we had tried to get at up here, on this panel, had any validity, then there is almost no benefit to anyone in pure violence. But we did not discuss something about violence that I think we might have touched on; and that is the crossover between sex and violence. We seem to have skirted around it. I think Dr. Coles would probably be the man who would know more about it than almost anybody in this room. There is a group of people, it must be a substantial group of people, that finds violence rewarding in some psychophysiological way that other people don't. In other words, they get a kick out of it. Mickey Spillane seems almost antediluvian by now, but I remember that in the fifties he was as famous as Lynda Bird Johnson. He was central to our life, but now he's almost unheard of. But his entire career was made off of—I think it's safe to say—gratuitous violence. He was read by people who must have read him simply because they got an enormous kick out of reading about knives being stuck into women's bellies, and women having their throats cut, and so on. This seems to be an area of violence that I don't think we've really covered this evening, but that is certainly very, very close to the marrow.

To get back to the question, I think that whether it's a benefit or a purgative, I don't know, but certainly a lot of violent literature is written simply to benefit in one way or another people who like to read about pure violence, and who get their kicks from it. Outside of that, this is as far as I can take the question.

MR. STYRON: [On writing about violence for money, alone.]

I think somebody like Spillane certainly falls into that category. Now that the various legal decisions have enlarged, if not made totally free, the pictorial representations of violence, the field for violence has become spread out. In other words, twenty-five thousand people are getting the money that Mickey Spillane at one time got all by himself, because now censorship is such that we don't have to worry, so to speak.

DR. COLES: [On Pamela Hansford Johnson, and George Steiner—and their concern about the effect of pornography on the sensibilities of people.]

Actually Steiner just had an interesting review in the *New Yorker,* pointing out that apparently, at least in some cases, we can have together a highly cultivated mind *and* a hateful and "fascist" kind of mind. An artist of great success and distinction can, at least politically, embrace all sorts of violence, and yet as a writer somehow gain control of violence. I tell you, I am much more concerned with the effect on the mind, on the minds of all of us—children, grown-ups, whatever—of the real violence in this world, than the violence of

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any writer, be it Mickey Spillane, or the most cultivated and refined of writers who's suggesting violence to us. All we have to do is look at what we're doing now in Asia; and it seems to me that anything that comes from the typewriter, no matter how brazen and moneygrubbing and all, cannot affect us, all of us, the way what *is going on* in this world affects us, particularly our children as they grow up. And all this talk about violence in books and violence in comic books in particular, and the effect on children—perhaps it's easier for us to worry about that problem than the one of *war,* real war. When we grow up we have to come to terms with sex and violence; and one of the things that happens to all of us, each in his own way, in a beautifully distinctive way, in a human way, and an individual way, is that various *mixtures* of the two, of sex and violence, become uniquely blended with one another. And somehow, today, we're encouraged by the actuality of what's going on in the world, let alone by literature, to undo that balance, that blend. Things are being polarized—and we retreat, go back to these early polarities of sex and violence, which even a seven-year-old child is going to pull together in one way or another.

Certainly we saw it, you know, in Germany—in concentration camps that existed in one of the most civilized nations in the world. Certainly we see it now in the behavior of one of the most advanced nations in the history of the world—technologically advanced. The International Red Cross is chastising us, let alone the Vatican, and the more moderate spectrum of the world. So there seems to be no intellectual or cognitive—use whatever words you want—capacity in us that can prevent us per se from this kind of—again use what words you want—"regression" into the swamplands, where sex and violence do not affect one another; where desire and the fist are in no way blended at all.

I don't see much love coming out of a lot of our public officials today, even the rhetoric of love. They're cold, calculating and faceless. They don't even have that crazy passion of some of the dictators we used to see in the thirties. I don't know what Chaplin could do to imitate some of these people. He could do a good job with Hitler. I don't know what he could do with some of our cabinet.

MR. SOLOTAROFF: [In response to a question.]

What you're saying in a way, I think, is that the world is now beating the modern writer at his own game. It far exceeds the reality that writers have formerly invented.

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the way it is

Off Season

WALTER TELLER

At daybreak I hear fog signals booming, sea gulls slowly kee-awing, kee-aw; then shrilling faster, k'yaw, k'yaw. Grand mournful music of the shore.

March 28th arrives wet and cold, 40 degrees at 8 a.m. Soiled heaps of snow stand around in the motel yard. Windrows of spoiled snow lie by the road. Uhhhh—the foghorn sounds again. Awhhhh. Fog-worshipers, exult in the fog. Ooohhhh.

Starting from the triangular village green, passing by the white clapboard and steepled Congregational Church, eighteenth-century houses and lofty bare branching elms, Main Street moves east. It threads past a motley nineteenth-century collection of two-story business blocks, houses converted to stores, latter-day glass facades, and fades out in shopping plazas.

Long narrow Main Street is studded with parking meters. Many a parking space this morning is occupied by an automobile, yet the red flag shows on every meter—including the one beside my car. Evidence that behind the appearance of Puritan culture the spirit of Puritan piracy lives? A possibility. There is also, I learn, a matter of custom. An unwritten regulation takes hold from a movable date in November to an unannounced time in May—months when tourists are scarce and parking space is no problem. Who would then be feeding the meters? Fewer travelers than native sons—which surely would go against the grain. Easy slack tide regulation. But for how much longer nobody knows. Every year some pull out of the rat race and come to Cape Cod to live. Every year others come down for a whiff in all seasons. Falmouth, second largest in area of Cape Cod's fifteen towns—town being the New England word for township—ranks second in population: fourteen thousand. In population density, that is, in numbers per square mile, Falmouth stands third.

Town of earnest weather watchers. Because to those who live alongshore, weather becomes a dimension. For its Main Street customers and passersby the bank provides a weather station. Downtown in Falmouth you can take a reading—temperature, barometric pressure, direction and velocity of wind—and in the shelter of the bank, chart your course accordingly.

The Public Library rents a Main Street store, brings its goods down among the necessities while its home on Katharine Lee Bates Road is being enlarged and overhauled. I step inside the storefront library. Plenty of goods on the shelves. And customers at the check-out counter. The stock room at the rear of the store turns out to be the reference section, the largest, I learn, of any Cape Cod library. Outside again, I run onto another feature, a cranberry restaurant and emporium. It is time for an elevenses. Being coffeed up I ask for tea, am handed a pot, and with it a chaser of cranberry juice, native beverage and, possibly, solace. Total cost, ten cents.

What am I doing here? Planning a book. A personal and general account. In no sense a field guide. Making notes as I go.

WALTER TELLER, author of *The Search for Captain Slocum, Area Code 215: A Private Line in Bucks County* and other books, is writing a book about Cape Cod and the offshore Islands, to be published by Prentice-Hall.

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Driving along Falmouth Heights Road, paralleling the east side of Falmouth's inner harbor, I soon come to the Heights themselves, sand dunes rising thirty feet? forty?—warted with huge wood-framed neo-Gilded Age houses. The road turns east and becomes Grand Avenue.

Grand Avenue, as one might guess from the old-fashioned name, is the waterfront street of an aging resort, a slum-in-the-making beside the sea. How lugubrious the summer houses, old-style, boarded up. The few that are open look drearier yet. Who lives in them in the last week of March? What goes on? Striking example of seashore blight. A place ripe for seashore renewal.

Just the same, the light on the water dazzles, and the view across Nantucket Sound of Martha's Vineyard stirs warm feeling. From the mainland an island is good to see. My binoculars pick up the lighthouses, West Chop, and East, and Vineyard Haven deep in the cleft between. How many times have I sailed in, how many times sailed from that place. The ferry "Uncatena," outward bound from Woods Hole, charges by, full speed ahead. How superb and inspiriting the new "Uncatena" slicing through cold water.

Two forty-five in the afternoon, 40 degrees, barometer 30.45 and steady. Wind from the southwest nipping and biting. Pale sky, pale sun. Walking along Falmouth Beach I see snow, snow-covered sand in the lee of the jetty. I make a note because when July comes snow on the sand may be difficult to imagine.

Early evening. Main Street again. I travel it end to end looking for dinner or supper. Too late for the time of year. Those who forage on Main Street have eaten and gone. Doors are locked—waitresses sweeping up. As I turn away, wander back to the car, my eyes catch a bronze plaque on the edge of the common. Four Falmouth men fell in the Great War. Remember me. Remember me. Steady reality, steady reproach.

Although Main Street restaurants are closed, the inn at Jones Pond, north of the village—where the other half dine—is open. I go there, order baked haddock. My dining-room neighbors, a fiftyish-fortyish couple, tall, well groomed and wearing fine country clothes. A look of good manners, money, and not much to do—and waiting. For what? Are they year-round residents, yachtsmen, tourists? Summer people in a winter place?

The long call, the foghorn again, in the damp dark and vapor. Whonghhh.

The end of March is a lonely time on the Cape, a time of waiting—for sun, warmer weather, visitors, commerce and trade.

March 30. A blue sky morning, 50 degrees. If the sun shines all day it will be the first in three months, says the man at the service station. Two liquor stores, large as furniture showrooms, display posters: Open April 1st. The signs tell a story of six-month, that is, seasonal license. House painters are spreading a coat of pink-lavender over a gray weathered building. If only the job they are doing were as right as the day. In a stray patch of woods the last of yellow snow dies among fallen leaves. Remnants of snow cling to filth-sodden roadsides.

I drive to West Falmouth via Sippewisset on the winding maybe immemorial road: old 28, demoted now to 28A. The fact that it has been superseded, that its day has passed, gives the road a charm it did not have when one was trying to make the boat at Woods Hole. No one in a hurry uses 28 now. Here and there, through leafless trees—a glint of the wide new straight divided-lane highway.

If old roads are beautiful, new ones are even more so. Broad and uncluttered, the new roads slice through where no trail existed before. They show remarkable morainal profiles. They reveal grand ice-molded contours. They pass through terrain one could hardly otherwise see. If one walked through it Indian fashion, one would not sense the surface, or become aware of the bulk; one would not see the forest because of the trees.

Later I call on the owner-editor of Falmouth's semi-weekly newspaper, the *Enterprise,* a paper as businesslike as its name. Newspaper editors keep you from getting

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romantic notions, which is to say, misunderstanding their towns. The newpaperman says in effect, If only we could print what we know.

George A. Hough, septuagenarian gray-haired, tall and spare, extends a welcome, leads me through the printing shop to a small office at the rear. We sit in a couple of hard-used oak and no longer golden chairs. Leaning back, half lidding his eyes, and looking past me he says, "Book writing—that is an interesting and usually unprofitable occupation." Although first and last a newspaperman, he once felt an urge to write a book, and did so—about the last voyage of the steamship "City of Columbus." A favorite subject along the Cape and offshore islands coast.

The wreck of the City of Columbus, which occurred in the early hours of the morning of Jan. 18, 1884, was the most appalling in the annals of this headland. The vessel was proceeding from Boston to Savannah, and the night was unusually clear with the moon shining, though a heavy wind was blowing; the air was bitterly cold, and the seas were high. As she was passing the Devil's Bridge, about 3:45 a.m., the man at the wheel either misunderstood an order for a change of course or a wrong order was passed, and in a moment she was fast on the treacherous ledge of rocks and careened to port. The sea was soon making a clean sweep of the larger part of the deck. For some reason those on duty in the lighthouse did not discover the stranded vessel until 5 a.m. . . . The toll of the sea from this unnecessary wreck was one hundred and twenty-one souls, and is the greatest disaster in the history of the place.

This account comes not from George Hough's book, *Disaster on Devil's Bridge,* but rather from an earlier work, *The History of Martha's Vineyard, Dukes County, Massachusetts,* in Three Volumes, Charles Edward Banks, M.D., 1911, (reprinted 1966), and may be found under the rubric, Annals of Gay Head. Gay Head is the name of the promontory and town at the west tip of Martha's Vineyard. Devil's Bridge is a boulder-studded shoal a mile or so west of Gay Head.

Greatest in the annals. . . Why do they like to retell old disaster? Because of the peculiar interest attaching to any true story? Because disaster is failure, and reading of failure, or hearing about it, makes one feel more successful?

Still later, lunching on Main Street, I find myself among automobile dealers. Like the stuff they sell, they seem to come in various sizes, shapes and flavors. I overhear that Falmouth is bursting with business—the growing Air Force base a few miles away in Sandwich—the expanding Oceanographic Institution down in the southwest corner of the town, Woods Hole—and several smaller commercial-cultural-researching ventures. The dealers speak of businessmen leaving Boston for Falmouth because Falmouth is large enough to be profitable, small enough to be pleasant. This bright blue sunny and not cold day has everyone with financial overhead smiling. Licking chops at the prospect of warmer weather and business.

Solemn beauty, full-starred night. Celestial blues reds whites and yellows. Self-luminous dwarfs and giants. In the show overhead the Big Dipper appears upside down. But the two stars that form the outer edge still draw a bead on Polaris. Constant North Star, Cynosure—of the passing eye, the transient hour.

Native Daughter. On the edge of the village green, almost in the shadow of the high steepled weathervaned Congregational Church, near the post office and the old hardware store—an enclave of the past on the fringe of the business district—stands the birthplace of Katharine Lee Bates.

Katharine Lee Bates, hymn writer, author of "America the Beautiful," youngest of five children, was born at 16 Main Street, Falmouth, 29 August 1859. Her father, William Bates, a Congregational minister, died within a month of her birth. She was raised by her mother, Cornelia Frances Lee Bates, a Mount Holyoke graduate. Few children in those days had mothers who were college women. Mrs. Bates, more unusual still, was a graduate who continued to study. Katharine began writing early, encouraged, one imagines, by this intellectual parent.

When Katharine was twelve, the father-

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less family left Falmouth and moved farther inland—to the vicinity of Wellesley. In due course she entered Wellesley College. She was then seventeen and, according to the historian of the college, "a plain girl, near-sighted, heavy of physique, awkward in movement." College is said to have brought her out. After graduation she taught in nearby schools, then returned to Wellesley, to the English Department, where she remained forty years. She never married. Except for a year of study in England, and two other trips abroad—and the early years on Cape Cod—she spent her life at Wellesley. She died 28 March 1929.

Although Katharine Lee Bates did not write "America the Beautiful" on her native shore but rather thousands of miles away, the remembered ocean and English forebears got into it. In the summer of 1893, on her first trip west, as she looked "out over the sea-like expanse of fertile country" from the vantage point of Pike's Peak, the opening lines, she later recalled, "floated" into her mind. A minister's daughter, she sent the poem to *The Congregationalist,* a Boston publication where, fittingly, it appeared 4 July 1895, but in a form "more literary and ornate than the present version." In 1904 she rewrote it, "trying to make the phraseology more simple and direct." She made further revisions in 1911.

O beautiful for spacious skies
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

In 1888, seven years before the first publication of "America the Beautiful," another Boston journal, *The Parish Choir,* published a melody for another hymn, "O Mother Dear Jerusalem." The melody, composed by Samuel Augustus Ward (1847-1903), of Newark, New Jersey, was called "Materna." Sometime after Katharine Lee Bates's poem appeared, somebody noticed that "O beautiful for spacious skies" throbs to the same rhythm as "O Mother Dear Jerusalem." Somebody put the poem and music together. But who, or how, or under what circumstances remains a mystery.

Since then hundreds of tunes have been written for Katharine Lee Bates's words. "Materna," however, is the only survivor.

O beautiful for pilgrim feet
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

Beautiful, and also rich. Proud, prayerful, simplehearted—no one has combined the ingredients better than the Falmouth-born professor of English. Although she wrote six volumes of verse, juvenile, travel and text books, she remains a one-poem poet—and one-poem poets are among the most durable kind.

East of Falmouth, along the Nantucket Sound shore, a series of tidal channels and fingerlike ponds gouge the outwash plain, between them long skinny necks of land, each neck strung tight with little streets and beaded with little houses. I pass by Great, Green, Bournes, then Eel Pond, wriggling inlets, harbors, sandbars, shoals, broad shallow waters. Colors, textures, watery shapes. And waterfront problems. "Because of a problem with raw sewage . . .," the *Enterprise* reports, "the Woods Hole harbormaster has made known his intention of closing Eel Pond to boats with people living aboard to protect the shellfish from pollution." America the reality.

The road winds through scrub pine forest, climbs, dips and crosses little rivers, Childs, Mashpee and Cotuit, rivers no larger than streams, weak and charming. Wherever one looks the glacier-scarred landscape charms. And why? Because it is manageable. The scale is human. East of Waquoit the land appears sparsely peopled. Falmouth Town drops to leeward. I am now in the Town of Mashpee.

What Indians did the Pilgrims meet? Nausets and Wampanoags. Their mode of life was similar to that of other Northeast

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Woodland tribes except for the quantities of seafood eaten. Like all American Indians, Wampanoags believed that land, being part of nature, belonged to those living on it. No more to be sold, transferred, divided or individually owned than sea or air. Although a tribe occupied a territory more or less understood and defined, within those limits all was given by the Great Spirit for the common good.

Englishmen, like other early and practical-minded venturers, claimed the land, as they said, by right. Right of discovery, exploration or settlement. English right. The fact that the land was the homeland of native inhabitants did not stand in the way of making grants, or planting colonies. Indian right, if any, hardly figured. Although Indians, persuaded by various means, often signed on the dotted line, lacking the concept of exclusive ownership, they could not have really understood what they were signing away.

A thoroughfare for freedom beat . . .

Mashpee. Some say it means Standing Water, others are certain it means Great Pond. Mashpee, home of the present-day Mashpee Indians, descendants of Wampanoags, is Cape Cod's least populated town. Its year-round residents number some seven hundred, mixed native Indian, African Negro, Cape Verdean and Portuguese.

Mashpee Center, away from the shore and its riches of shellfish, commerce and shoreside development, remains by Falmouthian standards, rural. Few seasonal people seem to have gone to the Mashpee ponds and groves. School, firehouse and general store form the hub at an intersection of roads deep in the Cape's interior. I enter the store. A smiling and very ethnic looking young girl is retailing penny candies to a young and unmistakably Indian customer. The girl's father, the proprietor, appears. He stands tall, broad and heavyset. Eyes alive and dark, hair black and straight, the man looks authentically first American. By his round smooth cheerful, and even beaming, face one would say he had been blessed by Kiehtan, the creator, and Habbamock, god of health.

Quiet season, quiet hour. A chance to talk. The proprietor says that when a young man he left Mashpee, his hometown—went to work in a chemical plant in Delaware, later married a New Jersey girl. Then with money saved he returned with his bride. He has prospered in Mashpee. And his wife loves the Indian town. He lives on the shore of Santuit Pond. His children attend the new school. He likes to fish. Says he often closes the store and hangs out a sign, Gone Fishing. He does not speak about being an Indian.

Legend. Psychologically sound. Ahsoo is said to have been so plain that no man wanted her and to have had so alluring a voice that when she sang the animals, birds, and even fishes approached to listen. Ahsoo lived beside a creek. When she sang at evening an enormous trout, charmed by her voice, burrowed into the little creek, seeking to get closer to the singer. As Ahsoo sang, and the trout burrowed, and the evenings passed, the creek, in time, became the Cotuit River. By way of thanks and sympathy, a chief transformed the Indian girl into a fish and placed her in Santuit Pond. The trout then tried to tunnel to her but in the effort died of exhaustion. Ahsoo died of a broken heart. Now the two are said to lie side by side in a burial mound called Trout Cave.

From Mashpee west, bound in for Falmouth—cresting one of the little hills I see—yes—a lonesome pine, black-green, a posturing beauty, and behind it, silhouetting main stem and branches, a flaming pink-crimson and purple-red sky, incredibly, splendidly, sumptuous. Oh, to be innocent in such moments. Never to have seen in kodachrome black pine and burning sunset. I reach the point where one word is worth a thousand pictures.

A penciling of color remains on the northwest horizon. Blue deepens overhead—and stars—not many but exquisitely placed—glitter yellow. Winey air. Have you imbibed in early spring evening well-salted air?

Winds calm, traffic still. In the distance a bell buoy sounds a slow-swinging bong . . .

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Plato as the Philosopher of the Artistic Experience

JOHN HERMAN RANDALL, JR.

To exhibit what Plato is—the artist-philosopher—it is well to start by disposing of certain things he is not—certain things that are not to be found in the dialogues. And here I am yielding to the temptation to be rather dogmatic. If these things are found in the dialogues—as much of the tradition has found them—it is just too bad.

In the first place, there is to be found in the dialogues no system of "doctrine." The search for such a system finds the dialogues themselves very elusive and even slippery. Plato, we may say, knew too much about life to put it into a "system." Systems can afford great illumination; but the light is always shed from a single source and center. Like a searchlight directed into the dark, they reveal much, but they leave far more in outer darkness.

All the systems the wits of man have ever devised, one comes to believe, are there in the dialogues, waiting only to be discovered, from Christian theology to Freudianism. Again and again the reader is convinced Plato must have agreed with him, so clearly are his own ideas developed by one of the characters. Then he finds their very antithesis in the mouth of another. The dream of Plato himself—that he was transformed into a swan who flew from tree to tree, while the birdcatchers tried in vain to snare him; just when they crept up and thought they had captured him he flew to another tree—was a true dream. And Simmias' interpretation of it, that all men would desire to catch the spirit of Plato, but none would succeed, for each would interpret him in his own fashion, is clearly the best interpretation of Plato.

There is in the dialogues no system of doctrine. But there is a tremendous incentive to system-building. Plato has been the inspiration of the architects of all the great edifices of ideas down through the ages.

Then again, Plato is not a wonderful metaphysician—if by "metaphysics" we mean with Aristotle the science of what is. The metaphysical doctrine traditionally attributed to Plato cannot be said to hold true of the world we encounter. "Platonism," taken literally—as the Neo-Platonists did, or the Christian Platonists, or the German Idealists—is a beautiful, inspiring, but in the end tragic illusion. It is not supported by any evidence that would hold water. It is not descriptive of what is, but rather a cosmic metaphor—seductive and misleading.

Plato, then, is not a wonderful metaphysician. But he has been the inspirer of every great metaphysical vision in the Western tradition, from Aristotle down to the present.

Then, Plato has no passion for truth, literal truth, if by "truth" we mean the actual facts about the world. He has only scorn for the plain, downright, honest scientist like Anaxagoras, with whom Socrates is made to exhibit so much dissatisfaction in the *Phaedo*. Plato is completely indif-

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ferent to Democritus and his atomic theory. The atomists appear in his pages only once, in the *Sophist,* and then only to be swiftly refuted. But if by a passion for "truth" we mean a passion for what really is, for the "real" things in life, not those miserable, disconcerting little facts, through whose ferreting out we get steam engines and autos and planes—and H-bombs—then Plato has a passion not for truths but for Truth, for what is really worthwhile, for what ought to be true, whether it happens to be so or not. He has a passion for the Good, for the Perfect—and literal truth, at the hands of mortals at least, and in their eyes, is often bad. But perhaps what Plato is devoted to is the only "Truth." If we believe that, then we are Platonists.

No, Plato has no passion for literal, "scientific" truth. Yet every great advance in natural science, in Hellenistic times, in the Middle Ages, in the early modern period, in this century in geniuses like Einstein, seems to have come from thinkers who were in some sense followers of Plato.

Again, Plato is not a great logician. There are, we are told, three kinds of logic: deductive logic, the kind Aristotle perpetrated; inductive logic, the kind John Stuart Mill made up out of whole cloth; and the kind Plato's characters and the rest of us actually use, seductive logic.

A French writer of the turn of the century, Émile Faguet, has well illustrated the kind of logic that often appears in the dialogues:

> Is not the whole, Callicles, greater than the part?
>
> Without doubt.
>
> And the part is smaller than the whole?
>
> Assuredly.
>
> But if the part is smaller than the whole, then the whole is greater than the part?
>
> So I believe.
>
> And if the whole is greater than the part, then the part is smaller than the whole?
>
> Certainly.
>
> Is it as certain as that? Could you conceive a part which would contain the whole?
>
> Never.
>
> But you do conceive a whole which contains a part?
>
> Surely.
>
> And the whole, containing the part, is greater than it?
>
> Yes.
>
> It follows that philosophers should be the rulers of the State.
>
> How does that follow?
>
> There can be no doubt. Let us begin again. The whole is greater than the part. . . .*

This is the logic of Plato's characters much of the time. It is human logic, the kind of logic and "reasoning" we mortals use.

Plato is not a great logician. Yet he can still drive a hard-boiled modern sophomore into a passion for dialectic.

And Plato is not an epistemologist. Heaven forbid! He is not even a poor one. The same author, Faguet, tells us that Plato can even be defined as the thinker with the least possible resemblance to Immanuel Kant. In this sense, one cannot discover in the dialogues any "theory of knowledge." What we do find is a θεωρία, a vision, of what is worth knowing. Now perhaps the scholarch of the Academy had a "theory of knowledge." If he did—when he wrote the *Theaetetus*—it was in essence the same as Aristotle's, only not so precisely expressed. But it is doubtful whether the writer of the Socratic, the dramatic, dialogues had any "theory of knowledge."

Plato is not what moderns call an epistemologist. Yet he has lured generations, from Aristotle down, into regarding a theory of knowledge as of transcendent importance.

And Plato is not a social reformer, a "Utopian." He obviously liked social reformers, and had a generous sympathy for them. But he knew too much himself about human nature, he had too keen a vision of man, to join them in commitment. Perhaps he had been one in his youth; but when he wrote the *Republic* he had learned better. One has a dreadful suspicion: perhaps the flesh was weak, and Plato did succumb to the call of Dion—if Dion really called. And could the author of the *Republic,* which so clearly depicts both the value and the

* Émile Faguet, *Pour qu'on lise Platon,* pp. 3-4. See also Rosamond K. Sprague, *Plato's Use of Fallacy* (1962).

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limitations of social idealism, of what today is called "perfectionism," have so far forgotten his insight as to write the *Laws*? It seems most improbable that the same man could write works of so different a temper. But it remains possible, human nature being what it is.

Plato was not a social reformer. Yet he has remained the patron saint of all social idealists down through the ages. And he has been the greatest revolutionary force in the Western tradition, with the exception of the Prophets and the Gospels.

These negatives can all be summed up by saying, Plato was not a "Platonist"—any more than Jesus Christ was a "Christian." "Platonism" is a disease you are likely to catch if you read Plato without much imagination. And Plato himself was immune. It is a kind of madness, such as the *Ion* tells us of—a divine madness, if you will. But Plato himself was not mad. He knew most other men were, that men could in fact hardly live without a touch of it. But he was the sanest man who ever lived. At least such is the conviction the dialogues bring.

Is all this "the Truth" about Plato? Probably not, in any literal sense. To be strictly accurate, it would demand a host of dull academic and scholarly qualifications and reservations. And judged by such standards, it is probably a pack of lies—what the *Republic* calls "royal lies." But it is a pity if the reader of Plato does not believe them.

If these things are what Plato is not, what then is Plato? Plato is an artist and a poet, with a truth of perception that strikes us as approaching finality. If we like to classify the dialogues, we can see the *Protagoras* as a comedy, the *Euthydemus* and the *Cratylus* as farces. The *Phaedo* is a tragedy, as moving a tragedy as any Greek poet ever wrote. The *Republic* is more like our philosophical novels—like *The Magic Mountain*. It is not so closely knit as a play. Or it is like *Faust* in its two parts. Like Goethe, Plato seems to have put his whole life—at least his preschoolmaster life—into it.

Let us take the *Symposium*, although that is hardly fair: the *Symposium* is clearly Plato's dramatic masterpiece. It has a unity lacking in the *Republic*—although there is much more unity there than is usually suspected. The *Symposium* follows all the dramatic conventions of the Greek stage: it has a chorus, a rising and descending action, a climax, a peripety, and all the rest. It exhibits not so much philosophy, as the fruits of philosophy; not so much reasoned discussion, as ardor and enthusiasm. It is the supreme example of what philosophy can do. It takes a very unpromising material, and proceeds to show its imaginative possibilities. Then it confronts those possibilities, that imaginative vision, with the bare facts, and makes us "see"—it generates θεωρία.

The theme is, What is Love? And the answer, dramatically displayed, shows us what Love really is, "Love itself," "Absolute Love," the very "Idea" of Love. Is Love a "thing" perched in the firmament? No, it is a perfecting in imagination of what is in fact not perfect, it is an intense human experience, and a theme for inspiring discourse—for those "words which surpass realities." In fact, Love is a physical relation between two mortals, the delight of perfect intimacy. In reality, it is the Love of mankind, the Love of the saints, the hunger and thirst after righteousness, the aspiration after the Divine perfection. Is any human love like that? Of course not, literally. Human love is primarily rooted in a biological urge. But it might be, and it ought to be; and if you do not see Love as a biological urge that might be and ought to be a Love of all Truth and all Beauty and all Good, all Perfection, then you do not see Love as it really is, you have no "true knowledge" of Love—you are only a Freudian.

In fact, the human love from which the "Platonic Love" of the *Symposium* sets out is something rather more disreputable than the notion usually associated with "Platonic love" since the Renaissance. It is the love of a man for a youth, what used to be called in pre-Kinsey days "sexual perversion." That is the bald fact. Yet from that—even

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from that—love can become the Love of philosophy: such are the ideal possibilities of even the crudest physical love. Plato might have taken any other existent love as his starting point and natural basis. One suspects, indeed, that Plato chose the least promising material to make his point all the stronger. He has won his reward today: as recent criticism puts it, an example of our own fashionable Freudian theories of art, "Plato's style has all the characteristics of homosexuality."

The *Symposium* is a closely knit drama: every word has its function and purpose. There is in it as great an artistic economy as anything to be found in Sophocles, or among moderns, in Ibsen. Nothing could be pruned away. The climax is approached in the discourse of Diotima; everything before has been a skillful preparation. But we cannot stay with the Divine Love. We must come back to the earth and humanity; in the figure of the *Republic,* we must return to the cave. In comes Alcibiades, roaring drunk, and turns it all into a praise of Socrates, the human embodiment of the object of love. Look on the Divine Love with the priestess of Mantinea, and you will then appreciate Socrates; you will love him, and properly, and not some beardless youth. Such are the genuine fruits of idealism.

It is the entrance of Alcibiades, not the tale of Diotima, that is the real climax of the *Symposium.* And this fact suggests that Love is not to be explained or understood in terms of the fine words it inspires alone. Love is something to be "seen," by the spectator of life's drama. Plato lets Socrates transform a passion of the body into a vision of the soul; and then he abruptly confronts Love as an imaginative experience with love as an animal fact. The effect is to convince us that Love is not to be "seen" as a vision of perfection alone, nor yet merely as Alcibiades creeping under the cloak of Socrates. Love is to be "seen" truly only when you behold both, in the dramatic and irrational juxtaposition of life itself.

Consider the setting of the *Symposium.* Agathon, "the Good," has won the first prize for his tragedy, and a celebration is in order. Socrates goes, uninvited, attended by his little barefooted admirer, his "Boswell," Aristodemus. After dinner, the question is raised, what shall they do next? Last night they had all got drunk on wine; the scene is laid the day after that first exuberance. Eryximachus, the physician, advises them to get drunk this time on talk, about Love. The whole dialogue is presented as a rational form of intoxication, a kind of temperance debauch. Pausanias and Agathon are "Greek lovers"; this is the fact coloring the whole discussion.

Phaedrus speaks first, and praises the fruits of love. Love is noble because it is not self-centered, but self-sacrificing, and the inspiration to noble deeds. Phaedrus is clearly an instrumentalist. Then Pausanias speaks, Agathon's lover. He makes a distinction: there are really two Aphrodites, the Earthly and the Heavenly. The point is not merely to love, but to love well and worthily. Pausanias raises the level of the discussion: we must love that which is worthy of love, the mind as well as the body (his own beloved has just won the prize for tragedy). Love means companionship, friendship, φιλία. Love is lasting and enduring only if it is of spiritual beauty.

It is now the turn of Aristophanes. But he has drunk too much, and has the hiccups. So while he is recovering on the physician's advice, the chance goes to Eryximachus, who is evidently eager to expound his own pet ideas: he has suggested the theme on purpose. He is a physician, and has read Empedocles: he makes Love a cosmic force. The distinction between the earthly and the heavenly love is a cosmic distinction: there are in the world forces of disintegration and integration.

Aristophanes, by this time recovered from his hiccups, proceeds to explain love in terms of its origins; although, since we do not know the "origin" of love, this has to take mythical form, as in our own psychologies. In modern terms, Aristophanes is a Freudian. He offers the only attempt at what we might call a "scientific" explanation of love; and he is exhibited as drunk. The point is, this is not the

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"truth" about love. He tells the myth of love's origins: once human beings were united together, two in one body, with four arms and four legs. For their misdeeds Zeus clove them asunder. But ever since the two halves have yearned to be joined together once more—to be back in the mother's womb again, a modern might put it.

The theme has now been set forth, and distinctions made, and made cosmic. It is now the turn of Agathon himself. He makes no contribution to the discussion, but furnishes rather an interlude, performing the function of a chorus. He praises the beauty of Love, not its fruits: love is the supreme experience. Agathon is clearly no instrumentalist. His speech is a parody on the speeches of Gorgias the rhetorician, and was much admired in antiquity as such. It expresses the way we feel when we are in love. Socrates complains that Agathon's speech is too rhetorical—and then proceeds to deliver his own speech!

Socrates announces, it is now the time to define Love—he *would* try. He will tell what Love really is. Diotima* is made to unfold the "Science" of Love, what Love is, and what it is good for. It is a vision, and an experience, an inspiration to perfecting, a human experience bearing fruits in achievement, the attainment of deathlessness itself. And it is reached, not by forsaking the human, earthly love, but by perfecting it in imagination. Starting anywhere, we can through it arrive at the vision of perfection. Things possess value, in the measure that they lead us to what is supremely valuable. The worth of life lies in its stimulating the love for a more godlike life. Such is the deathless quality in the soul of man. True deathlessness is the creation of heaven, in man's soul, out of the materials of earth.

These are the words of philosophy. But life bursts in at the door. There is turmoil and confusion, and we are left with the picture of the fruits of philosophizing: Socrates remains discussing, while everybody else is under the table, dead drunk. Socrates goes off soberly, to bathe and attend to his day's work. If, having known the intoxication of love, you can go soberly about your business, confessing yourself both a tragic and a comic figure—Socrates holds that tragedy and comedy are in the end one—you have found what love really is.

Why have I been at so much pains to point out that Plato is a poet and an artist? It seems an obvious fact, obvious at least to anyone but a professional philosopher, to whom nothing is, on principle. Why not accept the fact gracefully that Plato could give consummate literary expression to his ideas, and then turn from his technique of expression to his ideas themselves? Just so we thank God that Santayana has a style, and is not like Dewey, or the Logical Positivists; and proceed to search out his metaphysics.

The answer is, because if you think Plato developed a philosophy, and then put it into dialogue form in order to popularize it—because he happened to possess literary ability also—you will never arrive at the slightest understanding of the philosophy actually present in and expressed through the dialogues. You may be a "Platonist"; but Plato will remain a closed book to you—just as Santayana will, if you do not make his "style" central.

The most important and basic fact about the philosophy of the Platonic dialogues, is that it is the philosophy of a man who *had* to write imaginative dialogues, a philosophy such as only a writer of dialogues could have worked out, and a philosophy capable of expression only in dialogue—that is, in *dramatic* form. You can no more understand Plato without starting from that fact, than you can understand Spinoza without starting from the fact that he wrote of the means of attaining supreme, continuous, and never-ending blessedness, in a series of geometrical propositions modeled after Euclid.

It is quite possible, of course, to be im-

* Whether there was a Diotima before the *Symposium* was written is doubtful. But there is no question there was one thereafter. She is depicted on one of the best fourth century steles in the National Museum at Athens.

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pressed by Plato the artist, by the dialogues as dramatic portrayals of human thought, and to stop there; to consider them as fitting materials for the study of Greek literature and poetry, but rather irrelevant to the achievements of Greek "philosophy"; to see in them a dramatic treatment of the perennial human themes of politics, education, love and death; to find in them a "theory" in the sense of a θεωρία, a "vision" of the world and human life, but not a "theory" in the sense of an explanation of them; to find a program for the guidance of the spectator of the drama of life, but not a program for the actors in that spectacle; to find "seeing" exalted above both doing and explaining; to find νοῦς contemplating all life, itself included, with detached objectivity, as in a theater, the proper home of θεωρία, but not intelligence participating in it and perfecting it, in fact and in imagination. Woodbridge, in *The Son of Apollo,* did something of that sort. He chose to do it, partly because he was so provoked by the refusal of other scholars to recognize such a θεωρία in the dialogues, that he wanted to emphasize it, even at the cost of minimizing everything else. He did it partly because he himself was not a Platonist, but an incorrigible Aristotelian.

Now, such a realistic vision is certainly there; and in the last analysis, θεωρία *is* exalted above τέχνη, practice, νοῦς above intelligence. But—to stop there, is to overlook the fact that the hard and fast distinction between "theory" and "practice," between insight and intelligence, is to be found in the facile and polemical interpretations of Greek thought by moderns, like John Dewey, but is to be found only dubiously in the Greeks themselves. The Greeks viewed theory and practice, insight and intelligence, as very intimately connected. They remained puzzled by their precise relation, and never really satisfactorily solved the problem, never even made up their own minds. Aristotle is far more devoted to pure theory than Plato. Yet every student of his thought knows that the relation between the two presents in his writings insoluble contradictions.

To stop with dramatic insight overlooks the fact that if Plato offers realistic vision, he also provides imaginative inspiration. If the dialogues have shown men what they are, and given them self-knowledge, they have also revealed to men what they might become, and given them the compelling urge to perfect their human life.

Such stopping overlooks the fact that Plato is not only an artist, but also an artist-philosopher, an artist who not only saw life, but loved wisdom, loved wisdom as only an artist can, and loved the kind of wisdom only an artist can see. Plato, in a word, is not merely an artist, but the philosopher of the artistic attitude, starting from the artist's experience, and developing the philosophic implications of the artist's outlook on life, employing the artist's method and technique to do it.

If we take Plato the artist-philosopher seriously, we shall find in the dialogues, not merely a dramatic picture of life, but a dramatic development of the implications of the artistic attitude and experience, a dramatic presentation of the artist's philosophy—almost the only one in our Western tradition.* So, at the risk of offering merely one more interpretation of Plato, I want to suggest what Plato portrays as the philosophic implications of the artistic attitude.†

Plato is an artist, and his philosophy is the philosophy of the artist, his aim, the aim of the artist in vision and in creation. And his followers, significantly enough,

* With Plato may be placed Schelling, in his *Identitätsphilosophie,* probably Whitehead, and John Dewey, in the manipulative sense of "art." There are, of course, plenty of philosophies of the aesthetic attitude and experience, but that is quite another thing.

† This interpretation has one advantage over all others that have been advanced. They have been only what different men have found in Plato, while this one points out what is actually there. This one is true.

Curiously enough, in preparing this statement I had a dream myself the night before. I dreamed I saw a swan, eluding his pursuers and pouring forth his voice in song. I exclaimed, "O Swan, I can understand your song." Whereupon that swan flew down and perched on my shoulder. This dream was obviously sent by Apollo himself.

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have uniformly been artists, men of imagination. When they have been men of religion, like the great Christian theologians, St. John the Evangelist, St. Augustine, the long line of Augustinian Platonists, culminating in Malebranche, they have been essentially poets in religion, making the most of the artistic and imaginative materials in the Christian tradition. And appropriately, the greatest Christian Platonist is a supreme poet, Dante.

When the followers of Plato have been humanists, like the poet-philosophers of the Renaissance, they have been artists of human life. Inevitably, it seems, the great outbursts of creative artistic energy in the Western cultural tradition, like the Renaissance, and the Romantic movement, have turned for their philosophic expression to some form of Platonism. Even when they have been great scientists, like Kepler, Galileo, Descartes, Newton or Einstein, they have been great scientists because they have possessed the artist's insight and imagination. Like Bertrand Russell in his Platonic periods, they have sought in science chiefly the beauty of the harmonious order of natural law, not the sweat and dirt of the multitude of facts.

Take the two great objects of Plato's interest, the Good Life and Knowledge, which ultimately merge into one. In the dialogues they are seen through the eyes of the artist, and treated by the hand of the artist. The Good Life, both individual and social, there is treated as what the artist can discern of human possibilities, what he can create from the given human materials—an affair of imaginative vision, and of blending, reworking, remolding in the continued light of that vision. Knowledge is taken to be what the artist's imagination perceives, the possibilities resident in his materials. Conceived as a human experience, the experience of knowing is the emotional experience the artist feels in the presence of the objects discerned by his imagination.

We moderns are apt to feel that Plato must have shared our own interest in knowledge, that he must have been a scientist concerned with the causes of things, with the relations they display, with the permanent uniformities in events; that he must have been a mathematical logician interested in the logical structure at times exemplified in the world, although handicapped by the lack of the precise vocabulary we have developed. We write books like Paul Natorp's,* trying to show that Plato's "Ideas" are really "scientific laws," that he was working at our enterprise of unifying all the permanences and uniformities of experience into one perfect, all-embracing postulate system. We are convinced that if he had only heard of Whitehead and Russell's *Principia Mathematica,* he would have fallen on their necks. A. E. Taylor puts it: "We may say that what the *Republic* calls 'dialectic' is in principle simply the rigorous and unremitting task of steady scrutiny of the indefinables and indemonstrables of the sciences, and that in particular his ideal is just that reduction of mathematics to rigorous deduction from expressly formulated logical premises by exactly specified logical methods, of which the work of Peano, Frege, Whitehead and Russell has given us a magnificent example."†

Now it is true, Plato can inspire us moderns to such an enterprise—as to so much else—but nothing was actually farther from his own mind and intent. Plato is not a scientist; and the whole realm of modern science he relegates to "opinion," δόξα, even "mere opinion." There is in the dialogues no conception of uniformity or "law of nature" whatever. And Plato is not a modern logician. He is concerned not with mathematical structure in itself or in things,‡ but with ends and functions—with discovering "all that which is best in existence," unified in the vision of the Idea of the Good. Even Taylor has to admit that Plato is seeking a "teleological algebra": but it is difficult to conceive what

* *Platos Ideenlehre* (1903).

† A. E. Taylor, *Plato: The Man and His Work* (1926), p. 293.

‡ Not at least in the dramatic dialogues. There is such a concern in the *Timaeus* and the *Philebus;* the former has been an ever renewed inspiration driving men to construct a mathematical physics.

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this has to do with mathematics or with logic, or indeed what it could mean.

No, Plato's interest is the artist's interest in knowing, in what is worth knowing, from the artist's viewpoint: the possibilities of things, their uses, their opportunities—what you can do with them, what you can make out of them, if you possess the artist's imaginative and constructive power. In Plato, the realm of νοῦς, of "mind," is not the realm of science, but what since the Romantic revolution we have called the realm of the "imagination"—that realm in which we can see life perfected and clarified, made whole and complete, a perfected work of art. As an artist, Plato is convinced, we do not see things as they are, "really," until we see them thus perfected in imagination. True knowledge, ἐπιστήμη, is to see the world "imaginatively," in the light of the totality of its possibilities, of the "Idea of the Good."

We moderns are also puzzled by the way Plato is moved by the experience of knowing—it is for him something profoundly emotional, and he tries hard to convey something of its savor to the reader. We exclaim, he must have been a mystic! And we then confront the problem, how could he have been both the scientist and the mystic? Our interpretations of the two poles of knowing, as Plato presents them, thus generates an antinomy. But Plato is not a "mystic," in any specialized sense: at least there is in him nothing of religious *Schwärmerei*—although Platonists often exhibit such emotion.* Rather, Plato is an artist feeling the "creative experience," in which one is led on and on, yet ever conscious of the vision of something that lies beyond. Hence Platonic dialectic is not, as Taylor supposes, symbolic logic, nor yet the religious quest for the Divine, as Plotinus saw it. It is rather the imaginative experience of the artist, his flight of soul as his vision enlarges to embrace all truth and all beauty.

At this point a caveat is in order, lest the position be misunderstood. It is contended, Plato is the philosopher of the *artistic* attitude, not of the *aesthetic* attitude: the two are quite different. The *aesthetic* attitude emphasizes the delight attending seeing and hearing, of body and mind. It is an attitude of enjoyment, of receptive appreciation, a passive openness and receptivity, to sense impressions, like Walter Pater, or to essences, "pure forms," like Santayana. In it perception goes out to tendencies already completed and brought to a happy fruition. There are plenty of such aesthetic philosophies in our time, which bid us engage in the contemplative enjoyment of past achievements, of the finished forms and structure of the world.

When brought to knowledge, the aesthetic attitude emphasizes the fixed structure of the world, an intelligible Logos; or even, at its purest, a realm of detached "essences," irrelevant to existence and its problems. When forced to take change seriously, it finds an immutable structure of change, a single unified "dialectic" of history.

When brought to conduct, the aesthetic attitude emphasizes passive enjoyment and pure hedonism, the enjoyment of the beauties and refinements of existence, with no incentive to creative activity, to embodiment. It is content to appreciate existing goods, but has little desire to extend that enjoyment to other men, or to bring further goods to pass. When logically consistent, as in Santayana, it refuses to make any distinctions of value. To make such distinctions, to feel the pull of certain goods above others, to strive for them, is a sign of "animal arrogance and moral fanaticism."

At its best, the aesthetic attitude can achieve insight and understanding, but not love and devotion. "Love," says Santayana, "is something material, based on craving and a sense of want; it is a sense of urgency in values"; while "wisdom," what Santayana came to call the "spiritual

* It is more accurate to say that in the dramatic dialogues Plato is primarily concerned with what today is called "existential knowledge"—what Paul Tillich calls "participating knowledge." For him the object of knowing is at the same time, and in the measure it is truly known, an object of passionate commitment, of what the *Symposium* calls ἔρος, love.

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life," is "a disintoxication from the pull of values." In another language, it is release from existential commitment.

Now, Plato is clearly not the philosopher of the aesthetic attitude. Love and devotion toward what the imagination discerns is central for him; knowledge is fundamentally "existential," involving passionate commitment. To be sure, plenty of "Platonists," seizing on "Platonism" as a finished, static system, rather than a spirit and a life, have been aesthetic philosophers. This is an excellent shibboleth for distinguishing Plato himself from "Platonism." At its clearest, we can see what the aesthetic attitude makes out of Plato in Santayana, the later Santayana. The earlier Santayana was far closer to Plato, when he defined: "The Life of Reason is that part of experience that perceives and pursues ideals."

For Plato the artist, both knowledge and conduct seize on what does not already exist as a completed perfection, on what is discerned by νοῦς, by mind. For Plato, the basic distinction between what is and what ought to be, between the actual and the ideal, is not a metaphysical dualism; it is not fixed and absolute. It is a fluid distinction made in experience, made by men dealing with their world. Plato himself—in the dramatic dialogues—is not a "dualist," but, like Aristotle, a "naturalist"—although his followers have usually converted the artist's distinction made in experience into a gulf dividing the universe into two different "realms."

In Plato himself, in the dialogues, the "Ideal" is not a "realm" apart, an isolated abode of detached essences; it is the sum of possible perfectings of existent natural and human materials. The Ideal, we can say, is a "process," not another realm at all. It is a process to be found operating in the imaginative experience of men—of men loving and talking, aspiring and thinking. Knowledge is not a glimpse into some impossible heaven, but an illumination cast upon actual human life by the discernment of its possibilities. Philosophy, Plato tells us, is the pursuit of what is "eternal" and "perfect." But "eternity" is a quality of human vision, not a description of authentic Being; and "perfection" is no attribute of any existence, but experience clarified and made whole by the spirit of man—of man the artist.

This is the conviction the dialogues leave with us: this is the θεωρία of the Ideal we are inescapably made to see. The very elusiveness of the Platonic "Ideas"—the difficulty of fixing precisely their status—is an indication that they are not what they have been taken to be by a literal-minded tradition: a fixed and static structure of a separate "intelligible realm," remote from the passions of living, but rather a process of human idealizing, a living direction of natural events and tendencies to a perfected form—they are a process of human art, of τέχνη. "Ideals" are that vision that haunts the artist as he works with his materials—in Plato's case, an entire civilization—something living, growing, organic, the object of intellectual vision, of knowledge, of νοῦς, and of aspiration, of love, of ἔρος.

Take the relation of "participation," with all its problems and paradoxes. How do things "participate" in an Idea, and how does the mind of man? This is solved in the experience of artistic creation: there, in writing the *Antigone,* in building the Parthenon, the "many beautiful" do embody the one Beauty. The whole multifarious Greek life does "participate" in the plays of Euripides—and so does the soul of the poet, and thereby achieves not only deathlessness, but generation, creation in deathlessness. Schopenhauer was, it seems, right. He was wise enough to know that the realm of Ideas is the realm of art; although, because he was fleeing to the enduring art of the past as a refuge from the pains of living, fleeing to a realm of peace and certainty, Schopenhauer is primarily a philosopher of the aesthetic and not the artistic attitude, a "Platonist," and not one who has caught and exemplifies the spirit of Plato. For Plato was no refugee.

This insistence is meant seriously. It is urged that the great system of philosophy, of metaphysics, built up around Plato, with all its logical and metaphysical problems

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that have proved over the centuries insoluble, is in the last analysis irrelevant to the philosophy set forth in the dialogues, to the philosophy of Plato himself. It is urged that there *is* a perfectly definite and coherent philosophy set forth in the dialogues. It is urged that the many problems, insoluble in the long Platonic tradition, and in all the books about Plato, from Aristotle down, can be solved clearly and satisfactorily by asking the dialogues, if we approach them and read them as is here being suggested.

This philosophy is to be discovered, and the problems solved, by observing with care what is the method of Plato, and by taking that method seriously.

The method of Socrates the talker is the method of "dialectic," of discussion and talk. But the method of Plato, the poet, the dramatist, the artist, is the *dramatic* method. And this is not a mere technique of exposition, but an art of discovering and discerning Truth. Truth, Plato is convinced, is many-sided and complex. It is to be found, not by investigation—by scientific inquiry—and not by mere talk, discussion, dialectic. Truth is to be found by the dramatic balancing of human minds and personalities and opinions against each other, and by setting what men say and feel over against that about which they are talking and feeling, and by thus making us *see* both.

For Aristotle, truth is the expression in logical form of what can be *said* about a subject matter, what can be said rightly in words. But that subject matter is there all the time, underlying all discourse, and controlling it. And one can never say all that might be said about it.

In Plato, we are not only allowed to hear in endless talk much that may be said; Plato dramatically presents to us that underlying and controlling subject matter itself, and makes us *see* what the talk is about—lest we forget, like many moderns, and imagine the talk is about talk itself, about words. The Truth we are made to see is not a fixed body of "doctrine," but itself something dramatic—a never-ending process, a life. The dialogues themselves present to us the very "Idea" of Truth; they go on and on, they are ever creative. In the *Lysis*, for instance, two beautiful boys, and two ugly old men, meet and proceed to talk about friendship. Although they are friends, they cannot manage to say just what friendship is. But we are made to *see*. "Friendship" emerges, the "Idea" of Friendship, from the living dialogue.

Μὴ φιλοσοφία, says Plato, ἀλλὰ φιλοσοφεῖν, "Not Philosophy, but philosophizing." For philosophy is itself an Art.*

* It should be pointed out that Plato rarely uses the term τέχνη, "art," generically, as Aristotle so frequently does. The various "arts" usually mean for Plato the different "sciences," as Aristotle was to call them. On the other hand, Plato uses the term ἐπιστήμη, "science" or "true knowledge," generically: all "science" is ultimately *one* for him, and for the Platonic tradition.

Again, Plato *never* employs τέχνη or "art" to mean what moderns distinguish as the *beaux arts*, the "fine arts." For Greeks this distinction simply did not exist. Consequently, there is in Plato *no* "theory of Art" in the sense of a theory of the Fine Arts. What has been taken by moderns to be Plato's "theory of Art" is actually his theory of poetry, ποίησις. Incidentally, that theory of poetry is *not* to be found in the *Republic*, Book X, in the discussion of μίμησις, imitation. This discussion is not about poetry, but about what happens to poetry in the efficiently organized state, where it becomes mere "imitation"—in modern terms, where it is limited to "socialist realism."

See Paul O. Kristeller, "The Modern System of the Arts," in *Renaissance Thought II* (1965), pp. 163-227.

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The Revolving Bookstand . . . . . .

Recommended Summer Reading

Summer reading should be light and amusing, but it is difficult these days to be blithe about the antics of the human animal. Maybe Desmond Morris' *The Naked Ape* (McGraw-Hill, $5.95) should be placed in the light and amusing category. I am not sure why my biological and anthropological colleagues have been so devastating in reviewing the book. It is, certainly, "outrageous" and perhaps the reviewers are afraid readers will take it as some sort of scientific gospel; but I found it thought-provoking and more stimulating than irritating, even though (like my colleagues) I disagree with many of the ideas.

The fall and winter have seen the publication of a number of interesting books about the mess we are making of our environment: and maybe summer, when we scrape the oil off our skin after swimming or admire the junk heaps that diversify our landscape, would be a good time for reading them. I particularly like George Stewart's *Not So Rich As You Think* (Houghton Mifflin, $5), which might well have been subtitled "Concerning Crud." Stewart's light and easy style guides the reader through the horrifying morass of garbage, smog, junk and sewage—and he may hopefully emerge resolved to help do something about it. Robert Osborn's witty sketches reinforce the points. Stewart sometimes sounds as if the problems would be solved if we could get the crud to the ocean: but Wesley Marx in *The Frail Ocean* (Coward-McCann, $5.95) points out the dangers there. I recommend Marx to all who plan to spend the summer at the shore; it will be appropriate, if not cheering.

MARSTON BATES

* * *

I am afraid that my summer habits are not very easily generalizable for others. Many years ago, when I left *Fortune* magazine, Mr. Luce asked me what were the rival attractions of Columbia University over *Fortune;* and I said that there were four overriding reasons: June, July, August and September. During those four months I go with my family to our house on Martha's Vineyard where I do most of my writing for the year. I need a large block of time to write. During term, I am not sufficiently disciplined, as my friend Richard Hofstadter is, to work every morning until noon or one p.m. and then catch up with school work. For one reason, I am an inveterate night reader. Even if I come home late from a party, I cannot go to bed without reading for an hour or more. It is by now an addiction, built, physiologically, into my system. Consequently, I am a late riser who needs an hour with the New York *Times* in the morning to come awake; and these days, what shocking awakenings.

In order to write for two or three hours, I need a block of six or eight hours: I will rattle away madly at the typewriter, for I am a fast writer (or as my friends might say, a fast typist: once, on a bet, I wrote 750 words, on a randomly assigned subject, in fifteen minutes; and while rough, it was readable), but then I have to wander around for an hour or more, and since I am a compulsive reader, I have to have something at hand to look at. Since I also have that kind of damnable conscience that makes me feel (most of the time at least) that I must not waste what I read, I found a perfect solution in biographies and autobiographies. Unlike novels which can trap you in the narrative, biographies provide a nicely paced line, yet allow you to put a book down at convenient reference points, and to pick it up again in an intelligible way. So, for the summer I try

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to put in a stack of biographies to keep me satiated during the prowling periods.

Last year I was on an English "kick" and reading biographies and autobiographies of the Bloomsbury Circle. They were literate and had a nice, gossipy quality. I read Clive Bell's *Old Friends* (now out-of-print), Stansky and Abrahams' *Journey to the Frontier* (Atlantic Monthly Press, $7.50), which is about the lives of Julian Bell (the son of Vanessa and Clive Bell) and John Cornford; three volumes of Leonard Woolf, *Sowing* ($4.50), *Growing* ($5.95), and *Beginning Again* ($4.95)—I thought of saving the fourth volume (Harcourt, Brace & World published all four), *Downhill All the Way* ($5.95) for the summer, but I did not wait—C. M. Bowra's *Memories* (Harvard University Press, $7.95), about Oxford *entre les deux guerres.*

This year I have already put aside Michael Holroyd's two-volume biography of *Lytton Strachey* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $21.95) which, with its thousand pages, and its whispered scandal about John Maynard Keynes, might "do me" for two weeks. I am bringing along, again, Robert Blake's *Disraeli* (St. Martin's, $12.50) which I found somewhat boring at my first try, late in the summer. I look forward to Bertrand Russell's second volume of his *Autobiography* (Atlantic Monthly Press, $7.95); the first was "consumed" during Christmas, and I found that, too, somewhat disappointing, although the story that amazed me, and still does, is that he made love to Lady Ottoline Morrell although he had bad breath, and she had too much delicacy to tell him; now that is Victorian suffering. I am turning, however, to some contemporary Russian autobiographies that I have been assembling with anticipation, particularly the three volumes of the autobiography of Konstantin Paustovsky, one of the most honorable and courageous contemporary Russian writers: *Story of a Life* (Random House, $2.45) and *Slow Approach of Thunder* and *In That Dawn* (London: Harvill). I also have Samuel Marshak's *At Life's Beginning* (Dutton, $4), the autobiography of one of the best-known writers of children's books in Russia, who died just the other year; but I have been nibbling away at his account of provincial life, and I fear I will read it this spring. I have in reserve Enid Starkie's *Flaubert* (Atheneum, $8.50); now that volume should see me through September and those autumnal nights.

DANIEL BELL

* * *

In *Stop-Time* (Viking, $5.95), Frank Conroy has written an autobiography that has the imaginative power of the better novels. It is, in my opinion, greatly superior to *Catcher in the Rye,* richer in its re-creation of people, scenes and landscapes and far more subtle in its grasp of the inner world, the emotions and drives of a young boy and adolescent. It is written in a tense, exact, yet poetic style from a curiously detached, yet deeply involved stance. I think it is one of the most remarkable books I have come across in some time.

GERMAINE BRÉE

* * *

I confess to a weakness for some contemporary books in what long ago was called "natural history" and has now no good label, unless you find "ethology" acceptable. Marston Bates's *Gluttons and Libertines* (Random House, $5.95) deals with human beings, never forgetting the animals. I found it particularly pleasant reading, either in long or short spells. The recent books on aggression by Robert Ardrey (*Territorial Imperatives,* Atheneum, $6.95) and Konrad Lorenz (*On Aggression,* Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.75), although they lack Bates's light touch, seem to me to deal with matters important today. Another of my weaknesses is one for biography, and especially autobiography. Leonard Woolf's *Downhill All the Way* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.95) I found most readable, not only for Leonard's activities, but even more for those of Virginia. Lord Russell's *Autobiography* (Atlantic Monthly

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Press, $7.95) hardly makes him an attractive personality, but I found it most interesting. Troyat's *Tolstoy* (Doubleday, $7.95) deserves the very good press it has had; moreover, it is one of those books you can take a long time reading. James H. Meisel's *Counterrevolution: How Revolutions Die* (Atherton, $6.50) was shop for me, but I think the general reader will find it lively and sensible, wholly devoid of social-scientese. Robert Aron's *France Reborn: The History of the Liberation* (Scribner's, $8.50) I find a useful corrective to the excessive harping on the danger of French Communist seizure of power in August-September 1944 that marks that best seller—and movie—*Is Paris Burning?* Again strictly shop for me, but still I think of interest to the general reader is H. R. Trevor-Roper's *The Crisis of the Seventeenth Century* (Harper & Row, $8.95). It has, I think, to be admitted that Trevor-Roper and most of his academic colleagues among historians in Great Britain, A. J. P. Taylor, Alan Bullock, A. L. Rowse and the rest, make more interesting reading than we American academic historians usually do, perhaps in part because they are more willing to stick their necks out by generalizing. Finally, and I trust not solely because I wrote a brief foreword for it, I should like to put a word in for Basic Books's recent translation of Guglielmo Ferrero's forgotten *The Two French Revolutions* ($5.95). Ferrero has something to say to us Americans who too readily accept our own naïve economic interpretation of everything, and, above all, of revolutions.

CRANE BRINTON

* * *

Let me mention three books by fellow thinkers. I shall name them in the order of their appearance.

First, *Think Back on Us: A Contemporary Chronicle of the 1930's* (Southern Illinois University Press, $10), by Malcolm Cowley. This book is not second-guessing. It's an exact reprinting of reviews done for the *New Republic* during the thirties. Particularly in the light of the urgent doctrinaire excesses we had to pick our way through during that "problematical" decade, the items hold up impressively well. Again and again, Cowley makes just, even shrewd appraisals of books hot off the griddle. Good judgment, good placement, exceptional expertness in characterizing for the reader the salient traits of the work under discussion. And the pieces serve beautifully to help us recover the moods of those times. Since Cowley is a master craftsman, one can enjoy many of these reviews even sheerly as *forms*. It's a delight to watch how they unfold.

The Blue Swallows (University of Chicago Press, $4.50), the latest collection of poems by one of our most accomplished literary men, Howard Nemerov. In a neat combination of the formal and the conversational, the poet picks his way appreciatively among the incipient ruins of our times. To his grave misgivings he brings a mode of seasoned utterance that can even, in its rare style, be if necessary debonair. At the risk of being old-fashioned, I prefer the nonpsychedelic kind of visionary that Nemerov so humanely and contemplatively stands for. Repeatedly I get the feel of stopping, to be meditatively one with this or that nature in particular, while all the while there is the sense of all things moving on.

Another book, much to my purposes, is Matthew Josephson's *Infidel in the Temple* (Knopf, $8.95). His kind of infidelity does for me what Cowley did in another. For, all that time during the thirties, when I was just being pushed around, Josephson was sizing up the various-sized big shots of his time—thus he has his own astute records to consult. So much of my memory for the specifics of those days seems to have dissolved into a vaguely attitudinal fog, I find it engrossing to be thus prodded into otherwise lost associations of ideas. His reconstructions are as good as hypnotism, in helping me uncover my buried past. Resolved: If ever I do get around to writing my own memories of those years, I shall take the books of Cowley and Josephson as my ground plan.

From another angle let me mention a tract I belatedly got interested in: *Myth*

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and Cult Among Primitive Peoples, by Adolf E. Jensen (University of Chicago Press, $8.75). And I'm still slugging my way through *The Uses of Comparative Sociology,* by Stanislav Andreski (University of California Press, $6.50). I would haggle somewhat with both, but also I would contend that much good stuff is going on in both. (Jensen's anthropology is a bit too German-idealistic; yet for that very reason it's the right antidote for the overly fieldwork sort of thing. And Andreski is ardently anti-Parsons, as I decidedly am not. Yet it's damned good sniping.)

But hold! I almost forgot. Don't miss the civilized witty twistings and turnings of the novel, *Tom Harris,* by Stefan Themerson (Knopf, $5.95). It helps us remember that, even though the world is crazy, it isn't always all the time as crazy as mobs breaking loose. Sometimes it's crazy just in its ways of being ingeniously and imaginatively perverse. Yes.

KENNETH BURKE

* * *

In my experience the summer is as busy a period as spring, autumn or winter. One reads whenever he can find the time. A good place is an airport. The planes are sometimes delayed: one has more time to read than he thought.

The difficulty with the books that I am now reading—the two-volume edition (Dover, $25) of Thoreau's *Journals*—is their weight. Therefore I leave them at home beside my bed, and before going to sleep I read a few pages. For the airports I take along stenographic notebooks in which I jot down my own thoughts, which I put into new articles or lectures.

Thoreau's *Journals* are a pleasure, or rather many pleasures. He jumps from one idea to another as actually as do the mass media. Picking up his book, one has no way of predicting what exactly one will be reading. Thoreau's thoughts are marvelously relevant to our present social situation. He was averse to government. He saw society in a state of evolution moving toward a period in which there would be no government at all. I believe that we are now near that period owing to our technology (electronic) which passes of its own accord beyond political boundaries. When we drink water or telephone, we are anarchists, urban Thoreaus, soon, hopefully, global Thoreaus.

To realize how society is changing, read the books of Buckminster Fuller: *Inventory of World Resources, Human Trends and Needs* (with John McHale); *The Design Initiative; Comprehensive Thinking; Comprehensive Design Strategy.* These volumes—easily carried in a briefcase when one's traveling—are published by the World Resources Inventory, Box 909, Carbondale, Illinois ($5 each). Fuller's other books are available too: *Nine Chains to the Moon* ($2.45), *No More Second Hand God and Other Writings* ($4), *Education Automation* ($2)—all these are published by or obtainable through the Southern Illinois University Press; *Untitled Epic Poem on the History of Industrialization* (Jonathan Williams, $3.50); *Ideas and Integrities* (Prentice-Hall, $7.95). These books should be read in all seasons until we change the world, so that, for instance, everyone has something to eat. "As long," to quote Fuller, "as one human being is hungry, the entire human race is hungry."

JOHN CAGE

* * *

I haven't counted the number of times I have returned to Georges Bernanos' *Diary of a Country Priest* (Macmillan, $1.95), but every year there seems to be an occasion when I want to read that book again, and meet up with the author's unassuming, honorable and haunting achievement. Selfishly, I know of no book that quite so directly and exactly says what I believe is truly and singularly important; and even if the reader does not see the world as Bernanos did, he was, I believe, a powerful and convincing writer, much neglected in America for reasons that become obvious when one goes through *Diary*—or *Mouchette,* or *Joy,* or his various notebooks.

Other books that have meant a lot to

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me recently have been: Paul Tillich's *On the Boundary* (Scribner's, $1.25), an incredibly succinct autobiographical description of a most complicated and inspiring life; a book of photographs by Dorothea Lange, put out by the Museum of Modern Art ($6.95), with a really splendid accompanying essay by George P. Elliott; and the letters of Vincent Van Gogh (Atheneum, $1.95), which I stumbled on as I prepared to write a review of a "psychological study" of that artist's tortured and inspired life.

Finally, I would mention Eliot's *Four Quartets* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $3.50). Perhaps it is the "time," the fearful and confusing moment of history that is ours; but for whatever reason I find myself going back to the sad, resigned—and only then, hopeful—vision that Eliot at last found. It is, I fear, a vision that conquerors of one sort or another find uncongenial, as the storyteller Conrad, like the poet Eliot, hastened to remind us.

ROBERT COLES

* * *

With the possible exception of Christmas week, summer is the only time of year when one can read for pleasure without a guilty conscience. Whether it turns out that way or not, each year one looks forward to a period of literary self-indulgence —of reading books unrelated or at most peripheral to one's professional interests. This is the chance to dig into a long and comfortable Victorian novel somehow missed up to now (my last was *Middlemarch*), or perhaps to reread one affectionately remembered for years (as I recently did *Pickwick Papers*). It is hard to think of contemporary fiction that affords the same kind of satisfaction—that complete absorption in the characters and in their story that makes one impatient to read on yet loath to finish; but Iris Murdoch at her best comes close to it, and she is at her best in her latest, *The Nice and the Good* (Viking, $5.75).

A different kind of self-indulgence is one that paradoxically requires a lot of self-discipline: using one's vacation as a chance to refresh one's mind by stretching it in a new direction. One might work on the "new math," or study Japanese, or, as I should like to suggest here, try to find out something about the analytic and linguistic approaches to philosophy that have become so influential both here and in England. There is no more important figure to begin with than that dazzling but puzzling genius Ludwig Wittgenstein, and no clearer introduction to his difficult ideas than George Pitcher's *The Philosophy of Wittgenstein* (Prentice-Hall, $7.95). In combination with this, I recommend Norman Malcolm's *Ludwig Wittgenstein, A Memoir* (Oxford University Press, $1.25), a touching character sketch of a remarkable man.

No summer would be complete without one or two thrillers or detective stories for bedtime. Since everyone has his own favorites among the standard writers, I shall content myself here with mentioning one newcomer. Robert Bernard's *Death Takes a Sabbatical* (Norton, $3.95), while by no means perfectly constructed, is a most promising debut. It will be especially enjoyed by those who, like me, are ravished by Oxford and its surrounding countryside.

Finally, two books small enough to tuck into an odd corner of the overnight bag: Northrop Frye's *The Modern Century* (Oxford University Press, $3) and Erich Kahler's *The Disintegration of Form in the Arts* (Braziller, $2.95). They are small because they are short, not because they lack ideas. Both are derived from recently delivered series of lectures (Frye's at McMaster, Kahler's at Princeton), and both discuss certain obvious dislocations and disturbances of our present cultural scene. Their approaches, although quite different, are more complementary than opposed; between them they offer a salutary antidote to creeping McLuhanism.

EDWARD T. CONE

* * *

For summer reading I'd recommend: Norman Mailer's *Armies of the Night* (New American Library, $5.95); Robert Stone's *Hall of Mirrors* (Houghton Mifflin, $5.95); *The Pillow Book* by Sei Shonagon, recently translated by Ivan Morris (Columbia University Press, $9). Among older books: any of Barth, but most particularly

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In a brilliant blend of historical analysis and sociological research, the authors have defined the roots of British working class conservatism—the belief that men of wealth and position are best fitted to serve "the national interest." The work will be of special interest to political scientists and sociologists concerned with Britain but will have wider appeal as a study of the very nature of democratic politics.

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Nathan A. Scott, Jr., Editor

It is unmistakably apparent that the many gifted novelists on the American scene who have followed the generation of Hemingway and Faulkner—authors like Saul Bellow, Bernard Malamud, William Styron, and J. D. Salinger—are working in the full tide of a brilliant new insurgency. ADVERSITY AND GRACE represents the first attempt that has been made at any systematic assessment of their work from the standpoint of its religious significance. *Essays in Divinity series* edited by Jerald C. Brauer.

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Edited by Robert Ulich
Under the auspices of the Council for the Study of Mankind

These eleven essays consider the objectives of education and provide positive suggestions to guide interdisciplinary cooperation. ". . . a book to weigh and ponder, because it presents the thoughts of men of first-rate intellect who are grappling with the most fundamental of all educational problems—the problems of goals."—Paul Woodring, *Saturday Review. Contributors:* Gerhard Hirschfeld, Robert Ulich, John R. Seeley, George N. Shuster, Barbara Biber, John I. Goodlad, Earl S. Johnson, Horace M. Kallen, Paul F. Brandwein, Anne Roe, Van Meter Ames.

1968 304 pages Paper, $2.45

Folk Religion in Japan

Continuity and Change
Ichiro Hori
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This is the first book to appear in Western literature which portrays the manner in which Shinto, Buddhist, Confucian, and Taoist elements, as well as primitive magical beliefs and practices, have been fused into Japanese "folk religion." Hori discusses the Japanese social structure, Nembutsu, the custom of reciting Buddha Amida, the significance of sacred mountains, and the shamanistic tendencies in the "new religions." Based on the 1965 Haskell Lectures on Comparative Religions delivered by the author at The University of Chicago.

1968 LC:67-30128 272 pages, $7.00

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The Sot-Weed Factor (Grosset & Dunlap, $1.50); Simenon's *The Stain on the Snow* (Penguin, $.95); and, for fun, John Fowles's *The Magus* (Dell, $.95); Walter Miller's *Canticle for Liebowitz* (Lippincott, $4.95), the best science fiction ever; or any of the Hornblower books.

FRANK CONROY

* * *

Nobody in the world would believe the reading habits I have in my days of ulcers. In the past weeks I've read: *The Arrogance of Power,* by Senator Fulbright (Random House, $4.95); *The Architecture of Matter,* by Stephen Toulmin and June Goodfield (Harper & Row, $2.45); *Airport,* by Arthur Hailey (Doubleday, $5.95); three or four John D. MacDonald thrillers; *The Lure of the Limerick,* by William S. Baring-Gould (Potter, $5); *Jewish Law Faces Modern Problems,* by Immanuel Jakobovits (Yeshiva University Press, $2); *Pond Life* ($1), by George K. Reid, a Golden Press Nature Guide which I bought for my daughter; *The Fugs' Song Book* (Peace Eye, Box 193, New York 10009, $1.50 plus 25¢ postage), part of an effort to understand my students a bit better; see what I mean? And of course hosts of others that I can't remember or can't give reasons for. And much of the time I also spend reading journal articles or studying musical scores or listening to new records. When I look back on the assortment of reading that I occupy myself with for professional reasons or for relaxation, I'm bound to feel that it would be presumptuous of me to offer suggestions to readers of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. I have no discipline!

But since you ask: my bookstore tells me that only two of the five volumes of Stravinsky's conversations are in print: *Conversations with Igor Stravinsky* (Hillary House, $4) and *Themes and Episodes* (Knopf, $6.95). If my small exhortations could contribute even slightly to raising the demand for the others *(Memories and Commentaries, Expositions and Developments, Dialogues and a Diary),* as well as for Arnold Schoenberg's long out-of-print collection of essays on music, *Style and Idea,* then I should be glad to urge these on your readership. Need I add that so many of the most valuable books are out of print?

MARK DEVOTO

* * *

The two books that have most engaged me in the past few months are Walker Percy's novel *The Last Gentleman* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $5.95) and J. H. Baker's book *The Peregrine* (Harper & Row, $4.95). As poetry, both of these are better than almost all the recent poetry I have read. I consider Mr. Percy the most original novelist now writing in English. His power of phrase is breathtaking, and is the more so because it is quiet. There is no sentence of his that does not reflect the mysterious quality of amazement that is characteristic of the poetic view of the world. Mr. Percy's fiction makes one glad that the English language is what it is, and that certain writers use it for purposes beyond any that the rest of us could ever have imagined.

Mr. Baker's book seems to me in the nature of a miracle. Take a middle-aged man who previously has had no interest in birds: one of us. For some reason never explained he becomes fascinated by the peregrine falcon, and spends day after day, week after week, month after month in the English river valleys, marshes, and coastal areas in a quest whose meaning he does not understand but whose necessity he cannot refute. The result of this situation, in Baker's preternaturally acute prose, is a fusion of man and bird in a living drama that transcends any "nature writing" of our time. Baker's experience of the peregrine falcon is both extremely factual and mystical. What the man gains from the bird, and from entering into the bird's world with no preconceptions, and finally, we are led to believe, what the absolutely wild creature gains from the human being's presence in his intense and "pouring-away" domain makes a narrative that is unique, strange, and haunting in the way actuality is haunting when we take it seriously enough.

JAMES DICKEY

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Books from Ohio State

The Profession of Authorship in America, 1800-1870

By William Charvat

A work in progress at the untimely death of the distinguished scholar-critic that examines the working conditions of American authors as paid craftsmen and their relations with publishers and the public. Foreword by Howard Mumford Jones. $7.00

Elite Images and Foreign Policy Outcomes

A Study of Norway

By Philip M. Burgess

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Celts, Catholics, and Copperheads

Ireland Views the American Civil War

By Joseph M. Hernon, Jr.

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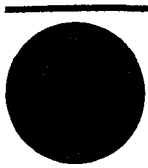

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I have enjoyed—and highly recommend *The Chinese Looking-Glass* by Dennis Bloodworth (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $6.95), to throw light on the Peking regime, an enigma to most Westerners.

I also recommend J. K. Galbraith's *The New Industrial State* (Houghton Mifflin, $6.95), to show in startling fashion how long the arms of the federal government have become and how dangerous our new industrial-military complex.

Our present urban disease is vividly portrayed in factual fashion by Paul Jacobs in *Prelude to Riot* (Random House, $5.95). I highly recommend it.

WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS

* * *

For "summer reading" a book should be intelligent and lively enough to hold the interest, but neither deeply moving nor tightly structured. For such a purpose I want no poetry, philosophy, tragedy, literary criticism, or really probing fiction; but rather, reportage, satiric or melodramatic fiction, a history or biography of a subject I am already reasonably familiar with, some good court cases, or popularized anthropology or abnormal psychology. *Oliver Twist* served me handsomely not long ago, as did Peter Gay's *The Enlightenment* (Knopf, $8.95) and V. S. Pritchett's book on Dublin (Harper & Row, $15)—all those splendid photographs, as well as Pritchett's jaunty, hit-and-run prose.

Have I lost my taste for thrillers? After Raymond Chandler died, Graham Greene seemed the unchallengeable master of thrills, but he's gone off in the last few books. Who has taken his place? Le Carré? But he went solemn as soon as *The Spy* scored. What's needed is a thriller-writer who can be relied on at airport bookracks, like, in his own realm, Louis Nizer.

I can recommend two just published smallish books (a "summer" book shouldn't be heavy in the hand). One is a novel by Thomas Rogers, *Pursuit of Happiness* (New American Library, $5.50). The tone of the writing is high comedy with a liberal dash of Waugh, and although the book leans toward "black" comedy (that is, nihilistic hijinks), it does not topple into it but retains the moral lineaments of satire. The second was made by the poet Leonard Wolf with the assistance of his wife Deborah, *Voices From the Love Generation* (Little, Brown, $6.95). The bulk of the book consists of taped interviews (conducted and edited by the Wolfs) with some of the Haight-Ashbury wildies. "Love is freedom, freedom love—that is all we know on acid and all we need to know." Really?

GEORGE P. ELLIOTT

* * *

In *A Mass for the Dead* (Atheneum, $7.95) William Gibson writes of the period in his life when his Irish parents and their generation died, one after another. The book is a deed. No writer in my memory has done this: faced death concretely and exactly in those details that most people try to forget, thereby forgetting life with death and the killing with the dying. This literary deed is fashioned after a ritual, and it demonstrates what ritual at its best encompasses and, at its worst, betrays. Such demonstration is necessary for the young who think they can leave their parents behind without sorrow and then, not having solved the generational dilemma, cannot really rebel in earnest. And it is necessary for some of us older people who may have been denied the full experience of mourning because we were spared being witnesses at our parents' deaths.

But why should I recommend a book on death as "enjoyable" summer reading? Well, I recommend it to those who *this* summer can savor only what helps them to recover from the fantastic strain of the denial of death that pervades our culture, especially at its most thoughtlessly violent.

Having made a case for reading about death in midsummer, I recommend (as an alternative maybe) Robert Lifton's *Death in Life: Survivors of Hiroshima* (Random House, $10). The doctor-author has been accused of being too scrupulously clinical and interpretive and not enraged enough and exhortative: but would you not rather be told plainly and tenderly what happened to the people over there when we

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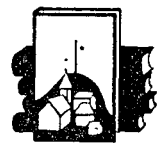
BEACON PRESS  **BOSTON 02108**

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dropped that monstrous object; and then find your own resources of horror—and determination? And again, would you not wish, just once in your life, in a moment of leisure to face as totally real the super weaponry wrought by our miraculous know-how and poised all around us to destroy our world at a moment's notice?

ERIK H. ERIKSON

* * *

I'm on holiday in the West Indies, sans typewriter, but here are a few suggestions: *Tolstoy* by Henri Troyat (Doubleday, $7.95); John Barth's *The End of the Road* (Avon, $.50) and *The Floating Opera* (Avon, $.75); Evelyn Waugh's *A Little Learning* (Little, Brown, $5); Frank Conroy's *Stop-Time* (Viking, $5.95); William Styron's *Confessions of Nat Turner* (Random House, $6.95); Kitty Muggeridge's *Beatrice Webb* (Knopf, $6.95); *The Political Economy of Slavery* by Eugene Genovese (Pantheon, $5.95); *North Toward Home* by Willie Morris (Houghton Mifflin, $5.95); *A Far Field* by Theodore Roethke (Doubleday, $3.50); and Sylvia Plath's *Ariel* (Harper & Row, $4.95)—old, I know, but extraordinary.

PENELOPE GILLIATT

* * *

Manchild in the Promised Land (New American Library, $.95) by Claude Brown, read in conjunction with William Styron's *The Confessions of Nat Turner* (Random House, $6.95), gives a sequential picture of recurrent aspects of Negro life in this country. Yet, since neither on the plantation nor in the city ghetto has the Negro ever been really apart from the society in which he did not take a full part, these repeated patterns are the stuff of our race relations, present and past.

The gap of more than a century separates the lives of the two main characters, one a slave by sanction of law, the other a slave by sanction of practice. The rural, slave-holding system of the prebellum South stands in counterpoint to the urban, slave-held actuality of the North of today.

Despite the differences of time and setting, certain character strains are common in both situations. The trapped desperation that forces a man to dare everything—because the everything he has is nothing—the eruption of feeling into violent, doomed action—these reactions are shared across the years. Most of all, the human vitality that bucks the constricting system yet one more time is the ingredient that makes a man in any century.

These books are not scholarly, philosophical works in the usual academic sense. But they are basic texts for the study of the human condition.

Neither do these volumes provide light or comfortable summer reading. But perhaps this summer is a time to be troubled.

JACQUELINE GRENNAN

* * *

Good reading is good reading regardless of seasons. I would almost say that any reading at any time is good reading. It surely is a lot better than none.

What do I recommend? I doubt I should speak. It is the penalty or reward of the years—or perhaps the demands of a novel now undertaken—that I have not kept up with what is popular and maybe important. Present-day works, not to mention much older ones, I know too little about. What books I buy I buy carefully, and what volumes are sent to me for possible plugs in large part disappoint me. Yet I read what's set before me and never emerge a complete loser.

I am trying to go back in the person of my father, who came to Montana with a Puritan upbringing and a degree from Indiana University and confronted a society that seemed to him often evil.

What did he read? What did he find meaningful?

Although my time is removed half a century from his, I am finding or re-finding rewards. In Izaak Walton. In Thoreau. In William (not Henry) James. In Victor Hugo and Lowell. In John Burroughs and John Muir, although here I get ahead of myself. In Emerson and even in Hawthorne. And even in Longfellow and even in Dickens' *Great Expectations.*

If I must speak as a regionalist, then

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The Shakespeare Sonnet Order: Poems and Groups

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The disarranged text of Shakespeare's Sonnets obscures some of his best poems. Professor Stirling, in attempting to clarify the obscurities, begins with obviously authentic parts of the 1609 edition and derives from them a revealing standard of linkage between sonnets. When applied, this standard not only indicates serious disarrangement in the 1609 Quarto, but leads to a restored text of unusual coherence. **$7.50**

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Carl O. Sauer

Was the early Northern Atlantic really a *mare tenebrosum,* a fearsome sea? On the contrary, according to this study, it was a familiar ocean well known to European voyagers before Columbus. Sauer evaluates an extraordinary network of evidence and boldly suggests that the mysterious Belle Isle settlement on the mainland of North America was Irish rather than Norse, antedated Norse Vinland expeditions, and left traces of Christian rites in Algonquian Indian religious ceremonies. **$5.75**

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Soundings in Modern South Asian History

Edited by **D. A. Low**

In recent years, the study of South Asian history has extended beyond the range of older accounts of British administration and the growth of Indian nationalism. The essays that comprise the present volume move out in new directions and make fresh departures in historical writing. A major purpose of this book is to demonstrate that alongside the regional variations there are problems of all-India significance that can be studied concurrently. **$8.75**

Russia and the Outbreak of the Seven Years' War

Herbert Kaplan

Using a great range of archival sources, the author investigates the Russian influence in shaping the incipient stages of this major European conflict. In a remarkably lucid manner, he unravels the political maneuvering of the major powers which led to the Diplomatic Revolution of 1756. **$5.75**

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I recommend two novels about the West. One is Jack Kisling's *The Crow Flies Crooked* (McKay, $4.95), which is wonderfully funny in its beginning and keeps you reading although it winds up pretty much as standard western. The second is *North to Yesterday* by Robert Flynn (Knopf $5.95), as hilarious yet poignant a story as you are likely to find. If all else fails, read Joseph Wood Krutch. My favorite is *The Desert Year* (Viking, $1.65).

A. B. GUTHRIE, JR.

* * *

It seems that all the good books I have been reading lately deal with threats to man's integrity. Jerzy Kosinski's *The Painted Bird* (Pocket Books, $.95) and Jean-François Steiner's *Treblinka* (Simon and Schuster, $5.95), which is about an escape from a concentration camp, are concerned with external threats to that integrity. The meaning of Kosinski's title—*The Painted Bird*—summarizes the horror of these external threats. A certain bird collector enjoys occasionally painting a bird garish colors, then releasing the bird so that it will rejoin its fellows. But when the painted bird tries to come close to his fellows they at first avoid him, then attack him, and eventually he falls to the ground a bleeding mass of feathers and flesh. The Nazis painted the Jews not in garish colors but painted them nonetheless, then put them back in the German population (after all they were Germans), and that population pecked six million of them to death. Of course, the meaning of the title, with the poor orphaned boy being the painted bird, accused sometimes of being a gypsy, sometimes of being a Jew, effectively unifies the work, so that one gets aesthetic satisfaction from the whole. But *Treblinka* is enjoyable in much the same way that the movie *The Great Escape* was enjoyable: the Jews are doing something. They are not simply lying there passive. One participates in their activities, their humiliation, and their moments of dignity. The little boy in *The Painted Bird* never achieves real integrity, although he tries toward the end. This book is pleasing for other reasons than moral ones, while *Treblinka* is pleasing for mainly moral reasons.

Henri Troyat's book *Tolstoy* (Doubleday, $7.95) is about a much more intimate struggle for integrity, the struggle of a man with his own body, and with a force as intimate as his own body, his wife. The book heartrendingly shows the struggle of Tolstoy to be the kind of man that he wants to be. It shows him to be one of the most glorious men in modern history, glorious in the sense of bursting with energy, resplendent with not only high ideals but high actions. But at the center of all that glory lies his terror, his despair at being two men trying to become one. He never succeeds, but he is so powerful that the struggle is admirable.

William Styron's *Confessions of Nat Turner* (Random House, $6.95) shows that any threat to integrity is as much an internal threat as it is an external one. The whites succeeded in making the Negro a zero only when the Negro had lost his own power to react and to act. Nat never lost that power, but his rebellion was so ambiguous in its results, both good and bad from his own point of view, that he like Tolstoy never found integrity. As a matter of fact nobody finds integrity in all four of these books. What they show is the horror and the beauty of man's struggles to be what the Jews call a *mensch*.

PHILIP P. HALLIE

* * *

This is not likely to be a summer appropriate for relaxed hammock reading. Grave problems will confront the nation through the rest of the year and will demand the citizens rethink many basic attitudes. The three sizable volumes of Gunnar Myrdal's *Asian Drama* (Pantheon, $8.50) contain a somber analysis of a region of the world that will remain large in American consciousness whatever the outcome of the immediate struggle in Vietnam. Professor Myrdal is an economist who has discovered the social dimensions of the problems of the region, and he goes beyond the familiar talk about economic development to a deep consideration of the human forces involved in the

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struggle to save Asia. The most sensible recent book on American foreign policy is George W. Ball's *The Discipline of Power* (Atlantic Monthly Press, $7.50). The longtime Undersecretary of State gives a sober reappraisal of the actual choices that confront the country, free of the usual clichés and realistic in its assessment of the responsibilities as well as of the dangers that confront the nation. For a fair and balanced account of the political system of the United States in the 1960's, I would turn to *The New American Commonwealth* (Harper & Row, $7.95) by Louis Heren, Washington correspondent of the London *Times*. For humor, read Peter De Vries' *Vale of Laughter* (Little, Brown, $5.95), a funny book, but deeply disquieting also.

OSCAR HANDLIN

* * *

My summer schedule leaves me very little time for leisurely summer reading. Most of the reading I do is directly related to work in progress and hardly belongs on a recommended summer list. In recent summers, when I have had time, I have diverted myself with Anthony Trollope, Muriel Spark, Anthony Powell and Ivy Compton-Burnett. I tend to read, if I can, several books by a single author during the course of a summer.

RICHARD HOFSTADTER

* * *

My summer reading usually consists of revisiting authors I haven't read in years and, during other months, haven't time for. Last summer it was Hardy, the previous summer it was Proust. This summer I want to read Wordsworth and Arnold, principally as a result of reading Geoffrey Hartman and Lionel Trilling on them. New books I would highly recommend include *The Flagellants* by Carlene Hatcher Polite (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $4.95), a novel by a young Negro woman who uses fiction to illuminate, not to recapitulate; *Stop-Time* by Frank Conroy (Viking, $5.95), a first book by a young novelist (I assume) that is, in fact, autobiography; *The Myth of the Machine* by Lewis Mumford (Harcourt, Brace & World, $8.95), which by the very rigor of its long view gives us some grounds for hope; and a novel that is not new but is being newly discovered—*The Awakening* by Kate Chopin (Putnam, $1.45). Mrs. Chopin's novel was first published in 1899, when it was excoriated and suppressed. Edmund Wilson has compared it to D. H. Lawrence. Others have compared it to *Madame Bovary,* which it resembles in theme. It deserves a place on the list of best American novels and, I think, is beginning to win it.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

* * *

Most of my own reading in recent months, apart from newspapers and magazines, has been confined to the relatively brief period of early American history in which I have been working, but I have read two engrossing books that provide a background for the gravest domestic problem of our time. These are William Styron's *The Confessions of Nat Turner* (Random House, $6.95), relating to a bloody slave revolt that failed, and *The Problem of Slavery in Western Culture* by David Brion Davis (Cornell University Press, $10). The former must be recognized as a work of fiction, but even if certain of its imagined details may be questioned or designated as atypical, the novelist has created an impression the historian cannot deny—namely, that this situation offered very little hope to either the slave or the slaveowner who would escape from it. The same impression is created by Mr. Davis' learned work of history, which I read last summer at a much slower pace. It sets forth men's thoughts about slavery through the centuries and is in effect a comparative study of an intrinsically inhumane institution. It can hardly add joy to a vacation, but anyone emerging from the reading of it should be a wiser, if a sadder, man.

During recent weeks I have gained much enjoyment, as well as professional benefit, from a sourcebook that I had previously done little more than scan: *Letters of the Lewis and Clark Expedition,* superbly edited by Donald Jackson (University of

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Illinois Press, $10). Supplementing this with Bernard DeVoto's one-volume edition of the *Journals* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.85), published a decade earlier, a reader will be enabled to share the adventures and observations of brave and intelligent men in an age of expansion when hopes were high.

Among other books I've recently read and greatly liked are James T. Flexner's *George Washington in the American Revolution* (Little, Brown, $7.95) and Stephen Birmingham's *"Our Crowd"* (Harper & Row, $8.95). As a dessert dish I suggest *The Family Letters of Thomas Jefferson,* edited by E. M. Betts and James A. Bear, Jr. (University of Missouri Press, $10).

DUMAS MALONE

* * *

Two works published this spring relate to similar themes but deal with different kinds of literature. Both are well-researched enough to weight down a scholar's shelves but are well-written enough to lighten the burden of the hammock reader. They are David W. Noble's *The Eternal Adam and the New World Garden* (Braziller, $5.95) and Ernest Lee Tuveson's *The Redeemer Nation: The Idea of America's Millenial Role* (University of Chicago Press, $6.75). Noble's is a familiar theme—he himself discussed "innocence" in *Historians Against History* (University of Minnesota Press, $1.95) and R. W. B. Lewis and Henry Nash Smith make much of it. But now he is documenting his case by reviewing "the central myth in the American novel since 1830." Tuveson also works familiar ground, but whereas many people simply assert that America was redemption-minded, Tuveson with elegance and force makes a concrete case for the presence of the missionary idea throughout the years of American life.

Two books too heavy for hammocks (651 and 807 pages!) but good for summer reading despite their sometimes somber themes are Winthrop Jordan's *White Over Black: American Attitudes Toward the Negro, 1550-1812* (University of North Carolina Press, $12.50) and George B. Tindall's *The Emergence of the New South, 1913-1945* (Louisiana State University Press, $12.50). Both deal fairly with the religious elements in black and southern history.

The final recommendation is authentic summer reading: Frederick Law Olmsted's *Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England* (University of Michigan Press, $7.50) has been reprinted after more than a century. If the themes of Jordan and Tindall are oppressive, Olmsted takes us on ambling and often delightfully irrelevant paths.

MARTIN E. MARTY

* * *

The books that have interested me the most lately are not all recent ones, although Henri Troyat's *Tolstoy* (Doubleday, $7.95), Jean Arp's *Jours effeuillés* (Paris: Gallimard) and Barbara Rose's two volumes, *American Art Since 1900* (Praeger, $3.95) and *Readings in American Art Since 1900* (Praeger, $3.50), are.

I especially like lives of creative people in depth, those that allow the artist to speak for himself, and *Tolstoy* is such a book, with the added dimension of the various Tolstoy private journals contrasting with his professional life's events, so that one sees clearly the tangled contradictions and parallels between his inner and outer life. And I know of no book that depicts so vividly, at its end, the experience of the aging artist—it reminds one of *King Lear.* Arp was one of the great sculptors and collagists of our century; his complete collected writings show that he was also one of the great poets, in both French and German, and is now so accepted on the Continent. (I hope to edit this book in English translation.) Barbara Rose's first volume, although I would argue with certain emphases, omissions and details, is by far the best account of American art since 1900, and the second volume containing writings by artists (and a few critics) of the period, superlative.

Marcel Jean's *The History of Surrealist Painting* (Grove, $20) is complete, if inflated, and marvelously illustrated. But the masterpiece of clarity about surrealism, which is probably the most complex art and literary movement of our century,

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is Professor Ferdinand Alquié's *The Philosophy of Surrealism* (University of Michigan Press, $5.95), with its quite proper emphasis on the attitudes and work of André Breton, to me a more significant figure ultimately than either Valéry or Sartre. Alquié led me back to Plato's dialogues, in the plain and vivid contemporary translation by W. H. D. Rouse (New American Library, $12.50).

Finally, the most persuasive book I have read on the role of love in sex is now a paperback, Alexander Lowen's *Love and Orgasm* (New American Library, $.95). I wish it had been published thirty years ago, instead of three. I will give it to my daughters when the time arrives.

ROBERT MOTHERWELL

* * *

Because my reading has been highly specialized of late, concentrated on modern technology, the one book I think of to recommend is Jacques Ellul's *The Technological Society* (Random House, $2.45)—and this makes pretty grim reading for the summer.

Ellul's thesis that we are doomed to lose our humanity seems to me grossly overstated and oversimplified. Nevertheless I found his book very stimulating, even apart from his many acute observations, as the most comprehensive, thorough study I know of how our technology has come to dominate our whole society. To those of us who still hope to make the best of our technology it is especially helpful as the most complete statement of the worst, all we are up against.

HERBERT J. MULLER

* * *

If I call *Tolstoy* by Henri Troyat (Doubleday, $7.95) the Mont Blanc of centuries of biography, the accent is not on the Blanc certainly. Although the pure whiteness of the elderly Count's ascetic and ethereal ideal is given ample space in this judicious book, it is more than offset by the variegated hues of other, contrasting mental passions as well as by the more lurid colors of less manageable humoral agitations—lustful, choleric, melancholic—that repeatedly defeated his resolution to practice what he preached. No. The reference is not to Blanc, but to the scale and splendor of Europe's sovereign mountain, and so—by way of the comparable magnitude of Tolstoy's consummate genius—to point to the massive eminence of this finely wrought and fully documented history of the explosions of this great volcanic creature's life. In addition, Mont Blanc is meant to indicate that the traverse of this monumental massif of art does not call for a rare degree of intellectual agility or connoisseurship. There is no sheer precipice to be scaled, no danger of falling into a crevasse and getting lost in an abyss of speculations regarding Tolstoy's unconscious motives. What is required of a reader, however, is unflagging fortitude and enduringness of attention as he proceeds through this intensely dramatic and absorbing book, step-by-step without a leap. For the way is long and no stretch of it can be skipped at no cost to one's understanding of the whole. In short, this biography was not made for the delight of the Now generation or for those whose summer minds would rather dance for exercise than mountaineer. Finally, the reference to Mont Blanc might serve to justify my focusing attention on the one work that has impressed me most this year (1968), instead of glancing hither and thither among the foothills.

HENRY A. MURRAY

* * *

Right now I am rereading Proust, and getting pleasure and assistance from books by friends and colleagues, for example, *The Proustian Vision* by Milton Hindus (Southern Illinois University Press, $2.45), *A Reading of Proust* by Wallace Fowlie (Peter Smith, $3.50), and Howard Moss's lovely study, *The Magic Lantern of Marcel Proust* (Grosset & Dunlap, $1.95), as well as from George D. Painter's two-volume biography, *Proust, The Early Years* and *Proust, The Later Years* (Atlantic Monthly Press, $7.50 each).

I've come across two volumes of verse that I am liking a great deal, *Body Rags* by Galway Kinnell (Houghton Mifflin, $1.95) and Anthony Hecht's *The Hard Hours* (Atheneum, $2.45).

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And I am reading, with persistive constancy attended by considerable head-scratching, Claude Lévi-Strauss's *The Savage Mind* (University of Chicago Press, $5.45)—the title might take the accent on either adjective or noun—but anyone who wants to use this book for summer reading should be sure to get a heavy-duty hammock.

Which reminds me that last summer I read and reread Lewis Mumford's *The Myth of the Machine* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $8.95). A marvelous work.

HOWARD NEMEROV

* * *

I've been spending the winter reading those books usually reserved for summer: novels that by their mammoth size and/or meandering pace seem so unsuited to our urgent times, and to the passion we have for efficiency—even in our pleasure-taking. I especially recommend three: Flann O'Brien's *At-Swim-Two-Birds* (Viking, $1.85), George Eliot's *Daniel Deronda* (Penguin, $1.95), and Charles Dickens' *Martin Chuzzlewit* (Dell, $.95).

In *At-Swim* an Irish boy writes a book in which a novelist invents characters and then forces them, as their price for being born, to live in a hotel with him. What gives the book its special quality is its sense of play, which is magical. Despite the elaborate (and insane) games that probe the relations between illusion and reality, life and art (compare Borges, Nabokov), the book is never heavy or schematic. It retains always a miraculous lightness of touch. (Much of it should appeal, I'd expect, as much to children as to adults.)

Eliot's *Deronda,* her last novel, may seem relevant now for its "zionist" theme —but the pleasure it gives derives less from this than from, inevitably, Eliot's remarkable sensibility, her exquisite delineation of character. The tragedy of the central figure, Gwendolen Harleth, is as unusual and profound as it is terrifying. The book often seems slow, and intensely melodramatic—but it is driven by a fierce passion; immensely rewarding if you don't skim.

In *Chuzzlewit* Dickens transports two of his Englishmen to America, and his version of an earlier Yoknapatawpha County is superb. Violence, arrogance, mendacity, greed—these are the preeminent qualities in Dickens' America; still, one senses underneath a curious affection for our barbarous land: his view, then, has both edge and nuance. Like both *Deronda* and *At-Swim, Chuzzlewit* has—in abundance—what is too often missing from more recent novels: the author's extreme love for his own characters.

JAY NEUGEBOREN

* * *

I suggest the *Autobiography of Malcolm X* (Dell, $.95).

KENNETH NOLAND

* * *

Beginning with *The Moving Target* (Atheneum, $4.50), W. S. Merwin's poetry has been a vital new voice in our literature. His latest book, *The Lice* (Atheneum, $1.95), continues to reward and surprise. Merwin's poetry has a quality of voice rarely encountered in American verse and never before pushed to such an extreme. It is, indeed, a voice of extremities, tough, tense and pointed, spoken as if from the pain of the very necessity of speech. Like a lonely secular prophet, the voice seems to arrive from some far-off and frightening distance. And Merwin's imagery, unlike so much current writing, is never a convenient method of emotional illustration, but a means of perception, a way of seeing and feeling through words. One wishes to commit these poems to memory, to carry them about like powerful amulets.

Anthony Hecht's volume, *The Hard Hours* (Atheneum, $2.45), is no less remarkable. These are in no way easy poems to read, and were obviously difficult for their author to write. The best—"Three Prompters from the Wings," "Rites and Ceremonies"—have the quality of religious ritual, both invocation and exorcism. Like Merwin's work, they deal with "last things," deaths and ways of speech with and for the dead, journeys backward toward the possible root of common suffering and the inexplicable silence of God. They take upon themselves, not only the weight of personal death, but the griefs of genera-

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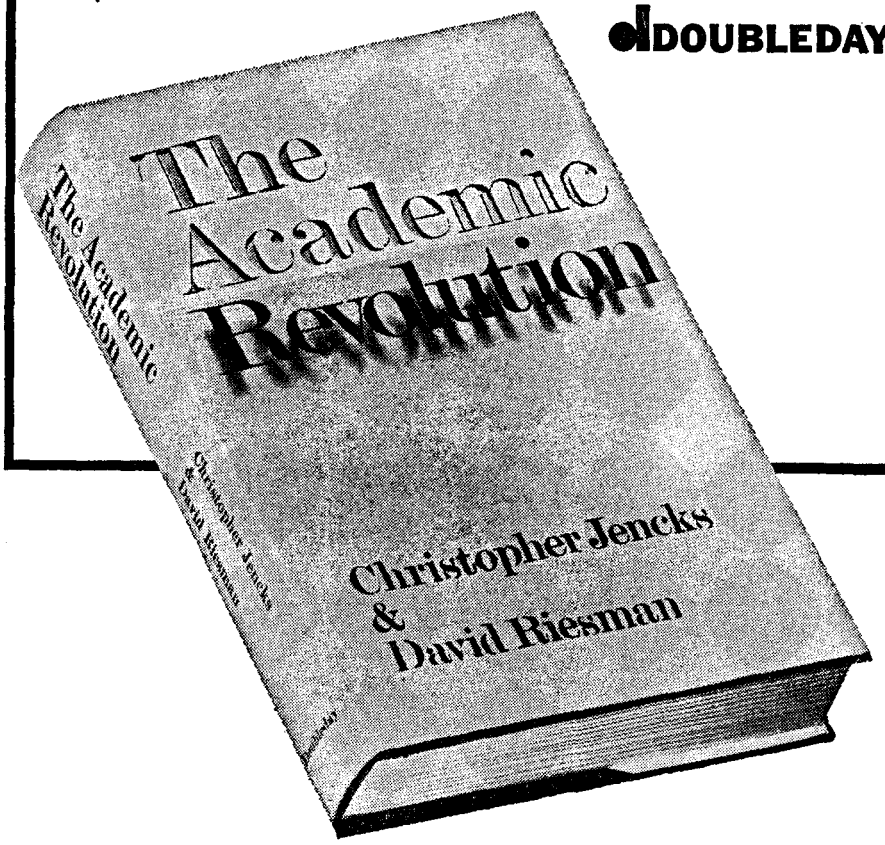

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tions, finally bearing to us, as Hecht writes in one poem, "heavy articles of blood/And symbols of endurance . . ."

Norman Mailer's *Armies of the Night* (New American Library, $5.95) was advertised as his "Best Work" when printed in *Harper's* magazine as "The Steps of the Pentagon." Mailer's writing has always been uneven, his worst jammed up against his best, making one suspect, not a lack of talent, but a lapse of critical sensibility. *Armies of the Night* is Mailer's best; but more than that, it is finally a completely sustained artistic effort. Here Mailer's preoccupation with his own public image is used to stunning effect. Much of contemporary reporting utilizes the persona of the reporter himself, thus opening a double perspective—the incidents and action described, and the consciousness of the man perceiving them. Such a device places a great responsibility upon the reporter—to avoid self-indulgence, to be unsparing of friends and of himself, especially when he has figured both as witness and as actor. Mailer brilliantly avoids these pitfalls by consistently exposing them. What emerges is an immediate vision of a country at a point of turmoil and potential chaos, and a portrait of Mailer himself attempting to cope with his private feelings and his sense of public responsibility. *Armies of the Night* must be read. As an autobiographical fragment it carries extraordinary power. As a document of our times it is of great and perhaps enduring importance.

LAWRENCE RAAB

* * *

To American scholars I can recommend three books I have recently found fascinating. First is *Testaments of Time,* by the Swiss-American scholar Leo Deuel (Knopf, $8.95). This tells for the first time the detective story of the deciphering of the written records of past civilizations, as many, from Ceram on, have told of the adventures of the digging archeologists. It deals with the Near Eastern cultures, but includes Mexico, and the start of such manuscript research in the Renaissance. These tales of the retrieving of ancient texts will entrance all library scholars, and all who like myself have tasted something of that excitement but have preferred to leave the hard work to the born literary detectives.

The second is Jean Piaget's *Six Psychological Studies* (Random House, $4.95). This contains the seminal ideas of the eminent philosopher-psychologist on "genetic epistemology." While other French philosophers were celebrating the "absolute freedom" of existentialism, Piaget was studying children to find how behavior, thought, perception and emotion actually develop in human growth. This is how Locke's "natural history of the understanding" might have been written more profitably. Piaget's views are the unique combination of factual discovery about children with the imaginative insights of the true philosopher.

The third book is *Chernyshevskii* (Twayne, $4.50), a study of the life and work of the author of the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* of the pre-1917 Russian revolutionary intelligentsia, who after writing *What Is To Be Done?* paid for it with Siberian exile. It offers a rich picture of the intellectual life in the old Russia of the nineteenth century, and for Western readers it brings alive the famous novel as a well-written and genuinely literary production, not a mere document to be piously noted. Here for the first time appear women with a genuine social function and career—every feminist owes an everlasting debt to Chernyshevskii. I must confess, for me one of the major attractions of the volume is that it was written by my younger son, Francis B. Randall. I enjoyed it almost as much as I have enjoyed the illuminating study by my older son, John H. Randall, III, *The Landscape and the Looking Glass: Willa Cather's Search for Value.*

JOHN HERMAN RANDALL, JR.

* * *

I must confess that I've no clear idea of what is meant by "summer reading." I suppose it to mean light, rather than enlightening, reading—books you don't have to think through, and that, when the reading is done, you don't remember except that you enjoyed them in the same way

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you enjoy dreams that you also don't remember. George Plimpton's *Paper Lion* (Pocket Books, $.95), which my younger son left at home Christmas, was such a book. I thought perhaps it had something to do with England, as "paper tiger" has to do with America, but it didn't. It's the only book I've read these past eight months that left nothing but a residue of enjoyment.

Others left questions, ponderings; have necessitated intellectual and emotional accommodation; have generated new judgments of old knowledge. But I take it that books of this kind are not for summer reading, and Robert Coles's *Children of Crisis* (Atlantic Monthly Press, $8.50) is among them. A study of the psychological damage caused by segregation, Coles's book provides further evidence of what should long since have been apparent—that white children are as severely hurt by racism as black children, and are years slower in overcoming (if they ever do) its effects.

For quite different reasons, Norman Podhoretz's *Making It* (Random House, $6.95) was equally disturbing. One had always come up feeling that the victims of anti-Semitism were never really victims and were certainly never vanquished. But this was because one mistook what they appeared to eye and ear to be—confident, self-possessed, and as logical as Frenchmen —as outward signs of inward grace. Podhoretz's autobiography ruined that illusion, in the same way that William Styron's novel, *The Confessions of Nat Turner* (Random House, $6.95), ruins—utterly destroys—many long-cherished and defensively held white myths about American slavery and slaves.

But frankly, there has been little time for fiction these past eight months, and besides *The Confessions,* which I found very perceptive and true, the only other novel I read with a sense of gaining new insights was John Ehle's *The Road* (Harper & Row, $5.95). Ehle is one of the most shamefully underrated writers now living. I recommend him. *The Road* will not spoil by being read in the summer, and like *Children of Crisis, Making It* and *The Confessions of Nat Turner,* can be read any time.

SAUNDERS REDDING

* * *

I sat down to write a short note about a few books I've read recently and liked, and realized with mild shock that the last book I finished—Charles Simmons' fine tiny hippy zippy trippy novel *Powdered Eggs* (Fawcett, $.60)—was four months ago. A decade ago, when I was an earnest young intellectual of eighteen, I read a couple of hundred books a year. But now that I'm living and working, even if on the boundary of a traditionally intellectual community, books seems to be passing out of my life, as they seem also to be passing away from the life of my generation. It's no accident that *Bonnie and Clyde*—which draws the stunned response, "That's *ours!*" that we accorded *Hard Day's Night,* and before that *Catch-22* and *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest,* and nothing else till you reach clear back to *Catcher in the Rye*—is a flick, and that no book has really triggered our excited allegiance for quite a while, and that we're not turning up Significant Young Novelists. Our hearts center in other media: think of Dylan and the rock groups, who have borne poetry anew for us. Not that we're numb to words on a page, we just use them with a different modality. We embrace the Xerox—I am flooded with papers—our exciting thought is spilling from people moving too fast to put it in permanent form—the remarkable trace of our upseething energies is seen in a glorious froth of ephemera—we have replaced the bookshelf with the wastebasket. And boy, do I feel confused about being deep into writing a book, yeah, for Doubleday, dealing in part with all this: our politics, our education and our changes: a book intended for my peers, to boot. The last place I was into books was when I was forcibly removed from this life and its changes, when they clapped me into jail for my part in part of it, the F.S.M. (I find it amusing that the skills necessary to being a successful prisoner reminded me most closely of those involved in being a successful college student.) I started my

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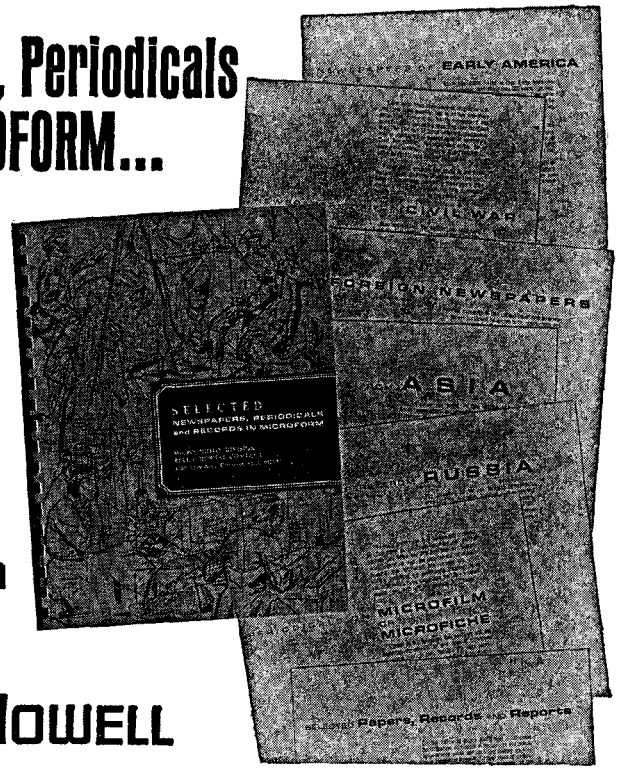

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BELL & HOWELL

own book in jail, and also used those skills to get a few books past the bureaucracy; these books comprised that summer's reading. An odd assortment: Keniston's *The Uncommitted* (Dell, $2.45), Joyce's *Ulysses* (Random House, $2.95), Friedenberg's *Coming of Age in America* (Random House, $1.95), and Legge's grand old translation of the *Tao Te Ching* and the writings of Chuang Tzŭ (*Texts of Taoism,* Dover, $5 a set). And a lot of *Reader's Digests,* cowboy stories, and so on. I'm not sure I should recommend that stew to others for a summer's reading, but I sure did enjoy it: partly because it evoked an old nostalgia for the days when books meant differently to me than they do now.

MICHAEL ROSSMAN

* * *

More than six feet of shelving in my study are filled with books written by my friends—too many of them no longer with us. It is an unending pleasure to pick up their books and find, as is true of good writing, that almost any page holds interest, the more so as I recall the speaking voices of those who wrote them. Unlike Oliver Goldsmith, many of these friends spoke even more entertainingly—less inhibited by the conventions of publishing—than they wrote.

Among the books that I have enjoyed recently, not all are new. One, published in 1925, and brought to my attention by Mr. Dean Frasché, is *Grass* by Merian C. Cooper. It is an absorbing account of a long trek across the snow-clad mountains that stretch from the Black Sea to the Persian Gulf with the Baba Ahmedi tribe of the Baktyari in their search for summer pastures. Comparing it with the accounts of the Roman ambassadors to Attila, one finds amazingly little change in the pattern of nomadic culture during the course of centuries.

Ellen Bromfield Geld, now farming in Brazil with her husband, writes with candor, charm and competence of her lively family in France and at Malabar Farm in Ohio. If any of the hundreds who have enjoyed the lavish hospitality of Louis

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Bromfield or the thousands who have been entertained by his gift as a storyteller, not to forget his dedicated later writings on the land and its care, have not read his daughter's *The Heritage,* it is high time that they do so.

Classic in the field of conservation and largely overlooked for years is *Man and Nature* by George Perkins Marsh, first published in 1864, five years after Darwin's *Origin of Species.* This has now been superbly edited by David Lowenthal and published by the Harvard University Press ($7.95). Marsh, traveler, linguist, businessman, diplomat and keen observer, was among the first to view the decay of empire in terms of man's violence to the landscape.

Turning to a book just off the press as an example of good reading and a significant message, backed by meticulous study, I recommend *The Johnstown Flood* (Simon and Schuster, $6.95) by David C. McCullough. This account of one of the greater disasters of the past century is an absorbing record of ineptness and its consequences.

PAUL B. SEARS

* * *

In recommending summer reading I refer to fairly recent but not wholly new books, and I assume that hammock reading will be supplied by library loans of mysteries, science fiction, and other novels and need not be suggested here.

Unfortunately, some very bad but widely acclaimed books on human behavior and evolution have been published in recent years by, among others, Robert Ardrey, Desmond Morris, and even an otherwise sound scientist, Konrad Lorenz. For Lorenz, forget his new book and reread his ever-delightful *King Solomon's Ring* (Crowell, $1.95). For the others, ignore them and read instead such less popular but more interesting and more worthwhile books as *The Year of the Gorilla* by G. B. Schaller (Ballantine, $.75), *Primate Behavior* by a galaxy of star field workers, edited by Irven DeVore (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $11.95), and especially Bernard Campbell's *Human Evolution* (Aldine, $8.95), a particularly good antidote to Morris.

Speaking of evolution, Lady Nora Barlow, a granddaughter of Darwin, has come up with another fine bit of Darwiniana: *Darwin and Henslow* (University of California Press, $6.50). Those not fully up on Darwin should go back to Lady Barlow's unexpurgated edition of his autobiography (London: Collins), and to the first edition of *On the Origin of Species,* now available in facsimile from Harvard University Press ($5.95) with an introduction by Ernst Mayr. Theodosius Dobzhansky's *The Biology of Ultimate Concern* (New American Library, $5) is a fascinating account of the philosophy and religion of a great present-day evolutionist.

Just now a book by James Watson is stirring up a mild scandal because it was not published by Harvard. I recommend reading his older and solider *Molecular Biology of the Gene* (Benjamin, $6.95) instead.

Marsh's Dinosaurs by John H. Ostrom and John S. McIntosh (Yale University Press, $15) is an extraordinary picture book with a brief, good text, and unlike most books on dinosaurs it is definitely not for children. Likewise decidedly adult and still, I think, the most interesting recent general work in the field of geology is *The Fabric of Geology* (Freeman, Cooper, $4.60) edited by C. C. Albritton, Jr. Modesty forbids more than a bare mention that a fully revised version of my *Meaning of Evolution* is now extant (Yale University Press, $2.45).

Something outside of professional interests should be included, and here I am happy to have discovered that Nathaniel B. Emerson's great work on hula songs, entitled *Unwritten Literature of Hawaii,* originally published in 1909 and long out-of-print, has been reissued by Charles E. Tuttle ($5.95). If your Hawaiian is a bit rusty (Emerson does give translations as well as texts), you will be glad to know that both volumes of the University of Hawaii Press's Hawaiian-English ($15) and English-Hawaiian ($8.50) dictionaries by Mary Kawena Pukui and Samuel H. Elbert

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are again in print. The first volume includes a grammar and is good for reading as well as reference. Those with broader interests in linguistics will also enjoy Eric H. Lenneberg's *Biological Foundations of Language* (John Wiley & Sons, $14.95).

GEORGE GAYLORD SIMPSON

* * *

One of the books I have read recently and plan to keep at my side during the summer is *Flaubert: The Making of the Master* by Enid Starkie (Atheneum, $8.50). It is a brilliant study of the formative years of Flaubert, who, as Dr. Starkie says, "aimed at a style clear as water, which would hide nothing and distort nothing." Dr. Starkie is particularly good on the background and impact of *Madame Bovary*. I can remember reading and rereading that novel thirty years ago, carrying it with me everywhere on my first trip to France, and I intend to reread it now in the light of Dr. Starkie's study. Another biographical work that interests me is *The Devil Drives: A Life of Sir Richard Burton* by Fawn M. Brodie (Norton, $6.95).

I plan to reread *Selected Poems* by Robert Hayden (October House, $1.95), the best recent collection I know by an American Negro poet, and A. D. Hope's *Collected Poems: 1930-1965* (Viking, $6), the work of one of the finest poets writing today. I'd like also to reread *The Diary of Helena Morley*, translated by Elizabeth Bishop, a marvelous translation of a wonderfully funny little Brazilian classic that somehow got overlooked by reviewers when it appeared several years ago. A teen-age girl's account of life in a Brazilian diamond-mining town at the turn of the century, it is fresh and memorable, a comic classic. Two books I want to read as soon as possible are *All the Brave Promises: Memories of Aircraft Woman 2nd class 2146391* by Mary Lee Settle (Delacorte, $4), a memoir of World War II, almost totally passed over by reviewers when it appeared last year, and *The Flood* by J.M.G. Le Clézio, translated by Peter Green (Atheneum, $5.95).

WILLIAM JAY SMITH

Summer books at our house help to wrench us into a better—a slowed—pace. Last summer Walter Scott's *Old Mortality* (Houghton Mifflin, $1.75) mellowed the whole season. Introduction, preliminary chapter, verse epigraphs, footnotes, assured digressions for readers avid for antiquities—the book has the lot. I luxuriate. The past counts. Then maybe the present does? Summer is a time for considering.

A somewhat newer book that induces a wandering, discovering feeling, at our level, is Claude Lévi-Strauss's *The Savage Mind* (University of Chicago Press, $5.95). Real or fanciful, the mindscapes offered there jump with discoveries. "Linguistics . . . presents us with a dialectical and totalizing entity but one outside (or beneath) consciousness and will. *Language, an unreflecting totalization, is human reason which has its reasons and of which man knows nothing.*" Sentences like that can start the attention on a cruise for The Inland Passage.

But the book that has most enriched our recent summer reading is Theodora Kroeber's *Ishi in Two Worlds,* an account of "the last wild Indian," discovered in California early in our century. Published in 1961 by the University of California Press ($1.95), this book deserves its increasing surge of readers. Imagine a Stone-Age man, and an unusually steady and informative one, enabled to convey with stereopticon immediacy how it feels to live in his world. "The Concealment," Mrs. Kroeber's chapter about the years when Ishi's little group had to disappear—a breathless interval of peril—in order to survive, is a whole summer's worth of quiet, new realization.

WILLIAM E. STAFFORD

* * *

Everyone in New York said London was the swinging place, but buying a book at three a.m., which I did in the Village somewhere, is what I call swinging. (Whatever happened to Twiggy, by the way?) The book I bought was Mailer's *Cannibals and Christians* (Dell, $.95); I'm always late, usually later than that. Mailer anthologizes well—even those bedside-notebook poems

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are more fun as chapter-breaks—and it's not his fault that Dell's typeface makes the paperback almost illegible, so tiny is the print. Years ago I wrote two thousand words beginning "Norman Mailer is the most interesting bad writer now at work" and They cut them down to one thousand words of unsupported jibes, and I have worried about that ever since. Why? I didn't think much of his prose but I (I whose love of style verges on the eccentric) had caught Mailer's conviction that Mailer, dull prose and all, mattered. We can't go into that, but now even his prose seems to me to have relaxed nicely—consider the beautiful piece on "A Television Show with Nelson Algren."

And two more anthologies, both of which indulge my delight in felicitous language applied to matters of interest—*The Most of A. J. Liebling* (Simon and Schuster, $5.95) and *Tynan Right and Left* (Atheneum, $8.95). Kenneth Tynan disclaims absolute judgments but his subjective ones pick up the beat of an entire generation's drummer. Furthermore, he can write of an actress "shaking her voice at the audience like a tiny fist" and describe a set as resembling "an efficiently looted wine-cellar." Liebling on the other, or the same, hand once described the British heavyweight Don Cockell as "a fat man whose gift for public suffering has enlisted the sympathy of a sentimental people." Like Liebling himself I marvel that the best of him can be kept down to under a million words.

TOM STOPPARD

* * *

If I understand "summer reading" correctly, I have a sort of year-round summer reading that I do. It is only intensified during summer months when I allow myself more escape hours than in other seasons. This year, as nearly every year, it will consist of novels by Anthony Trollope —specializing in the parliamentary novels. In other words, I belong to that cult, stranger than the Janeites, called the Trollopeites. For us there is never any question about summer reading.

PETER TAYLOR

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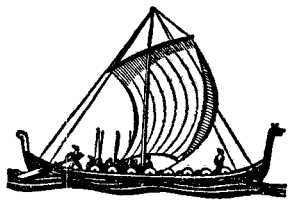

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For summer reading in the U. S., 1968:

M (New American Library), a nonfiction book about a real-live company of G.I.'s from their training at Fort Dix through their first kill in Vietnam (a child; by mistake). Read it by poolside, in one of those aluminum relax-a-chairs, while sipping a gin-and-tonic. The book, written by John Sack, is now in paperback at $.75 and can be easily held in one hand, while the other hand holds the glass.

The Empire Builders (Grove, $1.75), a play, by a little-known (in this country) French author named Boris Vian, all about a nice middle-class family and the monster that lives with them, whom they are constantly beating up. Read it in your summer cabin, after the hamburger dinner, with all the family clustered around.

Poems by Richard Moore. This one will be difficult, because Mr. Moore, one of the finest and most harrowing poets writing in America today, has never had a book of poems published even though his poems have appeared individually in most every magazine you can imagine. His poems are not obscure, and so you know what he means, and it often hurts. No publisher wishes to put them in a book. Look up at the blue summer sky; maybe they will come floating down, if you are lucky.

Cousin to Human, by Jane Mayhall. This will be a hard one too, because it is out-of-print. It was published in 1960 and little noticed. The reviews were good, but the author is not fashionable, and does not get drunk in public or smoke pot or anything and is rather shy. Her book is probably the finest portrayal and rendering of American "average" life since Sherwood Anderson. If you are fortunate enough to find an old copy, read it aloud, around the barbecue pit, with a handy six-pack of flip-top Schlitz at your side (you will need it, and more).

But shucks, I don't mean to be a killjoy. It's summer, right? The sun is out, and your eyes hurt. Get back inside and play a record of Judy Collins called *In My Life* in which she sings a Bob Dylan song called "Just Like Tom Thumb Blues." Above all, don't drop out, just

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stick in there, but if you really want to turn on, don't feel guilty; if Henry and Clare Booth Luce tried it, it can't be *all* bad.

DAN WAKEFIELD

* * *

In 1831, after the armed "insurrection" of Nat Turner and other slaves, a member of the Virginia legislature admitted:

> We have, as far as possible, closed every avenue by which light might enter their minds. If you could extinguish the capacity to see the light, our work would be completed; they would then be on a level with the beasts of the field, and we should be safe! . . .

To realize how successful was the 1831 legislature and all of America in keeping the "light" from entering the minds of American blacks, one need only look at *Eyewitness: The Negro in American History*, by William Katz (Pitman, $9.75). For centuries Americans have been taught American history from textbooks that excluded any meaningful reference to black Americans. Now in Mr. Katz's book, an anthology of letters, speeches and documents from the periods of slavery, emancipation and protest, it becomes clear how much we have been deceived. We have never known our true history, since all that might have been embarrassing to the majority of Americans, that is, white Americans, was left out. Here are the names and deeds of black explorers before Columbus, and army men with splendid records in every war America has fought, including the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812 and the Civil War. Here are the names and photographs of inventors, of artists, of poets and of statesmen. All black and mostly well known in their time.

Black folklore, on the other hand, perhaps because it is more colorful and less "dangerous" than black history, has been collected eagerly, and for generations, by anthropologists, Ph.D. candidates from Harvard, and by a few men and women who are sincerely interested in the "folk-says" of a largely forgotten segment of America. Such people see in black folktales and in their ubiquitous humor the

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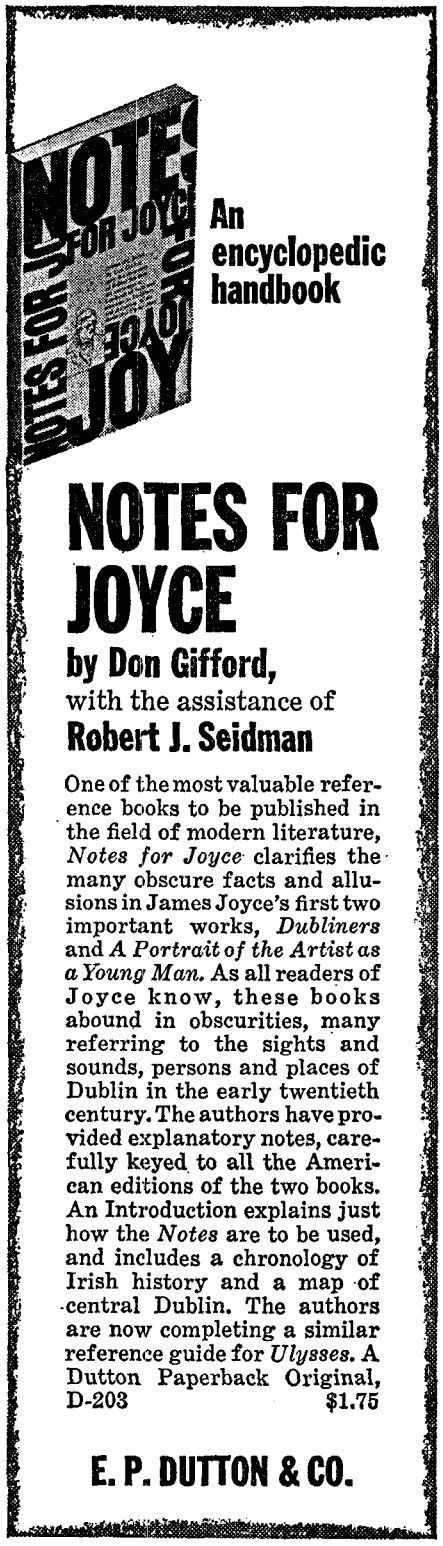

key to black endurance, the root of black optimism, and a resistance to white tyranny.

In *American Negro Folktales* (Fawcett, $.75), Richard M. Dorson has done us the fine service of collecting, from personal sources and from collectors of folklore, a representative sampling of tales and "lies" from a culture that has a rich history of both. There are tall tales of the black hero, John, who shrewdly outwits his white bosses by pretending to be naïve. There are uproariously funny stories of conjuring and "Two-heading," and even funnier ones about the beginning of the world, and why God made black people "colored" and white people colorless. For entertainment and insight this collection of folktales is highly recommended.

As entertaining but more painfully shocking is the book of pictures and text, *House of Bondage* (Random House, $10), by the young black South African, Ernest Cole. In the pictures of this book one can see what the Virginia legislature had in mind when it voted to annihilate what little black education there was in America prior to 1831. Black children in South Africa are forced to learn, what white South Africans call, "Bantu Education," which teaches them to be a nation of servants, houseboys and cooks. Apartheid in South Africa looks like Segregation in the United States. Mr. Cole is presently doing another book of photographs on America. One suspects that, to many white Americans, the similarities between South Africa and this country will be duly "appalling."

If one wonders why *The Confessions of Nat Turner,* by William Styron (Random House, $6.95), has been called by black Americans, "The Confessions of William Styron," one may read "The *Original* Confessions of Nat Turner" (The MBL Press, $1), for enlightenment. It is a small pamphlet, a facsimile of the "confessions" of 1831, which Styron admits having used as the basis for his book. Yet one may look in vain in it for any indication that Nat, the rebellious "fanatic," had the slightest interest in white women, or any at all in Miss Margaret Whitehead, the young

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woman whom Styron makes the object of Turner's subconscious love and lust, and the primary cause of his revolt. This seems to be one of many objections blacks have to the book, and to say that this is not Styron's "Point" raises the question of just what is. Read against the background of the original confessions, Styron's book, so raved about in the white press, seems a typical Southern white man's cliché. He demeans a great black American hero by implying that Turner did not kill white folks because he hated them and hated slavery, but because he loved one of them and slavery prevented him from doing anything about it. A slave revolutionary who revolts simply because he cannot have the woman he loves, if he loves her (and there is no proof that Nat loved anybody white), denies that there was anything about slavery itself to make him revolt. Revolts are made, but rarely for the love of one adolescent enemy female whom one lovingly stabs and then beats repeatedly over the head with a fence post, until she is dead. Besides, if Nat were really a homosexual, as Mr. Styron also implies, why should he bother? If, in a hundred years, someone writes a book about why Malcolm X and Stokely Carmichael revolted, it will be interesting to learn what amorous repressions for white teen-agers prompted them. Mr. Styron has written a fine, romantic book, very much like a fairy tale, but it tells us a great deal more about Styron than it even begins to tell us about Turner. Perhaps that is because, when a white man tries to slip into a black man's skin, he cannot help but underestimate the size of it. Failing to fill out Mr. Turner's large and complex skin, Mr. Styron has successfully distorted it.

ALICE WALKER

* * *

Here are comments on some of the books I've liked:

E. H. Erikson: *Young Man Luther* (Norton, $1.75). A mature, thoughtful, illuminating study of a complex and much misunderstood figure. Erikson unites psychological expertise with wisdom and insight.

Biblical Drama in England

by Murray Roston

The twofold aim of this history of biblical drama is to provide a critical evaluation of the plays—from the mystery cycles, through Milton and Byron, to the work of Yeats, Lawrence, Fry, and MacLeish—in the context of their own times and to suggest the insights they afford into the religious history of the English people.
335 pages $10.00

Ancient Incubation and Modern Psychotherapy

by C. A. Meier

The author here provides insight into a classical prototype for psychotherapy and offers a new approach for uncovering its fundamentals. The ritual of incubation, at the core of which was sleeping within a religious preserve to receive healing dreams and visions, is, suggests Meier, an archetypal root for some of the practices of modern psychotherapy. *Studies in Jungian Thought.*
145 pages $5.25

The Meaning of Modern Art

A Philosophical Interpretation

by Karsten Harries

The author examines the emergence of modern art as a function of the disintegration of the Platonic-Christian conception of man. Where this tradition has lost its force, he finds that art takes forms to which traditional aesthetics cannot do justice. *Studies in Phenomenology and Existential Philosophy.*
160 pages $5.25

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VIETNAM FOLLY, by Ernest Gruening and Herbert W. Beaser. A shattering analysis of U. S. involvement in Vietnam. Neither parties nor personalities are spared. Cloth, $8.95.

HOW TO END THE DRAFT, by Congressmen Stafford, Horton, Whalen, Shriver, and Schweiker with endorsement by 17 more M. C.'s. Backed up by proposed legislation. Paper, $1.95.

THE ACHIEVING GHETTO, by Eugene P. Foley. A reasoned proposal for massive economic development in the Negro ghettos by former Asst. Sec. of Commerce for Ec. Dev. Cloth, $4.95 Paper, $2.45.

Robert Neville: *God the Creator* (University of Chicago Press, $8.50). A young man here tackles some of the most difficult questions in theology. This subject has been slighted in the last years; the book may help revive an interest in it.

John Cage: *A Year from Monday* (Wesleyan University Press, $7.92). An unusually beautifully printed book. Cage's imaginative innocence here comes through in a guise that does considerable justice to it.

Leonard Koppett: *A Thinking Man's Guide to Baseball* (Dutton, $5.95). Here is a man who knows his subject and can communicate it. It is a book that should be imitated.

G. Hegel: *Phenomenology of Mind* (Harper & Row, $4.75). I reread this work almost every year; it is a work of genius. The chapter on the enlightenment is brilliant, filled with subtle turns and perceptive observations on the conflict between reason and religion. But it is only one of many.

PAUL WEISS

* * *

In Heather Ross Miller's *Gone a Hundred Miles* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.95), Doctor Tscharner, black-caped and riding a black horse, dismounts quickly to examine his horse's leg, the animal wounded by an attacking owl. "It is unnatural. An owl would never do this," he says. "Unless, of course, it was diseased, mad." Surely an owl could see the difference between a horse's leg and a mouse scurrying through the grass? It is not a hostile creature. What is the cause of such sickness? What can be its cure?

This is the tireless curiosity of the German doctor in Mrs. Miller's new book who searches through the barks and herbs and seeds of North Carolina for a cause and a cure, healing the wounds of the strange primitive people that occupy the land around his Apion Mountain.

His mind and hands cannot stay idle; Nature is not allowed to thrive untended as he becomes "obsessed with the need for growing things." Finally Nature turns on him but she has to commit a kind of sui-

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cide, a cyclone that shatters trees a hundred years growing.

The background of this book is the familiar South but the perspective is new as we watch a character from the outside who can bend and twist the land and people to suit his wishes.

Creative Writing and Rewriting, Contemporary American Novelists at Work, edited by John Kuehl (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $3.95), a collection of rough drafts, finished manuscripts and comments by some of our best writers—Eudora Welty, Kay Boyle, Robert Penn Warren, *et cetera* —is a very useful study of the art of revision.

SYLVIA WILKINSON

* * *

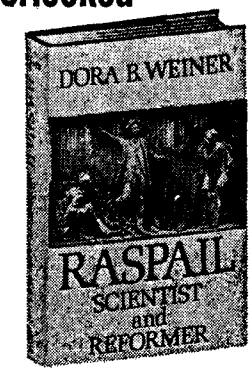
To add a heavy list of serious books to the anticipated burdens of a summer of crisis may well seem too much for some readers. But those who try to keep up with the best that is written on the history of race relations in America can hardly avoid some recent works that cannot possibly be described as light. They can be certified, however, as readable, rewarding and genuinely important.

One of them is Winthrop D. Jordan's *White Over Black: American Attitudes Toward the Negro, 1550-1812* (University of North Carolina Press, $12.50). No writer has plunged so deeply and explored so intelligently into the depths and mysteries of the American psyche in this field. Nor has any historian pushed the investigation further back in time. His findings are of first importance.

A related work of comparable stature in the history of slavery is David Brion Davis' *The Problem of Slavery in Western Culture* (Cornell University Press, $10). Although widely acclaimed among professional historians, the book seems to have been deplorably neglected by the informed laity of my acquaintance.

Between the appearance of the work by Davis and the book by Jordan was published the most profound fictional treatment of slavery in our literature, William Styron's *Confessions of Nat Turner* (Ran-

The giant history overlooked



By Dora B. Weiner. François-Vincent Raspail, French scientist and socialist, was barred in his early years from politics. During this time he founded histo-chemistry, pioneered micro-chemical techniques, and was an early exponent of cell theory and parasitology. This is his first scholarly biography in any language. $11.00

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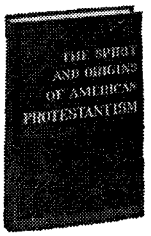

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dom House, $6.95). Together the three of them set a new record of creative thought on an ancient problem of American culture.

C. VANN WOODWARD

* * *

The two quite different books that I have most enjoyed recently are George Kennan's *Memoirs, 1925-1950* (Atlantic Monthly Press, $10) and Enid Starkie's *Flaubert: The Making of the Master* (Atheneum, $8.50). No public man of our time writes more gracefully and perceptively than Ambassador Kennan. His cultivation, humility, and vision of the meaning of an examined life represent the United States at its best. Although he does not speak for the young, and to them often seems the exemplar of a tradition as outmoded as that of Augustan England, I have no doubt that even they respect his nobility and admire it. Miss Starkie's critical study of Flaubert comes nearer to representing the outlook of the oncoming generation. Like Henry James, she has a fresh insight into *l'homme moyen sensuel* as embodied in Flaubert the man and the novelist. To share Flaubert's reaction to his mistress Louise Colet is perhaps not difficult. But to make us aware of the creative process in a novelist is as much an accomplishment as are Graham Wallas', Henri Poincaré's and Jacques Hadamard's books uncovering the essence of the creative syndromes of scientists and of mathematicians. And for those who do not readily read French, the translation of Flaubert's superb letters is a joy. Not far below the level of those two current books is a paperback reprint of Alan Moorehead's *Gallipoli* (Harper & Row, $.75). It has particular relevance to the plight of our men in Vietnam. It gathers the fruits of disclosures in official reports and in private books of the statesmen who directed the Gallipoli campaign and of the men who fought in it. And it gives a poignant account of a withdrawal, which may be a preview of a not too distant disengagement from a different Asian front.

CHARLES E. WYZANSKI, JR.

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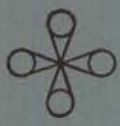

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